

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



3 1761 01995089 8

TRANSFERRED



To The Most Rev Most
M^{rs} O'Mahoney
a small token of
great esteem
Y^{rs} M.



THE LETTERS
OF
REV. JAMES MAHER, D.D.,
LATE P.P. OF CARLOW-GRAIGUE,
ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS;
With a Memoir.

EDITED BY THE
RIGHT REV. PATRICK FRANCIS MORAN, D.D.,
Bishop of Ossory.

DUBLIN :
BROWNE & NOLAN, PRINTERS, NASSAU-STREET.
1877.

DEC 20 1955

MEMOIR
OF THE
REV. JAMES MAHER, P.P.

SECTION I.—*Early years of James Maher.—Troubled period of 1798.—His father's charity.—Mrs. Maher and the prisoner from Prospect.—The school at Ballitore.—Carlow College.—Letter from London in 1817.—The Mission-house in Rome.—Father Maher's ordination.*

IT is not my intention in these prefatory pages to write a detailed life of the Rev. James Maher, P.P., whose letters are published in this volume. Interesting as such a work would be, it would require much more leisure than I can command. The task which I at present undertake is a far easier one. It is to gather together a few prominent facts connected with the life of this venerable Priest, and to set before the reader some of his scattered papers which have come into my hands, and which I trust may be found not wholly devoid of public interest.

He was born at Donore, in the county Carlow, on the 24th of May, 1793. Very soon after, his parents, who

were in comfortable circumstances, removed to Kilrush, in the county Kildare, where they were no sooner settled than they were exposed to all the anxieties and annoyances of the troubled period of 1798. Martial Law being proclaimed, there was no protection for the Catholic farmers against the lawless bands of the military and yeomanry, who, under the pretence of searching for arms or for rebels, scoured the open country, and not unfrequently surrounding, at night, the houses of the most peaceable families, not only carried away as booty whatever pleased their fancy, but moreover too often subjected the inmates to the grossest indignities and insults. Father Maher retained in after times a lively remembrance of this trying period. It was little more than an amusing variety for him in his childish years, that the whole family was obliged to consult for safety by passing night after night in a sand pit, situated on the farm not far from the dwelling-house, and even in advanced years he used to relate with the liveliest interest the many practical cautions and corrections which he then received, lest by his noisy frolics he might happen to betray to some passer-by the place of concealment, and thus imperil the lives of the whole party.

His parents were remarkable for their solid practical piety, and above all for their boundless charity. His father, Mr. Patrick Maher, indeed met with his death whilst performing one of his ordinary charitable deeds. In February, 1808, as he travelled on horseback to the fair of Kilcullen, he overtook a poor aged neighbour, who was pursuing the same journey on foot but was completely broken down by the fatigue of the road. Mr. Maher, as was his custom, offered to help the poor man, by

giving him a seat on the horse behind the saddle, and rode the horse into the ditch that thus it might be more convenient for him to mount. The poor weary man however, being rather awkward in his movements, the horse began to plunge, and Mr. Maher was thrown with violence on the road. From the injuries which he sustained, he went to heaven, to receive the reward of his charity, on the 7th of March following.

Mrs. Maher, whose maiden name was Catherine Moore, was a native of Paulstown, in the county Kilkenny, and she was full of the ardour of true piety, and of that devoted zeal for which the faithful of Kilkenny have been at all times so remarkable. No wonder that she should find it difficult during the troubled days of 1798, to restrain her indignation on witnessing the insults which were constantly offered to everything most sacred, and the outrages to which the most peaceable families around her were subjected. On one occasion her son-in-law, Mr. Hugh Cullen, of Prospect, (the father of His Eminence Cardinal Cullen), was made prisoner in his own house on a charge of affording shelter and assistance to the rebels, when they were assembled a little time before at the adjoining Rath of Mullaghmast. What made this charge the more offensive, it was brought by a wounded yeoman, whom Mr. Cullen, after a skirmish near the Rath, had found in a dying state, and bringing him to his house had nursed with the greatest care, till he was perfectly restored to health. As the assizes were then proceeding at Naas, Mr. Cullen was placed in a chaise, and conducted thither under a military escort to stand his trial. The route lay close to Kilrush House, and all the family were assembled on the roadside in the

hope that the escort and prisoner might halt for a time to partake of refreshments, which were prepared for them. As this was not allowed, Mrs. Maher boldly mounted the step of the chaise, and handing the prisoner a bottle of wine said in a loud voice, "Cheer up, my son, God will soon send you back victorious to us." One of the soldiers pushed her back with the flat of his sword, saying roughly at the same time, "He will soon be brought back a corpse to you," and raised his sword to strike her again, but the officer cried out, "Don't touch that brave little woman," and ordered the guard to march on with their prisoner.

Father Maher received his early education at the Quakers' School at Ballytore, and during this time lived in the house of his brother-in-law, at Prospect. Among the incidents of his school-life he used often to relate how, after school hours, the Protestant and Catholic boys were accustomed daily to engage in combat, with varying fortunes, and how one Protestant lad named William Hoystead, who was from the neighbourhood of Kilrush, invariably took part with the Catholic boys, alleging as his reason, that it was a duty of friendship to join his neighbour, James Maher.

In 1808 James Maher entered Carlow College, and he pursued his studies there for eight years. He was particularly endeared to his companions by his amiability and gentleness, whilst at the same time he was always foremost in all matters of athletic sport. Having completed the preparatory course, and being desirous of embracing the ecclesiastical state, he nevertheless remained for one year at home with his friends, the better to test his vocation to the Priesthood, and, persevering in his holy

purpose, he resolved to proceed to Rome, that thus, at the very shrines of the Apostles, he might perfect himself in the various branches of sacred science. One of his letters, written from London as he journeyed on to the seven hills, gives an interesting account of the first impressions made on him by the people and the scenery of the sister isle. It is addressed to his brother William, then living at Birtown, in the county Kildare :—

“ LONDON, *July 1st*, 1817.

“ MY DEAR WILLIAM,—

“ On Thursday, the 19th of June, about three o'clock in the evening, we left Dublin, and, after a successful, though not an expeditious voyage, we landed in Liverpool on the 21st. We were expecting that we would be sea-sick, but we were rather well pleased to find we were disappointed in our expectations. There was not a single person sick on board, though the packet was crowded with passengers. The first town we saw on this side of the water was Liverpool. It is elegantly situated upon a gentle ascent, which gradually rises as you proceed from the sea. Several of the distant parts of the town, as well as that which borders on the shore, command an extensive view of the sea and the harbour. The first object that attracted my attention as I approached the town was the number of its wind-mills. They are such conspicuous objects and so many in number, that they can seldom fail of arresting the attention of a stranger. To give you a just idea of Liverpool, I would bid you take a large portion of the City of Dublin—not the finest, neither should it be the worst; change then the good old Irish names which we see over the doors, O'Moore and O'Meagher, and O'Cullen, and put in their place Swales, Shapter, and Swaney; and in addition to these put Liggins, Dickens, and Buggin (names which are frequently seen in England), then fill the streets with fat selfish-looking Protestants, damning their eyes and limbs, and invoking God to do so. Add then a few more inns, fifty or sixty wind-mills (for, I am sure, there are not less in Liverpool), and a great number of very extensive dockyards for shipping, four good Catholic chapels, one synagogue for Jews, several Protestant churches and other places of devilment and female exhibitions; then let the people assume the English tone, and you will have a Liverpool in Dublin without going farther. All these changes I hope shall never take place, but by supposing them to have occurred you will have a pretty correct notion of what is to be seen in Liverpool. We travelled from Liverpool to London, which is 204 miles, without stopping, unless to change horses, and the little time spent in taking a

breakfast, dinner, and supper. We started at seven in the morning, and before the night had come upon us we had travelled about 90 miles, and still continued our journey; the weather was excessively hot, and we were completely parched with the sun. England has not experienced within these forty years so warm weather as at present. I never felt anything like it before. As I journey'd along I viewed the country on each side, as far as my eye could reach, with the utmost attention. until I grew tired of beholding one continued scene of rich and fertile lands in the highest state of improvement. It would not surprise me to see five or ten miles of an improved country, but to see 200 miles of a country, every mile of which disclosing new scenes of richness and fertility, is more than I was ever led to think I would meet in England. Since I came here and looked about me I have often wondered why I never met any person who could give me a true description of this country; but a person, who would tell exactly the truth, would have the misfortune of gaining very little credit in Ireland. The herbage of this country is the same kind as that of our own, in every place you see the daisies and clover, and buttercups; you often meet with what we call low upland, covered with buttercups, not very unlike some of the land of Gallow; in any part of the country you would find nothing *equal* to Birtown; the country is well planted. I have scarcely seen a field but had trees on the hedges or interspersed through the fields; the ash, oak, elm and deals, are the trees generally to be met with here; though you would hear more of the sprig of Shillelagh in Ireland, yet you would see more of it growing in England; it is as common here as ash with us. The first 100 miles we travelled was through Lancashire and Cheshire. I observed the fields were smaller than in Ireland, and the hedges so low as to be almost on a level with the back of the ditch. These two counties were principally under pasturage and madowing; the tillage of this country does not bear so good a proportion to the extent of it, as the tillage of ours does to its extent. The potato fields are not half so numerous, or half so large as in Ireland. In London you are helped to potatoes, with a spoon, as we help cabbage. I don't know how they use old potatoes for I have not seen any since I left home. All the houses are built of brick, both in the country and in London, unless very few, and you would meet some few built with timber, very comfortable looking houses. You never see a poor miserable cabin built with mud, such as the good hearted Irish Catholic is necessitated to inhabit. The houses of the labouring class are very neat and cleanly built of brick, and covered with tiles, seldom slates or thatch. The furniture is always a neat clock, a mahogany chest of drawers, a good large gilt looking-glass, fire-irons, very bright, half a dozen of decent chairs—this is not exaggeration. I have seen the entire of them, in hundreds of their houses. You can scarcely credit such an account, but I assure you it is literally true;

I was unwilling to believe it myself when I first saw it. How could you imagine that a fellow, who was all day with his big white smock on him driving a waggon, would have such furniture at home as would be almost considered extravagance in an Irish farmer's parlour? The country towns I passed through were something like our own; a little better, and all built of brick. You seldom meet a wall fence; low, bad, wooden gates seem to be the fashion; the horned cattle are large and well-looking, like what we call the Dutch breed. The wild red Devonshire breed is not seen here as often as you would imagine. There is a great deal of taste displayed, and cleanliness about every house, from the king's down to the labourer's, I can't say beggar's, for they are not known here. A little garden before the door, or a cherry tree or some other, trained to grow against the wall of the house, is every where to be seen. There is always some little ornament about the dwelling house to attract your notice. If you would extend the County Meath all over Ireland; throw down all the mud edifices, and erect brick ones, transport all beggars to Botany Bay; furnish every poor man's house as I have mentioned, but at the same time remove his pig and his dog, the best part of his furniture, dress their wives better, make them stay at home knitting or sewing; introduce great waggons into the country, drawn by slobbs of hairy heeled horses, and driven by still bigger slobbs of men; make all the poor people give up that faith which they received from Jesus Christ, and embrace the errors of Mr. Luther, then you would have Ireland pretty like what England is. We will be off for Paris on Wednesday; our expenses from Dublin to London were £4 each. £4 each will also take us to Paris.

I have much to say about London, but no room at present. The harvest is earlier here than in Ireland, the meadows are being cut down very fast about London, and I have seen whole fields of wheat shot out a week ago. Give my love to all the Miss Mahers—their number may have been increased since I left home. Remember me to all the family.

“I am, yours, &c.,

“JAMES MAHER.

I called into a shop in London to-day, and the shop-keeper civilly asked me how I was. He enquired for Mrs. Cullen and Kenna, and asked me did you throw a stone or a sledge as well as usual. He made me dine with him: he is a son to Dan Moore, of Athy.”

Rome was as yet but slowly recovering from the oppressive taxation and anarchy which it had been for some years compelled to endure under the name of liberty at the hands of the French revolutionary agents. During

this interval of foreign oppression, the missionary colleges had been forcibly closed, and many of them suppressed, and most of the religious orders had been obliged to consult for their safety by flight. The missionaries of St. Vincent de Paul, being regarded as a French order, were allowed some privileges, and enjoyed a partial exemption from the vexations to which the other communities were subjected. They were, moreover, as a special favour, allowed to retain their House for Retreat at Monte Citorio, of which the original deed of purchase, which is still preserved, bears the signature of the great founder of the Order, St. Vincent; and thus they were enabled throughout the whole of the troubled period of French domination to receive a small number of foreign convicts desirous to prepare themselves for the missionary career in their respective countries. It was in this hallowed sanctuary that Father Maher pursued his theological studies, and he in after-life ever regarded it as a special blessing conferred on him by heaven, to have been trained for the sacred ministry in that calm retreat. Whilst he thus pursued his studies in Rome, he was one day with his companions engaged in his devotions before the high altar in St. Peter's, when the thought presented itself to his mind, that it would be a happiness for his nephew, who was then engaged in his Humanities in Carlow College, and for whom he entertained the greatest affection, to be prepared for the sacred ministry in the holy city. On returning home, he at once wrote to his friends in Prospect, earnestly urging this matter on them; his advice was followed, and, before many months passed, he had the consolation of welcoming young Paul Cullen to the schools of Rome.

On the 9th of September, 1821, the sublime dignity of the priesthood was conferred on the Rev. James Maher. Some weeks later he set out from the seven hills, and, after spending a few months in Paris, to perfect himself in his French studies, he hastened homewards to devote all his talents and energies to the service of the Church.

SECTION II.—*Father Maher appointed to a curacy in Carlow.—He rescues Dr. Doyle from imminent danger.—The Biblicals in Carlow.—Father Maher's controversy with the lady-preachers.—His reply to the false statements of Rev. Robert Fishbourne.*

After a short interval of rest with his friends, Father Maher, towards the close of 1822, entered on his missionary duties in the parish of Kildare, but was in a few months translated by Dr. Doyle to the curacy of Carlow. It thus became his privilege to be the constant companion of the immortal J. K. L. and to live for some years under his friendly and hospitable roof at Old Derrig. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in "The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle," relates how on one occasion the illustrious bishop was rescued from imminent danger by the prompt courage and energy of his devoted curate. It was the custom of Dr. Doyle after retiring to bed, to read, till overcome by sleep, some chapters of the golden Book, "The Imitation of Christ." This evening, being greatly fatigued, he, almost before adverting to

the approach of sleep, allowed the book to drop from his hands, and as it overturned the candlestick, the bed-curtains were in an instant one sheet of flame. Father Maher, hearing the bishop's cry, rushed into the room, and in a few moments succeeded in removing the burning curtains and extinguishing the fire. He then led Dr. Doyle to his own bedroom, and obliged him to take up his quarters there for the remainder of that night.

Great efforts were at this time made by the Irish Protestants, to assert the supremacy of their church amongst our people, and they endeavoured by the aid of various proselytising schemes to seduce some few of our faithful flocks from the creed of their fathers. They felt that every day the Catholic body was increasing in strength, and they could not fail to recognise the growing disposition of British Statesmen to cancel from the Statute Book the penal laws which weighed down the best energies of the nation. The evangelical ferment which thus arose, was designated at the time "the second Reformation." So complete was the scheme, so perfect the organization in all its parts, that the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin publicly declared it in the House of Lords to be his conviction, that in a short time the whole of Ireland would be gathered into the Established Church. Nowhere were the agents of proselytism more active than in Carlow. The local Protestant gentry lent them their aid and influence. Biblical associations were formed, meetings were held, the most violent anti-Catholic speeches were delivered, tracts, teeming with calumnies against everything that Catholics held sacred, were scattered broad-cast among the people, and nothing that human ingenuity could

devise was left undone to weaken and undermine the faith of the Catholic flock. It was thought that the Catholic clergy were ignorant and that they would be unequal to this contest. To the utter dismay, however, of the Protestant leaders, the priests of Carlow proved themselves far superior to their assailants in learning and ability. They not only repelled every assault, and baffled the Biblicals in their most insidious attempts, but they carried the war into the enemy's camp, and so triumphant was their exposure of the Protestant calumnies, and so eloquent their defence of Catholic truth, that this second attempt at Reformation only served to advance the Catholic cause and to strengthen the claims of our nation to justice at the hands of the government. In after years, Father Maher used to refer with special delight to some amusing scenes which occurred at this period of polemic strife, and he always regarded it as a happy circumstance in his ecclesiastical career, that his first essays in controversy were made under the eyes of the immortal prelate J. K. L., and that he had side by side with him such able champions of Catholic truth, as the Revs. MM. M'Sweeney, Nolan, and Kinsella.

In one of these proselytising attempts, Father Maher had to bear alone the whole brunt of the assault of some lady-biblicals. His letter published in the *Carlow Post* in 1826, gives full details of the amusing controversy which ensued, in which eventually his fair assailants withdrew from the battle-field. He thus writes :—

“SIR—It was lately my misfortune to provoke the holy indignation of certain pious ladies, who, long devoted to the study, have at length aspired to the ministry of the “word,” and have formed themselves into a

society for evangelizing the occasional inmates of our county gaol. Understanding that this occurrence has now become the subject of general conversation in this town and neighbourhood, and that many of the circumstances are, through ignorance or *pious fraud*, not a little misrepresented, I feel it due, not more to myself (I can bear my lot with patience) than to those gentle and unobtrusive missionaries, as Dr. Singer calls them, and to the character of the cause in which they are engaged, to lay before the public, through your impartial paper, a plain statement of the case.

"Having learned that these ladies were in the habit of holding prayer meetings, and of reading lectures from the Bible, with their own explanatory comments, for the Catholic prisoners; and having found, in the prison, anti-Catholic tracts. I considered it my duty to address a letter to them, of which the following is a copy:—

"LADIES,—I have been informed that you have undertaken the laudable employment of affording instructions to the prisoners confined in this gaol. As the greatest part of those persons are officially committed to my spiritual care, you cannot deem it intrusive if I take the liberty of offering a suggestion which may render your labours really useful.

"I have found, amongst the prisoners, some tracts, containing matter to which I cannot help objecting; and, although the Catholic clergy feel deeply the necessity of frequent and fervent prayer, as will evidently appear to any one who shall take the trouble of going to Catholic Chapels, where he will find the priests and the people in prayer from six in the morning until nine, and this, observe, not only once a week but every day in the week—every day in the year; yet they cannot give their sanction to the practice of bringing Catholics to prayer with those who are not of their church.

"Now, without imputing to the persons who introduced these tracts or this practice, any other than benevolent motives, give me leave to say, that the dissemination of such books amongst the poor and uneducated Catholics, and the continuance of such practices are calculated to produce only exasperation of feeling or hypocrisy.

"Your object, I am willing to suppose, is to improve the religious and moral habits of the prisoners; and, as I should be happy to co operate with you in the pursuit of this object, I will, if you think proper, furnish you with a catalogue of books which (omitting controversial works) inculcate the practical obligations of religion and morality: those the prisoners would accept with gratitude and read with advantage.

"The opinion of a distinguished Protestant Bishop, Dr. Law, to which I beg leave to direct your attention, may not be unworthy of your perusal. 'By far the greatest part,' he says, 'of the population of my diocese are Roman Catholics. I know I cannot make them good Protestants, I therefore wish to make good Catholics of them: with this intention I put into

their hands the works of Gother, an eminent Catholic Divine.' The Bishop of Elphin, quoted in the *Edinburgh Review* for November, 1810, vol. 17, p. 38. To this very respectable authority, it is, I presume, unnecessary to add anything more,

"I have the honour to be, Ladies,

Your most obedient servant,

"JAMES MAHER."

"This letter, every impartial reader must allow, contains nothing calculated to hurt the feelings or offend the prejudices of any sensible and candid Protestant. By me it was intended as an overture to an amicable arrangement which might tend to the real advantage of the prisoners. In answer to this letter I received a verbal message from the ladies, requiring my attendance at the gaol. I waited on them immediately, anticipating a friendly meeting and a satisfactory result. I must confess I was most grievously disappointed. The assembly consisted of about fifteen ladies, Protestants, Presbyterians, Methodists and Quakers; together with a Clergyman of the Establishment, who seemed to attend for the purpose of directing their proceedings, and who is known to give, generally, the official sanction of his authority to their evangelical labours. On taking my seat, a few introductory questions were proposed to me, to which I was politely allowed an opportunity of replying: a few questions more succeeded, to which no reply was expected. Then questions upon questions poured in upon me with such rapidity, that, even if I had thought proper to reply, it would have been utterly impossible to satisfy so many simultaneous inquirers. But, although I could not dispute with the ladies their own dear privilege of speaking when they pleased, yet I had no intention whatever of condescending to answer every silly and impertinent question they might choose to propose. I disregarded, too, their flippant quotations and dexterous application of scriptural texts. My unmoved indifference, or, perhaps, an ill suppressed smile, seemed to rouse their gentle natures to indignation. The fire of their *Biblical zeal* now burst through the restraints of polite formalities, and I was assailed with a storm (oh, gentleness and modesty, whither are ye fled!) of vituperative eloquence in a style and manner which I, until then, stupidly thought belonged exclusively to that class of persons, whom these meek and unobtrusive missionaries affect to instruct. One lady expressly charged me with *idolatry*, and the adoration of the saints—the "nasty saints," as she politely called them; another accused me of opposing the education of the poor, and of being *an enemy to the Word of God*. Another, who seems to have made an equal proficiency in the study of scripture and of political economy, had the good sense to say that all the evils of this country are attributable to our long prayers—(what a pity that an Act of Parliament is not passed to make us shorten

our prayers)—while another lady talked at large of our errors, superstitions, and impieties, which she seemed intent on proving from the revelations of St. John. I listened to these charges with undisturbed good humour. Sometimes I offered a reply or an explanation which was seldom attended to, but, though taunted and teased by these female theologues, I uttered not a word which could reasonably give offence.

“At length, a meek looking young lady, whose mind you never could suppose to have been the abode of any uncharitable feeling, advancing towards me, demanded emphatically, why we (the Catholic Clergy) do not teach good will to men ; and assuming an expression of countenance very different indeed from the amiable placidity of aspect which characterizes the members of a certain religious society, boldly as-erted that we (the Catholics) *would murder all the Protestants, IF WE WERE NOT RESTRAINED BY THE FEAR OF THE LAWS OF HANGING ! !* This requires no comment, Mr. Editor. I was shocked to hear such a sentiment issue from the lips of a young lady—from lips which, one might imagine, could give utterance only to the sentiments of peace and charity—of charity ‘that thinketh not evil.’ I was once accused of selling licences and pardons for murder and other crimes, by a Rev. Gentleman, who grounded his allegation on the authority of some lying and miserably composed tracts, which it is his occupation and, perhaps, duty to scatter on the highways ; but, until this moment, I had not heard the execrable imputation of a deliberate disposition *to murder* cast on seven millions of Christians.—Oh, on what miserable times have we fallen !

“I have been informed that some of these ladies have since denied this charge. Indeed it is not surprising that they should be anxious to disavow the having imputed murderous designs to the whole Catholic body—nor can it be unexpected that the person who was capable of making such a charge should also be capable of denying it. But that the assertion was made substantially as I have stated it, I positively aver. It was not heard, I am aware, by the whole assembly, as it was uttered at the moment when the ladies were all standing and all talking, previous to their separation ; but I am quite sure it was heard by two or three.

“Some persons have been, since the day of meeting, industriously endeavouring to circulate a report *that I have beaten* and otherwise maltreated the prisoners for their attendance at the prayer and Biblical instructions of the ‘unobtrusives.’—There is not, in this report, even the shadow of truth : it is an *unqualified falsehood*.

“I had nearly forgotten, sir, a Quixotic story, gravely narrated by a young lady, which I trust will amuse your readers equally as much as it has amused me. I notice it because it exhibits the folly and silliness of those fair enthusiasts, and the knavery of some other persons who it would appear make it their business to impose on them. This lady stated that a friend of her’s (she

would not give his name for the world) some time ago, went to the College of this town to find out if such a thing as the Bible was ever admitted into that establishment. After diligent inquiry, he discovered that there happened to be one Bible in the house. This, however, was kept in an unfrequented room upon a high shelf to which no person could reach. She made a tolerably long story of it, and indeed, with the proper embellishments, it would make a most respectable figure in a Bible meeting report, or an interesting passage in the speech of an evangelical orator. 'A gentleman,' he would say, 'was led by curiosity to pay a visit to the College of this place of anti-biblical celebrity; meeting with one of the Professors, he, after some common-place conversation, requests of this functionary to let him see the "word of God."' It cannot be supposed that the object of this gentleman, who was of course an adept in Biblical lore, was to seek for spiritual instruction in the sacred volume, but that it was to ascertain whether the word of God were at all known in a seminary for Popish Ecclesiastics. 'The Professor endeavours to turn the conversation; the lady's friend, however, urges his request, and at length the Professor, finding no means of escape, after much hesitation, expresses a faltering assent. The gentleman now ascending three flights of stairs is conducted by his reluctant guide through a long and gloomy corridor to a deserted looking apartment at the farthest end. The rusty bolt, which with difficulty yields to the key, and the grating hinges, as the door slowly opens, announce that this is a place kept religiously sacred from all profane intrusion.—With the help of a stepladder, the Professor gets up to that shelf to which it is said no one can reach and takes down an old, musty, moth-eaten tome.' 'It was the word of God,' said the lady, 'and the only Bible in the College.' *Risum teneatis amici!* This silly story was heard by the meeting with great attention. When it was concluded I took the liberty of saying to the lady who told it—(it was very rude I confess; but after all I heard up to that time I did think that the gentle missionaries had forfeited their claims to the respectful civility with which I had at first treated them)—'Pray, madam, did your nameless friend, in relating the wonderful things which he discovered in the College, inform you that the Professors actually wear tails, and that the President has a cloven foot?' Oh, no; her friend, who was, after all, a man of no great imagination, said no such thing; yet if he did, Mr. Editor, it would not be one whit more extravagantly ridiculous than the absurd and silly story which had thus imposed upon the young lady. I suspect it was *my quondam school fellow, Woulffe*, the Jew, that invented the story. I have nothing, however, for this conjecture except my suspicions.

"The pious labours, Mr. Editor, of these female Evangelizers would not deserve any serious attention, only that they serve to indicate the true spirit and make manifest the true objects of that canting fanaticism which is

organized throughout the country. The most simple and confiding of our poor people cannot now be deceived by the specious arts, as they cannot be ignorant of the real views and motives of those charitable and peaceful gospellers, whether male or female, who scruple not to charge the Catholic Priesthood and people with professed *impiety, idolatry, and a cold-blooded disposition to murder*, restrained *only* by the fear of the law.

"After my proposal had been so ungenerously rejected by the ladies who visit the gaol, I resolved to supply, independently of them, some books of instruction to the prisoners, and not having it in my power at present to call on any public fund for this purpose, I sent them a few books of my own. Among these was Cobbett's History of the Reformation, which I wished the prisoners to read, as a sort of antidote against the virulence of the tracts which have been circulated through the gaol. The 'Reformation,' it seems, is a work of rather dubious popularity with the orthodox. In its origin and progress there was too much of human policy and human passion, too much of intrigue, duplicity and violence to characterize a work inspired by God for the amelioration of mankind. Under this impression, a certain lady took the liberty of conveying the history away. I have not the least objection to her reading it attentively; on the contrary, I would strongly recommend it in place of the silly, slanderous nonsense of "PETER CURRAN," and other tracts of the same character so much admired by our female Graduates in Divinity. I hope, however, the lady will not forget that it is my property, and that I expect it shall be speedily and safely returned.

"After all, Mr. Editor, if I could perceive that the pious labours of these ladies had really a beneficial tendency, I should be sorry to throw any obstacle in their way. Let them accede to the proposal contained in my letter to them, and I am still ready to co-operate with them. Let them follow the judicious example of Dr. Law, and, instead of descending to the artifice of taking advantage of the situation of the prisoners for the purpose of making them *hypocritical* Protestants, let them labour to make those poor people good subjects, useful citizens and virtuous members of the ancient religion of Ireland, to which they belong and are sincerely attached. This course would entitle them to the gratitude and respect of their Catholic fellow-subjects. If they unfortunately persevere in their proselytising system, I will deem it my duty to endeavour always to counteract their efforts, which I trust I shall easily effect.

"The treatment I have received, in the whole of this transaction, has been such, Mr. Editor, that I should consider myself perfectly justified in introducing those ladies *nominally* to public notice. If I have abstained from doing so, it is from a feeling of respect for their families and friends: some of them have great reason to thank me for my forbearance; but if, at any future period, I shall receive similar provocation, and have similar cause of complaint, I will not be restrained by the same delicacy.

" Hoping that I shall not have occasion to address you again on this subject, I have the honor to be, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

" Carlow, November, 29, 1826.

" JAMES MAHER.

" P.S. — Yesterday, the gaol was converted into an arena for religious controversy. The persons who entered the lists belonged to that class of—

" Fierce-eyed disputants, who deem their swords,
On points of faith, more eloquent than words."

" One of the combatants, with the hope, as she stated, of escaping transportation, through *Biblical influence* attends the Scriptural lectures given by the ladies. Seeking to recommend herself to their notice she uttered certain words which gave offence ; other words followed which were quickly succeeded by blows. It is impossible to describe the bitterness and rage with which two of these girls, with Bibles in their pockets, assailed each other. I saw them covered with blood ; and never was I, in my life, so affrighted as I was by the sight of these abandoned creatures (the *only two* in the gaol who attend the Bible ladies) contending about religion. I stated the matter to Mr. Fishbourne, who, with that alacrity and promptitude which characterize the good magistrate, accompanied me to the scene of action. He promised to take up the matter, and I have reason to hope that some remedy will be applied to prevent the recurrence of such evils. I publish this fact as the natural effect of the *pious labours* of our unobtrusive missionaries."

The Rev. Robert Fishbourne was one of the most perverse, if not one of the most active ministers who assumed the special mission of assailing the Catholic creed in Carlow. Every weapon seemed good to him, if it only served to hurt the feelings of Irish Catholics, and to injure even for a day the character of those against whom he combated. We will see a little later, how, after the death of the illustrious Dr. Doyle, he circulated the calumny that this great prelate had died a Protestant ! No wonder that even during life he should endeavour to asperse the unblemished character of that great prelate. Father Maher in a series of letters undertook the task of exposing the false statements circulated by Mr. Fishbourne.

In one of these, addressed by name to him in 1827, he takes for his heading the words of the 50th Psalm: "Thou givest thy mouth to evil and thy tongue frameth deceit. Thou sittest and speakest against thy brother, &c.;" and after disposing of some minor points, thus deals with one of the favorite calumnies then circulated against J. K. L.

"In your sermon, page 6, are these words—Doctor Doyle, in one of his published letters, said that the reading of the Bible had almost made him an infidel. I told you that the assertion was utterly untrue; I tell it to the world that it is false, although it was preached by you from the pulpit, and afterwards published through the Press. I must, sir, at present be very plain, for you are entitled to no indulgence. In your reply you made no defence against the charge; I therefore said, that you gave up the calumny. But, in your last letter, you say—'surely, Mr. Maher is aware that I did not give it up.' I dare say you would not give up a falsehood for any consideration. If I ever suspected that you had the honour or frankness to give up a detected calumny against your neighbour, it appears that I was perfectly wrong: it is truly amusing to see with what pertinacity you cling to it.

Pride, fanatic pride, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

"Surely, you say, Mr. Maher is aware that I did not give it up: Yes; and he is also aware, whether you do or do not give it up, that it is a falsehood and calumny. A Christian Bishop is accused of having said that he was made almost an infidel, and that too, observe, by reading the Scriptures. A more bitter calumny; a baser

falsehood than this never passed the lips of any man ; and no man but a Reformation Parson, a true disciple of Cranmer, would have the hardihood to publish it.

“ Now, sir, you will give me leave to remark, that you are very unreasonable in expecting to obtain cr  dence for anything you may say, until you first acquit yourself of this and several other charges of the same kind. You ascend the pulpit (that sacred place from which ignorance and passion should be for ever remote) and you utter falsehood ; and yet, you expect to be believed. You enter the house of God—you put on your sacerdotal robes—and, in the presence of the deluded persons who listen to you, you deliberately pronounce what is both false and insulting. Still, you expect to be believed !

There, ye wise saints, behold your light, your star ;
Ye would be dupes and victims, and ye are.

“ Allow me, sir, to assure you that neither your friends nor the public can trust you, until you acquit yourself of this charge ; which, pray observe, is quite impossible, for this simple reason—that Doctor Doyle never wrote what you have attributed to him. The question is easily decided. Either the Doctor published it, or he did not. If he did, lay your finger upon the passage. If he did not, you will have the goodness to acknowledge yourself guilty of the calumny, guilty of knowingly uttering base falsehoods, injurious to the character of a respectable neighbour, insulting to a large majority of the people amongst whom you live ; guilty of profaning the pulpit, of disseminating from it illiberal imputations. You must point out the passage, or make this acknowledgment. I pledge myself that you shall not get out of the difficulty in any other way. It will not do to tell stories about

people drinking at Killeslin. It will not do to assert that Doctor Doyle, if he has not used the words attributed to him by you, has said something else, to wit, 'that the Scriptures alone can never save anyone.' Now, this is perfectly true; we expect to be saved not by the Scriptures but through the merits of Jesus Christ. The Scriptures, I admit with St. Paul, make us wise unto salvation; but they alone can never *save* any one: it is not their object. It is not the end for which they are written. This shifting of the question—shifting from topic to topic, will not do. Hypocritical cant, sanctimonious airs, and professions of regard and love for your Catholic countrymen will not screen you.

"'Tis too much proved that, with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself."

"These things will not do: you must come manfully up to the subject and either lay your finger upon the passage, or acknowledge that it is 'a fabrication. There is no alternative."

Father Maher ends his letter thus:—"The Church of Ireland Magazine for June, 1826, says, 'the Priests have made the Parsons a subject of hate and scorn.' I differ very much in opinion from the reverend writers of this magazine. It is not the Priest, but the intemperance of the Parson, his shameful reviling and calumnies, his gross falsehoods against his country and the religion of his country, that are calculated to make him a subject of hate and scorn."

SECTION III.—*Father Maher appointed P.P. of Leighlin-bridge.—He promotes temperance.—How Proselytism was defeated in Leighlin.—Billy H. and the Parson.—An Orangeman punished.—Protest of the Protestant Bishops of Ireland against Emancipation.—Meeting in Leighlin-bridge.*

In the year 1827, Father Maher was appointed Parish Priest of Leighlin-bridge. Serious dissensions had a little time before arisen in that parish. As a consequence, rival factions had grown in strength, the episcopal authority was in many cases openly set at defiance, and it seemed as if the faithful of that district, hitherto so devoted, had closed their ears to reason, and were about to become a prey to the gravest disorders. To add to all this, the agents of proselytism, ever anxious to cast their nets in troubled waters, availed themselves of the golden opportunity thus presented, and spared no efforts to rob the poorer parishioners of their faith. Dr. Doyle saw that in this emergency he needed an energetic and devoted, but withal, a learned and prudent Priest, and the choice which he made of his own curate, Father Maher, to fill the perilous post of Parish Priest of so disturbed a district, sufficiently proves the high estimate which that great Bishop had, even then, formed of his varied acquirements and exalted character.

One of Father Maher's first cares in his new post was to combat the vice of drunkenness, for he regarded it as a main source of all the evils which prevailed in the parish. In this his efforts were, in great part at least,

crowned with complete success, and, in a short time, he had the consolation to find that many who hitherto were addicted to intemperance, became models of sobriety, and that together with the virtue of temperance, peace and comfort smiled upon their homes.

A publican, who had trafficked a good deal in the drunken habits of his neighbours, finding that his wicked trade was now come to a low ebb, and fancying that he was in this aggrieved by the zeal of the youthful Parish Priest, resolved to avenge himself for the injury thus done him. One night when Father Maher was summoned to a sick call, this wicked man took a loaded blunderbuss, and placing himself behind a hedge at the road-side, where he would have to pass, there awaited his return to take his revenge. Providence, however, interposed to save the life of the devoted Priest. It was a fine summer's night, and Father Maher, tired of riding, dismounted, and allowing his horse to proceed along the road, pursued himself the journey on foot along the bordering fields. The assassin, hearing the horse's tramp, levelled the blunderbuss, awaiting the arrival of the intended victim, and so intent was he on his wicked purpose, that he did not in the least advert to the approach of Father Maher in the field behind him. Father Maher saw at once the purpose for which he was there concealed, and, taking him by the arm, said in his usual friendly tone : " My poor man, I have saved you from a terrible crime." The publican, thunderstruck at his words, cast himself on the ground, and asking pardon, gave up the blunderbuss to Father Maher, and promised to be thenceforward the most faithful and obedient of his flock.

It was at this time that Father Maher engaged in controversy with the Rev. Mr. Roberts, Protestant parson of Leighlin, and wrote some letters full at the same time of genuine humour and of solid learning. However, the poverty and wretchedness of many of the parishioners were extreme, and, whilst the P. P. was wholly destitute of means to relieve their wants, the many proselytising agencies of London and Dublin supplied the parson with an abundant store of provisions, clothes, and blankets, as well as money ; but his gifts, though lavishly bestowed, were shared only by those who would consent to sacrifice conscience, and attend at service in the Protestant Church. Father Maher, to counteract this evil agency, availed himself of a very simple but amusing stratagem, by which the tables were completely turned on the proselytising parson. There was a poor man named Billy H——, a process-server, in the town of Leighlin; he had scarcely any knowledge of religion, but was nominally a Protestant. Meeting him one day in the street, Father Maher said to him :—" Well, Billy, this is great work the Parson has on hands ; he has got lashings of money for every poor man in the parish." " Oh ! it is a great work, indeed," replied Billy ; " all the people will soon be Protestants." " But isn't it strange," added Father Maher, " that the poor Protestants of the parish are themselves getting nothing of his charity ; and sure everyone knows that such old Protestant families as your own would have more claim on his Protestant bounty than so and so," mentioning the names of some individuals of very doubtful character who, a few days before, had got new dresses and some money for showing themselves at Protestant service. This thought had not

occurred to Billy before, but now an entirely new light seemed to flash upon his mind. "Oh! we never get a penny," he replied, "and nobody seems to care for us at all." Seeing that Billy had entered into his views, and was now fully alive to his own interests and those of his poor Protestant friends, Father Maher added—"Well, Billy, I have been thinking of a plan to make the parson give something to you also, for you know how kind I always am to my Protestant neighbours; so, if you come up to me at the chapel on Sunday next, after last Mass, we will have a talk over it, and make sure that you let all the people know you are coming to see me." Billy was obedient to the instructions he received, and, on the following Sunday, when the congregation was leaving the chapel after Mass, Billy was seen moving slowly up the hill from the bridge, and now and then asking some beggarwoman, did she know was Father Maher at home. It was soon rumoured through the town that the hardened old sinner, Billy H——, was about to be converted, and that he was gone to the chapel to see Father Maher. Billy was at once brought into the sacristy by Father Maher. They chatted there for a short time, and afterwards made several rounds of the chapel yard, talking in a most friendly way; and, when parting, Father Maher said—"Never fear, Billy, the parson will soon call on you, but mind, do not let his bargain be too easy." The alarming rumours about Billy's conversion soon reached the parson, who, that very evening, made it his business to pay him a formal visit. Billy was at first very reserved, complaining of the way he was neglected by all the parsons, whilst money and situations were lavishly bestowed on those that did not at all belong to them. A

good sum of money for himself, and new suits of clothes for all Billy's children, were forwarded without delay, to win back his affections to Protestantism. The other poor Protestant neighbours, envying his good luck, made it a point to pay in their turn a periodical visit to the Parish Priest; and so the proselytising purse became quickly drained, and the parson was compelled not only to exhaust all his resources in trying to keep together the poor families of his own communion, but also to incur heavy debts, which eventually obliged him to quit the parish.

A few years later, on the eve of a closely-contested election, Father Maher was driving through the country, deeply interested in the approaching struggle. He happened once more to meet his old acquaintance Billy the process-server, who, mindful of the favours for which he was indebted to the Parish Priest, showed him a bundle of *Latitats* which he held, and added that if he could render his reverence any service he was ready for his commands. There was one fiery Orangeman, who, though penniless and overwhelmed with debts, was taking a prominent anti-Catholic part in the present election. Father Maher remarked to Billy that it would be very convenient if this turbulent man were placed in safe solitude for a few days during the election time. Billy's reply was characteristic, and Father Maher often amusingly repeated it: "Out of regard for the friendship which your reverence showed to me and mine, I will give him the Grace of God before twenty-four hours, and I think it is the first time in his life for him to get it:" and Billy was faithful to his promise.

The hidden spring of the attempts at proselytism at

this time, was the alarm of the Protestant clergy in Ireland at the prospect of our Catholic people being freed from the galling servitude in which they had been held for so long a time. It is not easy for us at the present day to realize to ourselves the many difficulties which beset the friends of Ireland, whilst combating for Catholic Emancipation. As an instance I may mention a special protest against the measure, which was signed by all the Protestant Bishops of Ireland, and which it may be well to preserve as a record for some future historian of Protestantism in this country:—

The Address of the Irish Prelates of the Established Church to His Majesty, presented at Windsor, and read by the Archbishop of Dublin :

“SIRE—With the most profound attachment to your Majesty’s person, and with the firmest reliance upon your Majesty’s paternal care, we, the undersigned, Archbishops and Bishops of the Irish branch of the United Church of England and Ireland, beg leave to present to your Majesty this our dutiful address.

“In a moment like the present, when the dangers which threaten our Protestant institutions, have spread a just alarm amongst those classes of your Majesty’s loyal subjects, who have been accustomed to identify the best interests of the State with the maintenance of true religion, it is impossible that the appointed guardians of the Established Church in Ireland should remain silent and unmoved. We therefore humbly trust that your Majesty will deign graciously to receive this expression of our sentiments.

“We desire earnestly, but respectfully, to represent, that after the most painful and dispassionate consideration of the subject, we are persuaded that the admission of Roman Catholics to a share in the Legislature is a measure calculated to subvert the Established Religion in Ireland, which it is your Majesty’s pious and unalterable determination to uphold.

“We are confident, however, that your Majesty will not be induced to think, that we are so little actuated by the precepts of our holy religion, as out of a narrow and jealous spirit to desire the exclusion of our Roman Catholic brethren from any civil privileges, to which they can be admitted consistently with the safety of the Established Church. But we feel that it is our sacred duty, as Bishops of that Church, which is the firmest bulwark of Christianity, to endeavour by every Constitutional means, to maintain it in the integrity of its rights and the purity of its doctrines.

“And we object to the admission of Roman Catholics to the privileges in question, solely because we cannot perceive how that admission can be made compatible with the Church’s security. We therefore, with humility, but at the same time with all earnestness and solicitude, seek your Majesty’s protection against an evil so destructive, and look naturally to the preservation of our Protestant Church, to its legitimate and supreme guardian under Almighty God.

J. G., Armagh,
W., Dublin,
Power, Tuam,
George, Kilmore,
R. P., Clogher,
Thomas, Cork
James, Killala,
John, Elphin,

Robert. Ossory.
Richard. Waterford,
James. Dromore,
Richard. Down,
Thomas. Ferns,
John, Limerick,
John, Cloyne.”

Several meetings in support of the Catholic claims were at this time held throughout the country. One of these which attracted much attention at the time, was convened by the Parish Priest of Leighlin-bridge, and, being held on a Sunday afternoon, in the Parish Chapel, was attended by several liberal Protestants as well as by all the Catholic parishioners. Father Maher on taking the chair said :—

“Gentlemen—We have assembled this day for the purpose of petitioning Parliament for the repeal of those penal laws which affect the Roman Catholics. The morning of the day we have consecrated exclusively to the service of our Creator. From that altar we have raised our hands in humble supplication to the Throne of Mercy. We have, I humbly trust, fulfilled our first great duty as Christians, and, we now descend by a beautiful gradation, under the all-seeing eye of the Deity whom we worshipped this morning, to discharge our duties as citizens, honestly, temperately, and firmly. In asserting and demanding the rights of the Catholic, we do not seek to take anything away from the Protestant. We seek not to rob him of the franchises or privileges which he enjoys under the British Constitution. We do not seek to withhold from any man the rewards to which his services, his fidelity, or his talents entitle him. My principle is—and I have imbibed the principle in the schools at Rome—no chains. no prisons, no bonfires for a man’s faith ; and above all no modern chains and prisons under the name of disqualifications and incapacities, which are only the

cruelty and tyranny of a more civilized age. Civil offices open to all, to the professor of the old faith, to the Protestant, or the modern Sectary. No oppression, no tyranny in belief, conscience free and unshackled; no human insolence, no human narrowness, hallowed by the name of God. In the noble struggle which the Catholics are making in freedom's cause, they are violently opposed by a faction once styled Orangemen; now they rejoice in the classical appellation of Brunswickers. These Brunswickers bitterly complain that their loyal ears are stunned by our incessant clamour for redress. They think that we are the most unreasonable beings to be for ever complaining of our grievances. Oh! say the Brunswickers, the Papist is now grown so very unreasonable, he walks about so uprightly and even looks around him so independently, that I clearly foresee he will not much longer bear a penal law. Long ago we used to settle a Papist in fine style; we used not to allow him to take a perch of land except a few acres in bog, and woe betide the Catholic schoolmaster that dared to teach a young Papist to read. No, no; we laboured to extinguish within him the light of reason. Our darling object was to reduce the Papist if possible, to a level with the brute creation. We used at that time to hang a Priest for baptizing a Papist, but if he dared to say his prayers in popish latin—oh! how we cut him to pieces. We do not seek now to cut him to pieces, but ought not the Papist be well satisfied to let us do a little—to exclude them from this office and that office, and to tax him at our pleasure. Even this the unreasonable Papists will not bear. Oh! for the good old times (and I fear much that they are gone for ever) when we used to give them their choice between Connaught and Hell, not even allowing them the benefit of their popish purgatory. No matter now how lightly you lay the lash on the Papist, I find you cannot please him. You all heard the story of the drummer and his victim. The complaint of the Brunswickers reminds me of him. The drummer was called upon to administer without favour or affection one hundred lashes to the back of some poor Papist. He laid on him making the flesh fly in broken quivering fragments from his back. A little higher cried the sufferer, and again a little lower; there is lower. said the drummer, sending home the cat-o'-nine tails with double vigour, but no matter where I hit you I find I cannot please you—just so with the Brunswickers: no matter how lightly they trample on the Papist they find they cannot please him. But who are these Brunswickers who wish to enjoy the luxury of inflicting pain without having their ears offended by the discordant shrieks of the sufferers; who wish to keep us slaves, but complain that we disturb their loyal repose by the clanking of our chains. I will tell you, Gentlemen, who they are. Judge Fletcher in his charge at Wexford, in 1814 spoke of Orangemen in the following words:—"Orange Societies have produced most mischievous effects; particularly in the North of Ireland. *They poison the very fountains of justice*; and even some

Magistrates, under their influence, have in *too* many instances, violated their duty and *their oaths*."

[After quoting several other similar passages, he proceeded] :—Such is the character of the Orange Brunswickers, as appears from evidence the most unexceptionable, the most dignified and impartial that can be produced. These men who, according to the testimony even of friends, have ever been distinguished by their thirst for human blood, are now headed, and officered, and drilled by the Ministers of the gospel of peace—not for the purpose of checking their fury ; no, to halloo them on to slaughter and carnage. Why do I complain of Brunswick Parsons more than other men who oppose our claims ? For many reasons : 1st—We have loaded the Parson's table with luxuries, we have filled his coffers, we have laboured and toiled in his service ; he should not therefore place himself at the head of banditti, who seek our utter extermination. Again, the Parsons have evinced a more obstinate, a more unbending, a more desperate opposition to the concession of our claims than any other body of men in the Empire. By their struggling against the principle of civil and religious liberty, the Brunswick Parsons have earned and received the contempt of seven millions of Catholics. Perhaps they could bear that. But how can they bear the deep execrations which have been poured out upon their anointed heads, by the most talented, the most enlightened and the most respectable portion of the Protestant community ?—Speaking of their character at the Dublin Meeting—the Duke of Leinster in the chair—that mild and amiable gentleman, John David Latouche, used the following words—" It gives me the greatest pain to utter a word of censure against the humblest individual of the Reverend body ; but, I owe it to truth to say, that many of them have forgotten the best characteristics of the sacred calling ; we have seen persons of the reverend and venerable brotherhood running from village to village upon an errand of strife and division, provoking the execrations of the people, and bringing contempt and ignominy upon the clerical character." The Parsons in all their speeches, pamphlets and flying tracts, accuse the Catholics of violating their oaths. They have repeated this foul charge so frequently, and so emphatically, though knowing it to be utterly false, that many have been led to suspect their own integrity. I have often laughed at the policy of a little urchin, who, when he had done a naughty deed, cried out most lustily, that the deed was done by neighbour Tom, or James, hoping to clear himself from all suspicion, by loudly condemning others. So, when I heard the Parsons crying out at the highest pitch of their voice, "the Papists violate their oaths, the Papists violate their oaths." Hold hard, reverend sirs, I exclaimed, pray how do you observe your own oaths ? How do you fulfil your own sworn engagements ? I have searched for the Parsons' oaths, I have read them with the greatest astonishment ; I shall read them for you, and then leave you to admire

how conscientiously, how religiously, how scrupulously, the Brunswick Parsons have observed them. At his ordination, the Parson solemnly calls GOD to witness, "that he will maintain as much as lieth in him, quietness, peace and love among all Christian people." Robinson, Horner, Stack, have made this solemn vow—but how have they observed it? They promote quietness by running from village to village, as Mr. Latouche has said, upon an errand of strife and division, exasperating the people. They promise to maintain "peace" and they become preachers of extermination. They promise to "promote love among Christian people." And then they go about labouring might and main, and with the most disastrous success, to irritate Catholics and rouse Protestants into a rancorous faction. Such is the edifying manner in which the Rev. Brunswickers have fulfilled their own sworn engagements: and yet these men never cease to accuse Catholics of disregarding the solemn sanction of an oath. I received, not long since, a most Christianable message from a Rev. Brunswicker. I will not tell you who he is, or whether he lives at a distance of 100 miles or only of 100 yards. I will not tell you whether he is or is not a parson magistrate, because Mr. Brougham thinks such a character is the greatest nuisance in society. The Clerical Magistrate (he says) in uniting two very excellent characters pretty generally spoils both. The combination produces what the Alchymist calls a *tertium quid*, with very little indeed of the good of either ingredients; and no little of the bad ones of both; together with new evils superinduced by the commixture. I will not tell you how many fair dames he has led to the hymeneal altar, or whether the felicitous objects of his choice, were English, wild Irish or broad Scotch. But I will tell you the charitable message which he sent me. The dear little man sent me word that I was—what for a pound? *a firebrand*. I must suppose that I have singed the little Doctor a bit, but I protest *most vehemently*, that I never set any body else on fire. Those who know me give me credit for being a very good-natured, harmless, unoffending person, having no more resemblance to a firebrand, bless the mark! than I have to the little Doctor himself. Moreover, the said little Reverend Brunswicker, wishing, as I shrewdly suspect, to frighten me, also sent me word, that he would, as soon as I would gratify him with an opportunity, spend the last penny of his property to prosecute me. The cause of the poor man's spite, I believe is—that, since I came to Leighlin-bridge, he has not been able to seduce a single Catholic from the religion of our fathers! What a source of affliction to a Parson who is beginning to be alarmed for tithes? Now, this reverend gentleman has promised most solemnly to promote quietness, peace, and love amongst his neighbours. Well! to be sure he fulfils his promise in a most extraordinary way. . . . Do I condemn these reverend gentlemen of the horrid crime of perjury? Far be it from me. I know not, it is true, how they can satisfy their consciences. I trust, with the

grace of God, that I would suffer death myself, rather than take such oaths, and observe them as they do. Yet, I judge no man. "Judge not," says the Apostle, "before the time when the Lord cometh!" This advice I trust the Catholics will always bear in mind when they contemplate the conduct of their neighbours. There are occasions in which if a Catholic refrain from judging, yet he cannot restrain his wonder, and on none more than when he witnesses the extraordinary use which is made of oaths in this country.

"Non equidem invideo ; miror magis."

In conclusion, I beg to apologize for having occupied your time so long. I feel I need not recommend to you firmness, moderation, and unanimity ; for I am persuaded that you will be firm, moderate, and united. Public opinion is on our side ; and, like the mountain torrent, it will force its way. We have by our noble struggles in freedom's cause won the sympathy of the world. The winds of the west bear the sounds of freedom across the Atlantic to the coasts of Ireland. They are heard above the winter's storm—they come sweetly with the summer's breeze, and like magic music in heaven, gladden the hearts of seven millions of Irishmen."

SECTION IV.—*Father Maher is translated to Paulstown. The Whitefeet.—Circular of Dr. Doyle against these deluded men.—Efforts of Father Maher to reclaim them.—He combats drunkenness and factions.—Some amusing incidents.—Characteristic letter to his brother.*

Towards the close of 1830, peace being in a great measure restored in Leighlin-bridge, Father Maher was translated by Dr. Doyle to the united parishes of Goresbridge and Paulstown, where another wide field of spiritual labour awaited him.

The Whitefeet at this time occasioned the greatest pain and anxiety to their devoted pastor, for no one

better knew than J. K. L. the terrible evils which such secret organizations were sure to bring on their unhappy dupes, and the lasting injury which they would inevitably inflict upon our poor country. Several of Dr. Doyle's Pastorals at this time had for their object, to open the eyes of these deluded men to the frightful consequences of their wicked combinations, and to rouse the faithful to united efforts against them. In the month of May, 1832, the following Circular was addressed by him to all the Parish Priests in the disturbed districts of the Diocese :—

“ CARLOW, *May 5th*, 1832.

“ REV SIR,

“ The following Admonition and Regulations are to be read by you or by your Curate, on two successive Sundays to each of the Congregations assembled at Divine Service in your parish, should you know that the illegal combinations to which they refer, exist therein, or should you apprehend that any portion of your flock is exposed to the danger of being seduced into such combinations.

“ It appears to me, that you should exhort and assist by every means in your power, the owners of property, and the well-disposed of every class of your parishioners, to unite in their own defence ; to form themselves in concert with the constituted authorities, into armed associations for the protection of persons and property—to patrol the country by day and by night whilst necessary—to detect and apprehend, or to terrify into better habits the evil-doers, who could then safely be dismissed from employment, should they fail in the duties they owe to GOD and to their employers.

“ Such union of the good and virtuous—combined with those commissioned to execute the law, generally adopted—if founded on sobriety, on the great principle of obedience to whomsoever is placed in authority, on a firm determination to support the laws, and to protect persons and property, could not fail to preserve or to re-establish order, and to suppress every unlawful combination.

I remain, Rev. dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,

✠ JAMES DOYLE, D.D., Bishop, &c., &c.

TO THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE WHOM IT CONCERNS WITHIN THE
DIOCESES OF KILDARE AND LEIGHLIN.

For several months past we have witnessed with the deepest affliction of spirit the progress of illegal combinations, under the barbarous designation of Whitefeet and Blackfeet, within certain portions of these Dioceses.

We have laboured by letter and by word—by private admonition and by public reproof, proceeding from ourselves and from our clergy, to arrest and to suppress this iniquity. But the tares which the enemy of man has in the night-time sown in the field of the Church, have grown up in despite of our watchfulness. Murders, blasphemies, perjuries, rash swearing, robberies, assaults on persons and property; the usurpation of the powers of the State, and of the rights of the peaceable and well-disposed are multiplied, and every day perpetrated at the instigation of the Devil, by the wicked and deluded men engaged in those confederacies. We as yet have borne with them, and anxious to imitate the patience and long-suffering of God, who spares sinners with a view to their repentance, we bear with them as yet, and hesitate to cut them off, by excommunication from the Church, and give them over to Satan! But whilst we thus forbear to exercise the power which is given to us, and to inflict the punishment which these men, by their obstinacy, have deserved, we are anxious to make known to them and to all the faithful, the detestation in which their crimes are held by Almighty God, the avenger of iniquity, and by his Holy Church. Desirous, moreover, of protecting the sacred mysteries of religion from abuse or profanation by those workers of iniquity, without however closing against them the doors of repentance, we prescribe and enjoin to all concerned, the following regulations, viz. :—

Every Priest commissioned to hear confessions within these Dioceses shall under pain of privation of his faculties, inquire of each person suspected by him of being in any way attached to, or connected by oath with any illegal confederacy, on such person approaching the tribunal of penance, whether he is or has been at any time within the present year connected therewith, and if then or afterwards, he is found to be so—then such confessor shall make known to him, that by his belonging, whether willingly or against his will, to that confederacy, he has rendered himself an accomplice in all its crimes—that his confession cannot be received, until he will have renounced in the presence of his companions in crime, or in such place, and in such manner as cannot be concealed from them, all connection with them; until he will restore, or cause to be restored to the rightful owner, all arms or money or other property, not lawfully obtained, which he may have in his possession or under his control; until he will have compensated to the last farthing, or repaired to the utmost of his ability, all and every loss or injury caused or done to the rights, property, life, health

or industry of any person, by himself or his confederates. He is further to be told that he is bound to fulfil the above obligations at the expense of all his wordly goods, which he now has or may hereafter acquire,—at the expense also of his feelings and character, and at the risk, if necessary, even of his life.

If he promise to accept those conditions, and to begin immediately to fulfil them ; he is further to be informed, that he shall, on each Sunday for one whole year, perform within some Chapel, the Stations of the Holy Cross, in commemoration of the Passion and Death of our Blessed Redeemer, whom by his apostacy from all good, he has crucified again to himself and made a mockery of ; or in place of the Stations of the Holy Cross, to read or hear read in some Chapel, on bended knees, the seven Penitential Psalms, with the Litanies and Prayers annexed thereto. Finally, that having faithfully complied with the obligations of justice first above recited, and fulfilled with exactness the prescribed penance, *but not otherwise*, he can be admitted at the expiration of one year,—unless this period should be shortened on account of his extraordinary sorrow, to the tribunal of penance—that confessing his injustice against himself, the LORD through the Ministry of the Priesthood, may take away the impiety of his sin.

If any person or persons whether connected or not connected by oath with those confederacies, should through the agency of the Whitefeet or Blackfeet, or such like combinations, or on account of the terror infused by them, be put into the possession of lands, or houses, or money, or goods of any kind, such person or persons so benefited *by unlawful means and in an unlawful manner*, cannot be admitted to partake of any sacrament, until they and each of them will have relinquished the possession of such lands, houses, money or goods, or otherwise fully restored them or the value of them to the person or persons to whom the same belonged, at the time of such interposition of the Whitefeet or Blackfeet.

The faithful are further to be instructed that whosoever assists, encourages, aids, or abets the Whitefeet, Blackfeet, &c., by command, advice, consent—by praise or flattery, by affording to them refuge or hiding places, or by receiving the arms or goods plundered by them—by giving to them information, or by withholding information against them when required by the lawful authorities to give the same, becomes an accomplice in their guilt, and a partner in their crimes."

Paulstown was one of the districts that suffered most from the incursions of these deluded men. Father Maher was untiring in his exertions to reclaim them ; he addressed them in season and out of season, to convince them of the wickedness of the course in which they were

engaged, whilst he left nothing undone at the same time to reconcile them to Holy Church, whose sacred laws they trampled on, and to the civil State whose severest penalties they incurred. Through his charitable efforts very many, even of the most hardened, renounced their secret organization and became peaceable and industrious citizens. On one occasion he was able to consign to a Magistrate in Carlow, twenty stand of arms, which had been delivered up to him. Another time he brought in to Kilkenny a large quantity of arms, surrendered in like manner by the Whitefeet of the neighbouring districts. Two instances however, mentioned in his own letters, will sufficiently show the energy which he displayed at this trying period. Several outrages having been perpetrated in quick succession in the neighbourhood of Goresbridge by the Whitefeet, as was supposed of Castlecomer and Muckalee, the parishioners, anxious to be freed from such depredations and from continual alarm, asked the permission of the local magistrate to arm themselves and to pursue the marauders. This the magistrate refused. Father Maher, without delay, proceeded to Kilkenny, and having obtained an order for the police to unite with the parishioners in pursuit of the plunderers, he put himself at their head, and after a few days the bands of Whitefeet were completely dispersed, and security was fully restored to that district. On another occasion a body of Whitefeet appeared in arms on a Sunday morning, in the neighbourhood of Paulstown. Father Maher addressed the congregation at last Mass, on the necessity of putting an end to this wicked organization; the result was that immediately after Mass the whole body of the parishioners went in pursuit

of the Whitefeet, and having apprehended a considerable number of them, handed them over to the police.

Father Maher, whilst thus waging an incessant war against the Whitefeet, was also indefatigable in his efforts to repress drunkenness and those faction-fights, which so often resulted from it. He often, when exercising this ministry of charity, was obliged to use the *argumentum ad baculum*, in order to separate the combatants, and as he was of surpassing energy, and of giant strength, this argument when all others failed was seldom found inefficacious. He used to relate the following amusing incident. Whilst passing one day through Paulstown, he heard a fearful noise proceeding from a public-house, and when he approached he saw that everything within was topsy-turvy from drink and fighting. He was obliged to knock down several of the combatants before he could restore peace. To his surprise, however, he found that one of those who had fallen was a Protestant of the neighbourhood. The poor man being half-drunk righted himself with difficulty, but having at length recovered his balance, made a profound bow to Father Mather, saying at the same time: "I am very thankful to your Reverence for not making strange with me, no more than with your own."

He used also to relate another incident of Paulstown, which serves to illustrate the unbounded devotion of the poor parishioners to the faith of their fathers, and their irreconcilable hatred of heresy. In one of these faction-fights, by which the town was occasionally disturbed, it happened that a poor Catholic woman was violently struck by a Protestant Orangeman, and for several days her life was almost despaired of.

The P.P. was constant in his attendance on the poor sufferer, but one day as he approached the house to visit her, he saw the husband standing outside quite downcast, and the very picture of sorrow. Father Maher fearing that the news would be doleful, with compassionate tone and manner inquired whether the patient had got a change for the worse? "Oh, no," replied the poor man, "it's better she has got, and I fear that after all we can't get any satisfaction of these Orange rascals."

His brother William having at this time requested Father Maher to secure for his family the services of a tutor, lately engaged in Carlow College, received the following characteristic reply:—

"KELLYMOUNT, *May 26th*, 1830.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"I received your letter of the 23rd, in which you express your apprehension, that I have forgotten to make inquiries about the Carlow professor. That gentleman is already engaged for the Academy of Tullow, at a salary of £70. He would not by any means have answered your family; he knows a great deal about Greek, very little about English; he could teach your children what they have no need of, but he seemed to have very little turn for communicating useful knowledge; do not think of him more.

"On yesterday we brought the spring's work to a close, that is, we finished the Easter Stations. We have, I humbly hope, sown the seeds of virtue in a fertile soil, which will, I trust, in due time, bring forth good fruit. May God give the increase. Upon these labours depend our future rewards or punishments. The very best labourer in the vineyard must tremble at the consideration; but I shall not sadden my mind, and unfit it for writing to a brother with such reflections.

"We were quite delighted with the victory of O'Connell over the triple alliance of Dogherty, Gower, and North. Never was there I believe a more complete triumph of honesty over servility—of patriotism over heroic opposition—of a plain commoner over titled arrogance, of sterling eloquence over pompous verbosity—of legal knowledge over professional ignorance. How the heart of every honest Irishman must have leaped within him when he read this speech. Argument, authority, raillery, retort, patriotism, high traits of oratory, were all happily blended in it. I never experienced so exquisite delight in my life as when I perused this master-piece of eloquence.

Oh! if we had only three or four more O'Connells in the house, how ministers and their hacks, corruption and her votaries, would tremble before them. Long may he live, the uncompromising advocate of liberty, the terror and scourge of minions and English shave-beggars.

"A few days since I received a letter from Sister Augustine, in Kildare. She speaks in the highest terms of praise of the new convent; the situation is so healthful, that the nuns have all grown young and vigorous since their arrival; their school is in a most flourishing state—230 girls in regular attendance—and the nuns are visited by every class of society—by Protestants as well as Catholics. Mr. Brennan's solicitude to make the nuns happy and pleased with their present condition, is exactly what you might expect from one so anxious to promote the welfare of the people by extending to them the blessings of a religious education.

"About visiting you this summer, I don't know what to say. I am very desirous to see the young ones of the family, who are I suppose grown quite out of my knowledge. When I saw Catherine last she was a little white-headed girl. I know not what figure she makes as a young woman. What great harm if you would permit herself and her mother and Rosanna and Pat to spend a week or ten days in visiting this part of the world? If they travel as far as my house, I shall conduct them to the City of Kilkenny, and introduce them to all our friends, and make them acquainted with all the antiquities in that city. This, you will say, is a cold invitation, but there is no need of invitations. I would write a long letter on the subject, if I thought that would bring them. Remember me affectionately to every one of them, and believe me to be your affectionate brother,

"JAMES MAHER."

SECTION V.—*Illness of Dr. Doyle.—Father Maher returns to Carlow.—Some interesting facts.—Father Maher administers the last sacraments to the dying Bishop.—Rev. R. Fishbourne's calumnies.—Dr. Doyle's statue.—Father Maher's speech in June, 1835.—Why Priests took part in politics.—Letter on depopulation in 1836.—Father Maher's zeal in attending the sick.—He is attacked by the London Times.—His Letter in self-defence.*

Before the close of the year 1833, the illustrious Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, finding that his infirmities were daily on the increase, intimated his wish to Father Maher that he should return to Carlow, and reside with him in Braganza. No invitation could be more pleasing to him. He at once resigned the charge of the united parishes of Goresbridge and Paulstown, and it became his privilege, of which in after-life he was so justly proud, to assist that great Prelate whom he loved with true filial devotedness, during the last months of his brilliant Episcopate, till his death on the 15th of June, 1834.

Many facts connected with Father Maher during this interesting period may be seen in the second volume of the *Life of Dr. Doyle*, by Mr. Fitzpatrick. When the Baroness de Montesquieu presented an easy carriage to the Bishop, he could not bring himself to accept the kind gift, and he said to Father Maher: "It is a lumbering machine only suited for the Baroness's advanced years. I wish that good-natured woman had not sent it

to me. Much as they say against me, I will never leave it in their power to say that the Bishop jaunted in a carriage. I never knew any man enter a carriage who could dispense with it, unless a fool, especially if that man were a Bishop." During his last illness it was Father Maher's duty to read the letters addressed to the dying Bishop, and to convey when necessary the substance of the correspondence to him. One day a long Protestant Biblical letter came to hand, and as such things amused the Bishop a good deal, some portions of it were read for him: "Ah!" he said, "how glibly they quote from the sacred volume, covering their own nakedness with its patches and shreds. May the Holy Ghost inspire them to find the truth. What a pity, that zeal so strong should not find the right field for its exercise."

When the end approached, the Bishop himself asked Father Maher to have the last sacraments administered to him, and whilst preparing to receive the Holy Viaticum, he gave instructions to his attendants to lift him out of his death-bed and place him upon the bare floor, being thus desirous in lowly sentiments of true humility, to proclaim his unworthiness to receive this divine gift of the Redeemer's love. "Take this body of flesh, and fling it on the floor," were his emphatic words, and when the attendants, carefully lifting the four corners of the sheet on which he lay, had placed their burden on the ground, he made repeated endeavours to raise his hands and unite them in prayer, but from sheer debility he was unable to do so. When Father Maher, at length presented the Holy Viaticum to the dying Bishop, it seemed as if the light of heaven had beamed upon him. "The sublimity and joy of the Bishop's prayer

(thus wrote Father Maher) while I repeated the words '*Ecce Agnus Dei*,' &c., baffles all description. It seemed to me as if the dying Prelate absolutely saw a vision of Christ standing meekly and lovingly before him, and that he was fired with a heavenly ardour to become instantaneously dissolved."

Some years after the demise of the illustrious Prelate, the Protestant Prebendary of Aghold, Rev. Robert Fishbourne, whose calumnies against Dr. Doyle, whilst still living, Father Maher had more than once refuted, put forward with a great display of apparent truthfulness, at a meeting of the Carlow Auxiliary Bible Society, the startling assertion that "there were strong reasons for believing that Dr. Doyle had embraced the truths of Protestantism, nor would he, previous to his decease, receive the last rites of the Romish Church, or allow any of his clergy to come near him." On one occasion the writer of these pages whilst conversing with Father Maher about some indifferent matters, asked him rather abruptly what was to be said of this statement of Rev. Mr. Fishbourne. He at once indignantly replied : "What is to be said of such a statement? Why it is the foulest and falsest calumny which those agents of deceit and lying could devise against that great Bishop." In one of his letters, dated August the 17th, 1868, Father Maher thus incidentally refers to the same calumny : "The anxiety of the Established Church for even one convert of name is proved by another memorable fact. It has been published a thousand times by the press in the interest of the Irish Establishment, that Dr. Doyle, the celebrated J. K. L. ; had died a Protestant. That lie, given to the world in 1834, has never been retracted. I

lived in the Bishop's house during his last long illness, and many years before. I administered to him the last sacraments of the Church: I was a witness with thousands of others, of his piety, fervour, and living faith; I stood by his bedside, absolving him at the very moment when his pure soul, quitting its mortal frame, appeared in the presence of its Creator and Redeemer: and from that hour to this, men without honour or conscience have never ceased to proclaim, no matter how often contradicted, that the Bishop had apostatized from the faith of his Church, and the religion of his forefathers." See page 550.

Father Maher ever cherished a most devoted affection for the memory of Dr. Doyle; he ever loved to speak of him, and he at all times did so with unbounded enthusiasm. He admired him for his brilliant style, and his eloquence, and his many public services to our country, but it was above all for his love of discipline, especially within the sanctuary, that Father Maher esteemed and honoured him, in life and after death. One item of Father Maher's last will is strikingly characteristic of his devoted attachment to this great Prelate. The statue of Dr. Doyle which adorns the Cathedral of Carlow is justly admired as a masterpiece of the sculptor Hogan, of whom Ireland is justly proud. Father Maher often visited this statue, and many times expressed a hope that it would remain for ages to speak to future generations of the virtues and patriotism of J. K. L. Having marked in his will some religious bequests, he added one item which he desired should not be trespassed upon by any others, and this was, "a sum of £20 to keep in repair the statue of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle."

Father Maher continued to act as administrator of the parish of Carlow, under Dr. Doyle's immediate successors Dr. Nolan and Dr. Healy, 'till towards the close of 1837, when he was appointed by Dr. Healy to fill the chair of Theology and Sacred Scripture in Carlow College.

During this period, great political excitement prevailed throughout the county of Carlow, and Father Maher was once more found among the foremost, upholding the interests of religion and asserting the rights of the poor. The triumphant return of MM. Raphael and Vigors to Parliament in June 1835, as representatives of the county Carlow, was hailed with delight throughout the whole country. A few days after the election Father Maher made the following speech, in which he eloquently sets forth the many motives which made it imperative on the clergy, in that momentous period of our country's history, to take an active part even in the political struggles of our people :—

“ A question of momentous importance has been decided at the late election. It is now evident that the people have the power in their hands of choosing their own representatives. The road to a seat in the legislature is henceforth open to the best friend of the people ; it is closed against all others. The key of the Commons House of Parliament is now in the hands of the people, which key had too long lain in the breeches pocket of the aristocrats. This is a mighty advantage. The highest court in the realm shall no longer be encumbered by a cohort of aristocratic incapables : or polluted by the presence of boroughmongers, or placemen, or the nominees of any party. No, the Reform Bill has conferred upon the people the power of sending their friends to Parliament, and of leaving their conservative neighbours at home. With what ease did we, the other day, throw aside the Messrs. Bruen and Kavanagh. It was a glorious sight, to see the people, rising in the majesty of their power, brushing them off with as much facility, and as little ceremony as the lord of the forest, rising from his midnight lair, shakes the dewdrops from his shaggy mane. The difference, I apprehend, between an aristocrat and a popular member of parliament is, that the former is always for things as they are ; the latter

seeks a change for the better. The conservative supports tithes, taxes, and exorbitant rents, and demands military and constabulary establishments, to enforce the payment of them, as the only means of quieting the country. The patriot seeks to obtain his object by other means. Take the burdens, he says, from the overloaded shoulders of the peasantry ; put clothes upon their backs, flesh on their bones. supply wholesome food for their hungry stomachs, in a word, remove the causes of turbulence and outrage, and you can at once break up that beautiful machinery for degrading the people, of treadmills and barracks, and police establishments. Such innovations, exclaims the aristocrat, will overthrow everything ; bring the higher orders into contempt, endanger the altar and the throne, put social order (as an indictment would say) in fear of its life. Things cannot continue as they are, replies the people's representative. There is a limit to human endurance. The habit of obedience should not be endangered, by the continuance of misrule, lest in the issue be found

In the midst of tumult and alarm

The might that slumbers in the peasant's arm.

" Whenever the heel of oppression (as Sheridan beautiful expressed it) is raised, trodden misery springs up and glares around for vengeance." The leading dogma of the patriot's creed is, that laws should be formed on the principle of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number. This doctrine, according to the aristocrat, is downright heresy, deserving of a thousand anathemas. To concern one's self with the happiness of the greatest number in law making is the extreme of folly ; for who are the greatest number ? The mob,—the populace—the scum of the earth, who are bound from time immemorial, to be content either full or fasting, with half loaf or no bread, as accident may determine. If this, as I contend, be a fair statement of the case ; if a popular and a conservative member differ so widely, is it not an incalculable blessing to be able to make a choice between them—to send the one to parliament and the other to school. A seat in the house of commons must always be an object of honourable ambition amongst gentlemen of education and property. But how is that honour now to be obtained ? By becoming the advocates of popular rights, and proving the sincerity of their advocacy by their conduct as landlords, magistrates, and neighbours. They must pay court to the people, who have been now constituted door-keepers of the House of Commons. No man can now take a seat in the legislature unless he produces the most respectable testimonials of character—not only signed by the high sheriff, but also bearing the broad seal of the people's approbation. Ere long I hope to see the landlords engaged in a virtuous rivalry, contending with each other for the attachment and affection of their tenantry. No man can hereafter appear at the hustings, soliciting the votes of any constituency

who cannot say.—I rest my claims to your support upon my consistent advocacy, at all times, of the people's rights. When was the poor man oppressed by power, that I did not succour him? What burden was about to be imposed upon the people that I did not oppose? When was the man thrown into prison upon suspected testimony, that I did not hasten to admit to bail? And as to the management of my own estate, if I have not shown attention to my tenantry, if any have been unjustly ejected, or overburthened with rent, fling my claims to the winds. Such I fondly anticipate, will be the language of those who in future aspire to the honour of representing the people. It has been well observed that one of the greatest evils of Ireland is a want of sympathy between the higher and lower classes, and the disposition, on the part of the landlords, to treat land as a merchandize—to recognise in the relation between themselves and their tenantry, nothing more than that between buyer and seller—to regard land solely as a source of profit, and to look to the law instead of personal and family influence, to exact rents. This is really the root of all our miseries. The victory of Saturday last, which establishes the fact that the people can send whom they please to Parliament, has I trust shaken this vicious system, and laid the foundation of a better order of things. Henceforward landlords will seek to uphold their influence with their tenantry by acts of justice and benevolence, and, oh, what a fine material does not the Irish character present to the skilful artificer! The Irish peasant is distinguished by many virtues; he is affable, kind, grateful to an excess, ready to serve, and anxious to please, faithful and brave to a fault. How easy the task for landlords to secure their influence with such a people! Do them common justice and you link them to you, with "hooks of steel," for we are (even our enemies admit it) a justice-loving people. Do justice and kindness and generosity; and to separate the bond which binds them to you, would be found a more difficult task than the cutting of the Gordian knot. In every country in Europe, always excepting Ireland—the landlord finds something for the tenant besides the mere soil. In England the proprietor builds and repairs such accommodations as are necessary to conduct the business of the farm. In many Continental kingdoms he finds the stock. Not so in Ireland. The poorest cottier must build and furnish his own wretched hovel. What is the result of this system? Is the landlord enriched? No! The system begets beggary and discontent, and in their turn beggars and the discontented burden the nation. Mr. Griffith in his evidence before Parliament states the probable yearly expenditure on idle beggars in Ireland, to be £1,500,000; soldiers cost, £1,300,000; police, £250,000; total, £3,050,000, for idle consumers. This immense sum is annually expended to keep Ireland in a state of misery, famine, idleness, turbulence, when the lives and properties of all are in some degree of jeopardy. In addition, we

lose the labour of a noble people, whose industry would repay us in one hundredfold in a country where there are still to be found not less than four millions of waste acres, and the remainder only half cultivated. The sun in its course sees nothing like the phenomena which the country presents. Abounding in mines of every metal and mineral, the people are beggars; abounding in coal and turbary, they perish for want of fuel; abounding in limestone, marl, and other rich manures, the peasant starves in the midst of a luxuriant harvest. If all these sources of employment were opened, and three millions expended upon the idle consumers, were left in the people's pockets, we would ere long be the most contented and happy nation in the universe. The police and the military might go shoot marbles, for there would be no turbulent peasants, goaded to outrage by a sense of their wrongs, to be shot at. Priests are accused of taking a part in elections, and of denouncing unworthy candidates in language too strong for ears polite. Men who hear of oppression at a distance may speak of it in cool and measured terms; but we, who were upon the spot, who saw and touched the victim of oppression—heard the sighs of the orphan, and saw the distracted visage of the widow, may not have been able to bring down to a proper temperature the fire of indignation which injustice and the wrongs of the defenceless enkindled in our souls. In open court, in the presence of our opponent, we offered an avowed, a determined opposition; of an absent candidate, though open to many objections, we uttered not a word. Why did the defeated candidate, who was present, complain? Justification, and not complaint is expected from those who challenge, as Mr. Bruen did, investigation. Was he taken unprepared? did he not stand before us supported by his legal advisers and backed by the Lord of the Manor and all the Conservatism of the country. Instead of whining complaints about the minister of peace dealing him deadly knocks, he should have attempted to rebut the charges which were before the public for many months. We have made a selection in town and county which is exceedingly creditable to our discrimination and our patriotism. Neither sectarian bigotry nor popular clamour influenced, in the slightest degree, our decision. Before we made a choice we looked abroad through society; a choice is made, but upon what principles? A life of steady virtue, undoubted and splendid talents enbellishing the honourable profession to which he belongs, a noble spirit, which while working its way upwards was too conscious of its own worth, to court the smiles of power, and too independent to be swayed by popular caprice, a happy combination of such rare and splendid qualifications, attached our regards to Mr. T. Wallace. We bestowed upon him a seat in the legislature. The Priests sat in council with the other electors of the county, why was not a papist put in nomination? Again, in this town, a Catholic had solicited the support of his fellow townsmen to return him to Parliament. Priests again sat in council. Why was

the candidate of their own creed rejected? Because, and solely because, in their judgment, sterling worth, every qualification, the good landlord, the poor man's magistrate, the efficient supporter of popular rights were all found combined in a higher degree in the Protestant. Disappointed ambition may malign our motives—the cynic may turn up his lip in scorn—the conservative journal complain; but facts, justificatory of our conduct, stand in bold and prominent relief before a discerning public. Acts, more eloquent than words, prove that our support was given from the purest principles of patriotism. We stand, I feel, in a proud and honourable position before our county, patriots without reproach, enjoying the confidence of the people."

The County Carlow at this time suffered considerably from the depopulating mania of the Landlords, a terrible evil which soon after spread to many other parts of the kingdom. Father Maher was from the first its open and unflinching assailant. His letter of May the 4th, 1836, unmasks the barbarous unfeeling cruelty of this fell system, and will be found not devoid of instruction even at the present day:—

SIR—You have called the attention of the public not long since to the expulsion of the peasantry from the townland of Slyguff. Would to Heaven that the cruel depopulating system were confined to one property, or one parish only in this ill-treated county. The extent to which the system has been carried, is a subject upon which the Government and the public ought to be well informed. Permit me, therefore, to publish, through the columns of your journal, some afflicting details of the working of the system upon a small estate in the parish of Milford and Ballinabranagh, in this county.

From the townland of Crawn, the following families are in a few days to be turned to the road:—

The widow Henesy and her four children,	5
The widow Brien, about 80 years old, bed-ridden for several years, and her daughter,	2
James Hughes, wife, and three infant children, ..	5
Pat Brien and four children	5
John Brien and four children,	5
	<hr/>
	22

What will become of these poor creatures when thrown upon a county where there is no provision made, even for the poorest of poverty's

children? Where will the aged widow Brien, when driven from her home, lay her weary head? With whom will she pass her few remaining days?—with her children? Alas! no, her sons, Pat and John Brien, her only sons, with their eight motherless children, all under fourteen years of age, are themselves in a few days to be reduced to the condition of houseless wanderers. Her daughter, the wife of James Hughes, with her infant children, have been a week or ten days since driven to the road; and her sister-in-law, the widow Henesy, is also in the number of the proscribed. Oh, sir, it is I fear, reserved for the wretched widow, in her eightieth year, to see herself and every one that bears her name, her whole race, driven from the habitations of men, expelled without offence, unconvicted, nay, unaccused of a crime. I publish her wrongs to the world with a view to prepare a generous public to make some provision for her. When the notice to quit shall have been carried into effect, I will again appeal to the public in her behalf, if the hand of death, in mercy, do not, in the mean time, rescue her from her sufferings. May Providence, who tempers the blast for the shorn sheep, grant her relief. Her fellow-man in the exercise of his legal rights has set his face against her. From the same estate, within the last ten years, have been ejected:—

Thomas Timmin, wife and family	12
Pat Freeny	5
James Nolan	4
Michael N lan	4
James Byrne	5
William Brophy	11
Edward Cannon	5
James Cannon	9
Widow Murphy's family	3
William Curran	8
Ellen Commons	3
Widow Mahon	6

It is not here asserted that *bona fide* arrears were not due by some of these families, or that their landlord had not a legal right to eject them. The bare fact of their being turned to the road, is alone stated. Some of them, since they have been driven from their homes, worn out by misery, have gone to their grave. One died in an hospital in Dublin; another was sent to the Carlow Lunatic Asylum; others have contrived, by begging through the country, to protract a wretched existence. Some have built temporary huts within the views of their former residences, or in the dykes of ditches, where they have lived for months in misery, which it is impossible to describe. Amongst those driven from their homes is Ellen Commons,

ejected for non-title, after having paid her rent for about thirty-seven years. During her occupation, she built a house, which cost her £14, for which, on quitting the premises, she received £1, and for giving peaceable possession, £2. Her poor sister, who lived with her, has been for eight years mostly confined to her bed, laboring under both bodily and mental infirmity. The loss of her home (for she was not insensible of what occurred), so increased her malady, that she has been since considered a fit subject for a lunatic asylum, in which, as stated above, she at length found refuge.

Besides the ejected and those noticed to quit, twenty two electors on the same estate, most unfortunately for their own interests, have had the virtue, in those evil days, to support a Liberal Government by their votes at the hustings. For such an offence a most harassing war of citations, latitats, and subpoenas, &c., has been carried on against them. and has brought many of them to the verge of ruin. Their petition lately presented to the House of Commons, by Mr. Wallace of Greenock, will give some idea of the extent of their sufferings. This document eminently deserves the public attention—it shows how far the people, for daring to advocate Reform, can be legally persecuted—how they may be teased, and goaded, and robbed of their property, under the sanction of law. The spirit in which this war has been conducted is best collected from the tone and manner in which hostilities were proclaimed. In open court the landlord solemnly swore, with uplifted hand to Heaven, before me and others, that he would exterminate his tenants who opposed Toryism, were twenty years necessary to effect his purpose. The war has since proceeded, as appears from the petition referred to, in a manner every way worthy of the spirit in which it was undertaken.

To sum up all in a few words—

12 families ejected within the last two years	74
5 noticed to quit	22
22 electors, allowing six to each family	132
			<hr/> 228

It is impossible to estimate the extent and intensity of the sufferings which these 228 individuals, on one small estate, have endured within the short period of two years. Oh! it is monstrous; it is a crying sin—a sin that might bring down the vengeance of Heaven on a nation—that landlords should have the power, as in Carlow and other places, of sending the wretched occupiers of the acre to starve. The oppression of the people in this country has very nearly passed the limit of human endurance. The cup of bitterness is filled to overflowing. The landlord, churchman, and attorney, united together in an unholy league, have sorely tried the people's patience. Acting upon the advice of that clergyman (the Rev. M. Beresford), they not only assert their right to rent and tithe, but they seek the expulsion of the peasantry from the lands of their birth—lands which they

cultivated before their oppressors had a single acre in the country. "I trust (said the patriotic and reverend gentleman, Marcus Beresford) that every good and faithful minister of God would sooner have potatoes and salt surrounded with Protestants, than live like princes surrounded by Papists." I quote his words from the *Evening Mail*. This oppression, ere long, will produce its natural fruits. The hunted cottier will turn when too hard pressed, and revenge himself on his ruthless pursuers. Sheridan has expressed the idea—"wherever the heel of oppression is raised, trodden misery springs up, and glares around for vengeance." But a few days since a fine athletic fellow, but worn by sharp misery to the bones, said to a neighbouring parish priest, 'don't blame me, sir, if I do wrong, for I am starving. My own misery I could perhaps bear, but I cannot bear to see my wife and children famishing. Their cries tear my very heart. I know not what I shall do.'

The law, it is said, is the protection of the subject. What law, I should be glad to learn, protects or recognises the rights of the poor? "If I obey the law," said an oppressed tenant, "I will be turned out to starve. By violating it, I will obtain a jail allowance and a roof to shelter me." The country is made to feel and know that other classes of men have their rights. All the courts of law; judges, lawyers, attorneys, proctors; all the disposable troops of the kingdom—horse, foot, and dragoons—(what servants of the apostles of Christ!)—seem at present to exist for the sole purpose of vindicating the rights of sinecure churchmen, a third part of which rights are notoriously composed of the wrongs of the poor. On the other hand, the protection of the poor man's right seems to be no one's business. Now and then the priest raises his solitary voice to protest before God and man against the oppression of his fellow-creatures. But it is *vox et præterea nihil*, whilst the whole business of the government is compelled to stand still until the church is gorged with the tenth of every man's possession. Teaching others to despise the things of this world, she claims the full tenth of the peasant's estate—the inheritance which he has in the labour of his hands, and the sweat of his brow—the tenth of his potato pit, the only barrier between the poor man and starvation. What will the Legislature do to save us from impending evils? Are the constituted authorities armed with no power to save from starvation a quiet and suffering people! Have landed proprietors a clear right to condemn to any degree of misery or destitution they think fit the laboring population? We have seen, and every day see, power wielded in full might, and with all its resources, in the cause of church exaction, against a half-naked, half-starved peasantry. When shall we see the might of the government put forth in defence of an oppressed, a cruelly neglected people?

The exertion of the Catholic clergy to preserve the peace, and for the suppression of outrage, will not, I greatly fear, be much longer successful.

Oppression in this county has very nearly reached the point which makes the wise man mad. Hundreds amongst us are literally famishing. It would be vain to attempt describing their misery. On one morning of last week ninety six persons applied, personally, to me, for relief. I have taken their names, and will, with your leave, publish them, at a future day, in the *Post*. The number of applicants was not unusually large. The farmers, who alone seem to have any bowels of compassion for the poor, harrassed by the exaction of rent on the day it becomes due, and plundered in the name of religion by the Lay Association, have no longer the means of relieving them. Outrages, the commission of which both the oppressed and oppressors will have to deplore, will be the result of this cruel treatment of the people. 'Veniet dies iræ, calamitatis et miseræ, dies magna et amara.' Well as you know the Catholic clergy, yet you can scarcely imagine what efforts we have made and are making to keep society together. Denounced though I have been a thousand times as an agitator, yet I am every day employed in exhorting men to have patience. I will not be suspected of admitting the justice of the sinecure parson's claim to the tenth of the farmer's industry. 'The peasant,' says Grattan, 'is born without an estate: he is born with hands, and no man has a natural right to the labor of those hands, unless he pays him.' Holding, as I do, this doctrine, yet for the sake of peace, and to save honest men from utter ruin. I have paid, within the last month, the full amount of the parson's claim on four Catholic farmers. They were unable to pay it themselves. The parson insisted on the full amount of his bond—the attorneys and Lay Association were already prowling about for their prey, and were the poor farmers as friendless as they were penniless, they should have gone to the road.

This, sir, is an unnatural state of things. The Catholic priest, who has a large flock to attend—who has many and laborious duties to perform—who is every day at the bed-side of disease, much of which is brought on by want—is obliged to give what he receives for himself and the relief of the distressed, to the non-resident and sinecure parson, who renders nothing to the Catholic, save offence, for the wages he receives, to which, before God, he has no right, and in consenting to receive which he is guilty even of great wrong.

This letter, I regret, has already become too long.

I have the honour to be, yours, &c., *

"JAMES MAHER."

Carlow, May 4th, 1836.

Admr. of the Parish of Carlow.

In this letter Father Maher dwells with special emphasis on the injustice of the Tithe exactions. In few dioceses were the Tithes so heartlessly exacted by

the Parsons as in Kildare and Leighlin, and nowhere was greater spirit and earnestness displayed by the people in their resolve to resist them. A highly respectable witness, when examined before the Parliamentary Committee, detailed some particulars regarding one district of Leighlin Diocese :—" I have known of potatoes being sold out of the houses of poor people ; of the pot to be sold, and a man, left two years and a-half without one, being obliged to borrow a pot to boil his potatoes. I have known the blankets to be taken off the beds of the children ; I have known the widow's pig taken away ; I have known an aged woman taken out of a sick bed and laid on the ground, and the clothes, and the bed, and her daughter's clothes, sold for tithes." In his evidence before the same Committee, Dr. Doyle ably justified the course of passive resistance which the farmers had resolved to pursue, and which eventually triumphed ; and he emphatically declared—" That he would allow his last chair to be seized, nay, he would sacrifice his life, before he would pay an impost so obnoxious and iniquitous." Among others who adopted this passive course was Father Andrew Fitzgerald, President of Carlow College, who, for his reiterated refusal to pay tithes, was arrested and thrown into the public gaol. Mr. Patrick Maher, of Kiltrush, brother of Father Maher, was also thrown into prison no less than four times, for, though no one was more charitable and generous in contributing to alleviate the tithe-burden on the families of the poor, he persistently refused to pay tithes himself, and repeatedly allowed his furniture and chattels to be auctioned sooner than permit it to be supposed that he sanctioned by his conduct so unjust a demand.

Father Maher was most assiduous in attending to all the laborious duties of his spiritual charge. Fever in its worst forms, and the terrible visitation of cholera which, more than once, pressed heavily on the poor of Carlow, severely taxed all the energies of the Administrator and his brother priests, but amid such trials, they proved themselves true pastors, devoted apostles of charity, ready to sacrifice their lives for the flock entrusted to their care. One of his fellow curates, Father Duggan, was himself seized with a violent fever. Father Maher attended him with true brotherly affection. A few hours before his death, whilst Father Maher conversed with him on heaven and its happiness and its glorious Queen, the dying priest, bidding him a last farewell, said :—“ I go, the others will soon follow, you alone shall remain, and may God preserve you in the midst of a wicked world.” His words were verified. Before two years had passed, the other curates, Fathers Kelly and Byrne, were summoned to their reward, and with them the Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Dr. Nolan, fell a victim to the same disease.

Whilst thus engaged in his missionary apostolate, the London *Times* indulged in the most unmeasured abuse of the Catholic clergy, and attacking Father Maher by name, made the malignant statement :—“ It is against such priests as Maher, who disgrace and profane the sacred ministry, that we have laboured, and, thank God, triumphantly, to turn the hearts of our English readers. The people are but automata, of whom these spiritual tyrants are the unresisted movers. Protestants see what is before them. In England no Church ; in Ireland worse than no Church, the barbarous and demo-

ralizing despotism of Popery." Father Maher took occasion from these virulent attacks to publish in London a letter addressed to "a Protestant gentleman," which, while giving many interesting details of his own life, sets forth in a most triumphant way a complete vindication of the Catholic priesthood :—

SIR—"You are not unaware of the immense labours of the Tory press to decry the Catholic priesthood of Ireland : nothing less than their extermination appears likely to satisfy the fury with which they are assailed. I do not exaggerate when I say, that the object nearest at heart with some of these journalists seems to be to represent that body in such a light—as such irreclaimable enemies of liberty and order—as to make it imperative on society in self-defence to rise up and at once by some speedy expedient get rid of them altogether.

"For what other purpose have we been one thousand times denounced in the columns of the Tory press as ruffians, surpliced ruffians—spiritual tyrants—wretched impostors—vulgar, coarse, hateful tyrants ; and again, atrocious hypocrites—sacerdotal miscreants—wolfish fiends—a brutal priesthood ! For what other purpose have living agents, ministers of discord, been sent through the country to awaken in every village the cry of No Popery ; to set man against his fellow ; and to infuse into others that spirit of religious intolerance which seems to animate themselves ?

"Having exhausted its rich vocabulary of vituperation upon the Catholic clergy at large, one of these journalists at length descends to particulars, and points me out by name as a fair specimen of the 'spiritual tyrants,' the 'sacerdotal miscreants' of Ireland.

"The vindication of the character of so humble an individual as I am from the slander of the Tory press is, I am ready to confess, of no consequence to the public. And as for me, I humbly thank Heaven that it is not in the power of calumny to trouble that peace of mind which an unaccusing conscience bestows. But why is an individual thus calumniated ? It is hoped by throwing obloquy on the Catholic clergy to stay the progress of reform in Ireland ; and to turn public attention from that enormous national grievance, a sinecure Church Establishment, known to the people of that country only as a heavy and oppressive burden, a cause of discord and disunion. Assailed as I have been, not as a private individual, but as a member of a large and influential body, as a fair specimen of its worst members, my defence has some claim to public attention.

"Allow me then, in the first place, to observe, that though pointed out by name as a disgrace to the Christian ministry, I am not aware up to this hour of any specific charge, save one, having ever been preferred against

me. To this one, to which I had an opportunity of replying, permit me to call your attention. The subject is interesting only inasmuch as it serves to illustrate the spirit of that party which is labouring to excite your hatred and ancient prejudices against your fellow-subjects, the Catholic priests of Ireland.

“What, then, is the nature of the offence with which I was charged? In the course of my ministry, in the town of Carlow, I visited, as a clergyman, an old woman, at the request of her sister, who represented her to be a person addicted to drunkenness and other immoral habits. I sought, by exhortation and reproof, to reclaim her from vice. My labours were fruitless: they afforded her, however, an opportunity of calumniating me. Having, as a Crown witness, on a previous occasion, prosecuted to conviction an innocent man, for some alleged violation of law (a circumstance which secured to her the favour of certain Tory officials), she volunteered to swear—I do not say that she was solicited to swear—that I had called her injurious names, and threatened to drive her out of the parish. Her testimony it was deemed advisable to consider as most important. It was right to make the most of a case which offered even the slightest chance of bringing to order one of the ‘surpliced ruffians’ of the Tory press. Accordingly a Mr. Singleton, who has been raised (for what services we have never heard), from the condition of a common policeman to the office of police chief and magistrate, most judiciously and boldly put his hand to the good work. This discerning and active officer, by the lights with which nature blessed him, magnified the affair at once into an alarming conspiracy against the laws, and after sundry inuendos, having summoned up sufficient courage, he announced, from the seat of justice, that a Catholic priest was implicated in the plot. Yes, he accused me by name, in open court, of conspiring against the laws, and also of a base attempt at defaming the character of a Crown witness, the old lady referred to above, who was, he assured the Court, a most respectable woman. The Conservative faction rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and the scurrility of the Tory press on the occasion knew no bounds. Having flung these vile calumnies upon me in the face of a Court of Justice, Mr. Singleton most probably thought the matter would have ended there. A Catholic priest was publicly stigmatized as a conspirator against the laws; what more could the Tory faction desire? and as for the proofs, they cared not about them. Unwilling to remain under the imputation of one of the most serious offences that could be preferred against a loyal subject, I called upon Mr. Singleton either to prove the charges, or to retract them; and although he could not prove them—nay, so utterly groundless were they, he did not even attempt it—yet he deliberately persevered in his most unjustifiable and wicked course of declining to retract them.

“Having sought redress from this magistrate in vain (no, no, he would

not withdraw his charge, no matter how false), I prayed the Government to grant an inquiry into his conduct, which, after some delay, was obtained. The day and hour of trial having arrived, Mr. Singleton thought it more prudent to make the *amende honorable* than to abide the result of the investigation; he dragged himself, therefore, into Court, where, three months before, he had uttered his gross and groundless calumnies, to retract them, and make the following full and humiliating apology:—

“ ‘Mr. Singleton is ready to declare, and now does declare, that in using in court the language complained of by Mr. Maher, on the 7th of November last, he did not intend to apply that language to Mr. Maher, nor did he at all allude to him.

“ ‘And with respect to the language complained of by Mr. Maher, in his memorial, as used by Mr. Singleton on the 14th of November last, in court, Mr. Singleton is now fully convinced that he was led to use that language by misinformation as to facts; and Mr. Singleton is also convinced that Mr. Maher's character as a loyal man is perfectly unimpeached, and his conduct perfectly correct.’

“ This *misinformed* magistrate, so ready to make false charges, so slow to retract them, this Mr. Singleton, from whom I wrung the reluctant apology, is the very person whose testimony *The Times* delights to quote against me and the Catholic Clergy. Living in the same neighbourhood with me, he denounced me publicly, and continued for months to consider me as a conspirator against the laws; but having the fear of a court of inquiry before his eyes, he immediately discovered that my character as a loyal man was *perfectly unimpeached*, and my conduct perfectly correct; and he discovered also that his respectable old woman, the Crown prosecutrix, was a perjured witness.

“ By retailing the gross and groundless calumnies of these misinformed men, and adding new ones of their own; by the adoption of that wicked maxim, ‘*Fortiter detrahe et aliquid semper adhærebit.*’ the Conservative party hope to destroy the character of the Irish Catholic priesthood, whose services in the cause of Reform they can never forgive. The Tory journalists very gravely assert that I (my name is given to the public,) disgrace the sacred ministry; in a word, that I am the very type of everything that is detestable in Popery. To charges so vague, as there is no other mode of replying, I will be permitted briefly to state what has been the life of that priest whose offence, as a clergyman, entitles him to the special notice of the leading Tory prints of the empire. On this subject, however, I cannot venture to indulge in more than a very few observations.

“ The rule of the parish in which I officiate requires the attendance of the priest in the church every morning, to begin at seven o'clock, winter and summer, the duty of prayer. Every morning in the year, not on Sundays only, the duty is performed. The remainder of the day is divided between

the other duties of our office. In the church we remain administering the sacraments, consoling the afflicted, relieving the troubled conscience by receiving the confession of guilt; reproving, exhorting, encouraging, instructing; sometimes inculcating the sacred duty of restitution. That our labours are not without fruit, the public journals from time to time bear ample testimony. The Provincial Bank, not long since, in the *Dublin Evening Post*, gratefully acknowledged the receipt, through the agency of three Catholic priests, of several thousand pounds. Sometimes we are occupied in aiding parental authority by the influence derived from our sacred character to bring back to the path of duty the obstinate or foolish child; sometimes in assisting the magistrate to preserve order, and to secure obedience to the laws. Even I, who am denounced as an agitator, a surpliced ruffian, strange to tell, have lying before me the letters of two magistrates, one of them of high Tory politics, acknowledging the receipt of nearly thirty stand of arms, which I have succeeded in taking out of the hands of those whom local oppressions had banded together in illegal combinations, and commending in very flattering terms my exertions in preserving peace and order. Again, as arbitrators, or peace-makers, we are not unfrequently employed in healing those dissensions which trouble the harmony of private families; or perhaps we are summoned to take our stand at the bedside of pestilence, to administer the consolations of religion to a dying brother; or, as sometimes happens, forced by the miseries of the unprovided poor, we go out to ask alms *ostiatim* for their relief. When the close of the day withdraws us from the busy scene of active life, the evening is devoted to study, to prayer, and repose.

“Such, in a few words, is the life of an Irish Catholic priest; such are the labours, the objects, the pursuits, the everyday duties which fill up the whole time of the very individual whom the Tory press points out by name as a ‘surpliced ruffian’ who ‘disgraces and profanes the Christian ministry.’ I have no other business on earth. Houses, lands, merchandise, servants, dependents, possessions of any description, I have none. The service of the altar, the duties of which the divine precept of charity imposes, the care of the poor, the neglected and despised poor of Ireland, are my only concern.

“The whole of my life, since I have been called, about fifteen years since, to holy orders, has been devoted, with very little interruption, to the discharge of the duties of my office; with pleasure I can now reflect, and with truth affirm, that not one day, nay not one hour (I speak deliberately) of that period has been lost in scraping together and laying up those treasures which the moth and rust consume. No moment of dissension, no angry feeling on the subject of temporalities, ever occurred to interrupt the harmony which exists, and has always existed, between me and those committed to my care. His ministry is of no value, his labours are useless

who cannot say with the Apostle, 'I seek not the things that are yours, but you.'

"I loathe beyond the power of expression the hypocrisy, the deceit, the sordid soul of that parson or priest who, with the Gospel in his hands, exhorts us not to put our trust in the uncertainty of riches, and who, notwithstanding, seems as eager in the pursuit of wealth as those who deny Christ and his saving word which we preach. The life of such a man, no matter what his professions are, is a practical denial of the Gospel.

"That disinterestedness and contempt of this world's wealth have not been with me a mere speculative opinion, the following narrative will afford some evidence. I had not been long in the mission when I received my appointment to one of the richest livings in the diocese; which living, or to use a better word, benefice, I have, about twelve months since resigned, at the suggestion of my bishop, who considered my services more necessary elsewhere, and I have accepted in its place a curacy worth about £70 a year. This sum, together with a small pension which my family allows me, is a most abundant provision for one whose business it is to teach the doctrines of Him who, 'being rich, became poor for our sakes.' The change has brought me a great increase of labour, a diminution of income—more duty, less pay.

"But do I consider myself less poor? Far indeed from it. True it is I have no earthly possessions. I have never expended one shilling in the purchase of any description of worldly treasure. According to my reading of the sacred text, no one can serve two masters. I have long since made my election. My resolution is fixed. Death, whenever he comes to me, shall find my coffers empty. Yet I am not poor, for I possess that which not all the wealth of the Established Church could purchase, namely, the affections and hearts of those for whom I labour. For such treasures what would not the devoted Apostle of the Gentiles give? or the beloved Disciple? he whose bosom glowed with unconquerable zeal; he whose soul was love.

"It will be said, 'that not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom God commendeth.' The maxim is of Divine origin. But is it not expedient to speak the truth when assailed by the grossest calumnies? The duties of the sacred ministry I have discharged ill or well; God alone is judge, before whom I humble myself with the deepest sense of my unworthiness: but no man can say that projects of personal aggrandisement, or any sinister leaning to the things of this life, have drawn me aside from the discharge of these duties even for an hour, since I have declared before the altar, in the words of the Psalmist, '*Dominus pars hæreditatis meæ, et calicis mei, tu es qui restitues hæreditatem meam mihi.*'

"The source of that strong and reciprocal attachment between the Catholic priest and his flock, and of his influence with them, against which modern sectaries so bitterly yet so unavailingly rail, may be discovered in

the faithful and affectionate discharge of those lowly and unostentatious duties to which I have just pointed attention. Of the depth and strength of this feeling many instances could be given. The following will serve to show how that priest whom the Tory press designates 'a surpliced ruffian,' a 'spiritual tyrant,' stands with his flock. A drunken Orangeman, about four years since, presented at me a loaded pistol; perceiving the danger to which I was exposed, one of my parishioners, to cover me from my assailant, threw himself on the direct line between us, resolved that the assassin's bullet, if it should reach the priest's breast, should bear upon it the heart's blood of one his flock. The Orangeman fired, and wounded a man who stood near me. On this occasion the peasant took the post of danger; how often, times without number, has the priest returned the favour? Regardless of his own safety, or rather trusting to the protection of Heaven, he enters the house of pestilence, ever ready, when the expiring Christian requires his ministry, to sacrifice life rather than neglect the duty he owes to his flock.

"If this picture of our life and avocations be drawn in true colours,—and it cannot be denied, unless by those who would prove that we have no existence at all—has the Tory press dealt fairly with us, aye, or with you in England, in labouring to impress your minds with the conviction that your fellow-subjects in Ireland of the ecclesiastical order are nothing better than a horde of savages, traitors to God and man, whom you ought at once, and at any expense, to set about exterminating?

"Though denounced as miscreants, ruffians, &c., &c., our offence is not that our lives are at variance with the divine precepts of the Gospel which we preach. Neglect of duty—the shameful abomination of rich sinecures—taking and dissipating abroad the revenues of the church whilst the flocks are left to the hireling at home—enormous pluralities, the great scandal of Christianity, and non-residence of the pastor, in violation of his ordination vows—exactng priestly dues at the point of the bayonet, whilst we preach to others contempt of riches; these are not the offences laid to the charge of Popery in Ireland. It is not said that we have asserted our legal right to a few shillings against the widow at the expense of her children's blood; we may be loaded with every term of reproach, but it is not said, cannot be said, that we have gathered tithes with blood-stained hands, or hewed our way into the peasant's farmyard over heaps of his slaughtered kinsmen; we are not accused of having disgusted the ear of Government with repeated applications for the police and military, to be employed against our sinful flocks, but our flocks notwithstanding, and 'heirs to the kingdom.' What a triumph to the unbeliever when he sees the minister of the meek and humble Redeemer who preached His Gospel to the poor; when he sees the minister of such a Master backed by an infuriated drunken police, quarrelling with the half-naked starving peasant for the tithe of all the wealth he possesses, his wretched potato-pit! Is it thus

(the infidel may well exclaim), you deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow your Divine Master? thus you sell all, and give to the poor, that you may have a place in the Kingdom? thus you go into the house and salute it, saying: 'Peace be to this house'? thus you learn of Him who was meek and humble of heart? thus you interpret the golden rule of Christianity, of doing to others as you would that others would do unto you? thus you prove yourselves to be the salt of the earth, the lights of the world? How insulted and reviled and abused art thou, O holy Religion! by men, Christians by name, but very pagans in heart and practice! It is not said of us that we have been summoned into Court, tried, and sentenced to pay the penalty of having inflicted the highest injury on domestic happiness. Nor have we fled from justice and episcopal revenues of yearly thousands, under the imputation of crimes too gross to be more than hinted at. We are not accused of forcing conscience to support a creed or doctrine which is honestly rejected, or of carrying on a war against the people committed to our spiritual care of processes, latitats, civil bills, and subpoenas in every court of the kingdom. These offences are not laid to our charge. It is not on any of these accounts that the Tory press has denounced us as a brutal priesthood; no, emphatically no. With all our sins and imperfections upon our heads, if we had only the virtue to array ourselves on the side of Toryism, in support of every oppression and injustice which have crept into the institutions of our country, and in opposition to the rights and liberties of the British people, we would be lauded by the Tory press as paragons of sacerdotal perfection. Our crime is our love of liberty, our hatred of injustice, evinced in exertions to return Reformers to Parliament. This is the head and front of our offending. The zealous and hearty co-operation of the parish priest with his flock in his struggle for equal rights is the offence which constitutes him a ruffian. Exertions the most strenuous, labours in season and out of season, provided always they be directed against, and not in favour of, the rights of the people, do not in the slightest degree affect or injure the sanctity of the clerical character. Yes, I proclaim it, we do love liberty. There do not breathe in the universal world men more fondly, more firmly, more enthusiastically attached to civil and religious liberty (we know by experience what it is to be deprived of these blessings) than the Catholic priesthood of Ireland.

"But, sir, is there nothing in the circumstances of unhappy Ireland to justify the part which I, as a freeholder in my native county, and others have been compelled to take in the struggles of our people for liberty and good government?

"I am ready to admit that the Christian pastor, as a common rule of action, ought to confine himself to the discharge of his spiritual functions. Religion sends not her ministers either to the magisterial bench (where I have seen them discharge the most weighty duties of their ministry in

issuing decrees for the recovery of tithe), or to lift their mitred heads in courts and parliaments, where the priest, it is said, sympathizes too much with the great, too little with the people. He who ought to be devoted to the cares of the kingdom not of this world, should not divide and distract his attention with the business of politics. The clergyman who habitually engages in the management of temporal concerns, in or out of parliament, knows not the character of his sacred ministry, advances not the cause of Christianity.

"In England, or indeed in any well-ordered society, there is no proper place for a political parson; not so in misgoverned Ireland. Mark well the different circumstances of both countries. Your aristocracy, though sometimes found in opposition to the nation, yet in feeling and affection, by education and interest, is English, thoroughly and sincerely English. The ancient nobility and gentry strongly feel that the only permanent and secure basis of their order is the happiness and well-being of the community at large. Honours, titles, historic recollections, old associations bind them up and identify them with the people. Hence, in every district, the aristocracy furnishes popular leaders to direct, to give weight and effect to the public will.

"Again, you have the middle class, intelligent, wealthy, educated, capable of self-government, lovers of liberty, foes of oppression, proverbially just. How admirably and efficiently would the enlightened patriots of this class direct and animate the people, if the higher orders failed to do their duty!

"Now look to the circumstances of Ireland. Here it may be said there are but two classes, the very rich and the very poor: on one hand an oligarchy, in feeling, in religion, by prejudice and education, opposed to their country;—on the other, the body of the people, the victims of every species of oppression, to whom this world or the world's law has never been friendly. That law has been so administered, until lately, in their regard, that they have been taught to consider the whole machinery of government and law rather as a hateful scourge than as a means of protection deserving their respect or support.

"The Irish gentry have no sympathies, no community of feeling with the mass of the people. The laws under which they were educated, impiously proscribing the national faith, taught the favoured few to regard their fellow subjects as enemies in the land, a degraded caste, fit objects of pains and penalties, tolerated only as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the state religionists. Brought up under such a system, is it surprising that a majority of the gentry are united together as one man in opposition to the people? The laws themselves have worked our ruin. The arbitrary power vested in landlords and churchmen of taxing, through exorbitant rents and tithes, the industry of the peasant, is as destructive of virtue and every feeling of patriotism and humanity in the higher orders as it is productive of wretchedness and crime in the lower. By making tyrants of

one party and slaves of the other, the law has demoralized both. The tyranny of a majority of Irish landlords, their hatred of the people against whom they have declared a war of extermination, and the Mammon-seeking of the parsons are absolutely without parallel in any civilized country in Europe. Rents are now, as well as in the days of Swift, squeezed out of the very blood and vitals and clothes and dwellings of the tenants; and, having stripped them to the bare bones by the exaction of exorbitant rents, their Tory landlords hand them over to the tender mercies of the Ryders and Beresfords *et hoc genus omne* of the law Church Establishment.

“Again, there is unhappily no middle class of sufficient importance and character in Ireland to assert the rights of the people. We live too near the unhappy days when a cruel and detestable policy to extinguish the national faith robbed its professors of all their property, and proscribed education, that in their ignorance they might not know their rights. This savage code, the disgrace of British legislation, has too lately ceased to be the law of the land to afford sufficient time for the growth and formation of that intelligent, opulent, educated middle class of which England is so justly proud.

“Such is and was the condition of Ireland when the thrilling call for Reform and the correction of every abuse, raised by the people and echoed by the *Times*, was heard throughout the land. What part, in accordance with the sacred calling, became the clergy, in these circumstances of their country, to act? One of the ablest English writers of the present day (see *Tait's Magazine*), free from all prejudice, has discussed the subject with great ability. His opinions deserve attention,

“In Ireland (he says) the priesthood have been called to supply to a trampled helotry, in the first place, the want of natural leaders among the gentry; in the second, the want of an educated and independent order of farmers, merchants, and manufacturers. The Catholics pined in miserable thralldom for conscience sake; a wicked and insolent ascendancy erected its bloody crest in exulting triumph over their prostrate rights. At length, wrong had overpast the limits of endurance; the nation, expanding in physical and intellectual proportion, chafed against its crackling bonds; the time was ripe, and the millions panted to strike for liberty. Then came the question, who shall rule the wilderness of free minds, and organize the discordant and tumultuary elements, which alone can work a moral revolution? Not the Protestant aristocracy: they were, almost to a man, foaming with the rabid fury of intolerance. The Liberal Protestants were few in number; and the Catholic masses, sunk in penury and disheartened by disappointment, were incompetent to furnish, in every locality, enlightened and fearless assertors of their wishes—wise to plan, bold to execute, and, above all, possessing indisputable claims to the respect and confidence of their compatriots. All eyes turned upon the priesthood. Eminent in intelligence, eminent in influence, filled with earnest affection for their native land, and ready to resist the

authors of its misery, from whose harsh control they, almost alone among Irishmen, could claim exemption, they were thrust, by the overmastering necessity of circumstances, into the front of the battle, and obliged to form the advanced guard of the national force. The object of the general movement in a special manner justified their junction with their flocks; duty to their country and their religion rendered it imperative. They incited and directed the energies of Catholic Ireland; they kindled its patriot enthusiasm, and bound its children in a holy brotherhood; they gave body and prevalence to popular sentiment; evoked the almighty spirit of opinion; and were the auspicious heralds—may we not say the main producers?—of an event, the most wondrous in the mode of its accomplishment, the most momentous and far-reaching in its results, which for ages the world had witnessed. Thus it was that the priesthood first became agitators; and thus it is that they are still often driven to the arena of politics. They stand between an alien aristocracy and a country ground down by its avarice and heartlessness. They stand, in default of a native gentry in which that country might confide, in default of a middle class which might govern and sustain its suffering multitudes—the advisers and guardians of the community, in seasons of public peril, when the landlord would overbear his tenants by tyrannous violence, and make them perjurers before their God, and traitors to their most sacred social trust.’

“Does the priest, forced occasionally from the sanctuary, and only for a short time, by circumstances such as are here described, to protest before heaven and earth, in the assembly of men, against the oppression of his country and the wrongs inflicted upon the people—does he betray, by doing so, the cause of religion, profane his ministry, and play the part of a spiritual tyrant?

“Again, sir, read some of the late newspapers from Ireland—the last dispatches from Clonagath, Inniscarra, Charleville. How many tithe recusants have been killed and wounded! how many hundreds driven, on the eve of winter, from the lands which their forefathers tilled—their only crime a conscientious adherence to the religion of their parents! The sun in its course sees nothing like the every-day scenes of that unhappy land. Ministers of Christ charging their flocks at the head of an armed squadron of police, or loading with their anointed hands—the Rev. Mr. Beresford admitted the fact—the muskets by which the lives whom Christ died to save were sacrificed. ‘The divine ordinances,’ says an able writer, ‘with which they seek to move the hearts of the people, are the artillery. They expound and enforce the law with loaded muskets. Sell all, and give to the poor, is the Divine recommendation: what they try to sell is their neighbours’ cattle, and what they threaten to give to the poor is the stroke of the sabre.’ A barbarous system! it has breathed into the nostrils of its

interested partisans its own ferocious and sanguinary spirit. Is it an offence to cry out against such a system—'Away with it! away with it!'

Have I exaggerated the evils of this accursed system, which has driven peace, nay civilization, from our shores? Take not my account of the matter. Beneficed clergymen, whose testimony cannot be suspected, have denounced the system in language sufficiently strong.

"I have spent a long life in Ireland, and most of it in close connexion with the clergy; and I can bear my testimony that, since the earliest period of my recollection, tithe has been the fruitful source of litigation, violence, and hatred.

"The visit of the proctor, or the invasion of the driver, the summons before the magistrate, or the process to the quarter sessions, these alone awaken in the recollection of many a Roman Catholic family that such a being as their Protestant minister exists. These are, alas! the letters of commendation which he brings, the fruits which he exhibits, the pastoral visits which he pays to them.

"Do not the Church and the population seem like two hostile armies just on the point of commencing operations, and rushing to an onset at which the peaceful Christian shudders?"—*Rev. H. Woodward, Rector of Fethard, Co. Tipperary, in his printed letters, pages 29, 30, 31, addressed to the Right Hon. E. G. Stanley.*

"The Rev. M. James has drawn the character of a majority of the Established Clergy with a full and accurate knowledge of his subject. He has visited Ireland, and seen men and their proceedings with his own eyes. He is not a renegade from his order, not censured by his bishop, nor abandoned by his flock. He is not a hired itinerant calumniator, nor a worshipper of Mammon, nor a disciple of Moloch. A few such men, who have the virtue to speak the truth, who prefer one immortal soul to the wealth of the Establishment, would go a great way to redeem the character of the body. His words are:

"What does this Church, and what do these Irish churchmen? They stick to their right, as they call it—nothing moves them from it. Hate, rage, every fierce passion of corrupt nature inflamed, and its wild mandate executed,—sighs, tears, agonies of distress, shrieks of horror, streams of blood—society convulsed, civil strife, national uproar—a great and glorious empire torn asunder, broken, or likely soon to be, into feeble fragments, and its light, which, under God, is the light of the world, half quenched—nothing of all this seems to have the least effect on these men. They are utterly unconscious of it all. Of the ill, the enormous ill, which they do, they see nothing; and are alive only to the comparatively little and unimportant ill which they suffer. They are entirely taken up with themselves, they have no pity but for themselves—they lament nothing, and no one, but themselves—themselves, and the cruelty of not paying them the wages which they have never earned—to which, before God! they have no

right; and in consenting to receive such wages are guilty even of great wrong.'—*Letters touching the Church in England and Ireland, addressed to the Archbishop of Dublin, &c., by the Rev. Maurice James, Rector of Pembridge, Herefordshire.*

"What a patient, what a forbearing people we are! Is there on the face of the earth any other people who would endure all we have already suffered? And what has England gained by the privations, sufferings, penury, and starvation of the Irish people? The sons and dependents of a corrupt oligarchy, professing Protestantism, but trampling the Gospel under foot, obtain the means of living in luxury and indolence. *Voilà le tout.* What, on the other hand, do you lose? Are you not taxed heavily for our divisions? Is it no loss to have the British empire paralysed in one of its most important members?—no loss to have your fellow-subjects poor, discontented and uncivilized, processed, exchequered, and now and then shot, because they seek to save their wretched means of subsistence from the grasp of the pampered pluralist, the non-resident parson whom they know not?—no loss to have the Grey administration the Wellington administration, the Melbourne administration, and, again, the Peel-Wellington administration, broken up by the Irish Church question?—no loss to have so much of the time of the Legislature engrossed by it to the prejudice of great national interests?—no loss to have the avenues of industry closed, the springs of national wealth dried up. English capital, which could be so beneficially invested in Irish speculations, cast to every quarter of the globe? But I must now proceed.

"Is it such a mighty offence (and this after all is the only question between us and our revilers) to seek, by the legitimate means of sending Reformers to the British House of Commons, to put an end to those evils which afflict our country? Do we stand before you, as the Tory editors represent us, 'sacerdotal miscreants, selfish, coarse, and hateful tyrants, surpliced ruffians?' Are we not rather, as honest Reformers, seeking deliverance, through good report and evil report, from injustice and oppressions such as no other country of Europe (persecuted Poland alone excepted) has to endure? Let the honest men of England judge between us and our industrious, eloquent, untiring, and, I suppose I may add, well-paid calumniators.

"Adopting the language of Inspiration, we may appropriately conclude in the words of the first teachers of Christianity: 'We are weak, but you are strong; you are honourable, we without honour: we are reviled, and we bless; we are persecuted, and we suffer it; we are ill spoken of, and we entreat; we are made the refuse of this world, the offscouring of all even till now.'"

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

London, March 27, 1836.

JAMES MAHER.

SECTION VI.—*Father Maher is appointed P.P. of Carlow-Graigue.—His zealous labours in the sacred ministry.—His vacation in Rome.—Two instructive Letters from the Holy City.*

On the 20th of January, 1841, Father Maher was appointed Parish Priest of Carlow-Graigue, and he at once resumed his missionary labours there with the greatest zeal. Writing to a friend in Rome on the 26th of October, that year, he gives some details of his spiritual duties in the preceding summer:—"For three months, we were labouring day and night preparing our parish for confirmation. About six hundred received that sacrament, a great majority of them adults, and all of whom had to make general confessions. The spread of temperance prepared the way for the good work. Our country again if we only do our duty will enjoy, amid the nations, the amiable appellation of Island of Saints You have heard of our defeat at the last elections. Providence interfered to preserve us. The loss of the election was perhaps the means employed by Heaven to save the lives of the people. The Tories were so enraged that they would have had recourse to violence if they were losing. Twenty at least voted who had no more right to vote than you had in the county. A petition has been lodged against the return, which if prosecuted is likely to be successful, though I scarcely know what we are likely to gain by that. The Repeal question is making great progress amongst the people; half the Bishops, I believe, have declared in favor of it."

Having suffered in 1844 from a severe attack of illness, he was recommended by the physicians to relax his labours for a while. With the Bishop's authorization he proceeded to Rome, where he remained for two years, living at the Irish College, and enjoying the hospitality of its Rector the present Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin. He regarded this interval of repose as given to him by Providence, the better to perfect himself in sacred science and in piety, and to prepare himself to labour more strenuously in the sanctification of his faithful flock; hence he devoted himself almost entirely to religious pursuits, and spent a considerable time each day in meditation and prayer. Two most instructive letters written by him from the Holy City, compendiate the great maxims of religion, and reveal to us the solid piety and earnest spirit of devotion which he incessantly laboured to cultivate among his own immediate friends and in all the families nearest and dearest to him:—

“ROME, *September 7th*, 1845.

“MY DEAR JAMES,

“A letter from Italy ought to be well freighted. Things little worth, one seldom sends or brings from a distance. Knowing the difficulties of procuring a valuable cargo, I have been slow in writing; but, now that I have pen in hand, what shall be our subject? La bella Italia, its gorgeous palaces, and galleries of painting and statuary—the beauty of its enchanting scenery? No! There is something more worthy of attention—something higher still to engage our thoughts—‘The consideration of God and our duty towards Him.’ Let this then be our subject. All other things, no matter how esteemed and prized, are in the end of little importance. We pass from this world quickly—here to day and off to-morrow—but in that to come we have an eternal interest. How does it happen, my dear James, that the only important affair is by far the least attended to? We study everything else—the sciences, the law, history, the arts. See the farmer who knows his profession, calculating carefully by what system of cultivation, what rotation of crops, by what manuring and draining his land will make the best return. Unless he have forethought he is always in difficulties and misery, unable to meet his engage-

ments. The merchant, before he makes his purchases, duly considers what article is most in demand and what leaves the greatest profit. The industrious, in a word, are ever turning in their mind the means of advancing their interests, whilst few, very few, give themselves time to think by what means they may lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, which never fail. To suppose that we shall acquire a stock of virtue—spiritual riches—without forethought and industry is not less foolish than to expect an advancement in our temporal affairs without due attention to business. What is the cause of this strange neglect? We follow in this the example of the world. We know that rewards or punishments await us, and we live as if we knew it not. We know the sins that exclude from heaven (see St. Paul to the Galatians, chapter v., v. 19, &c.), and yet we commit them without fearing the consequences. We know we shall be here only for a short time, yet we act as if we were to be here for ever. What unceasing solicitude for a few years, what total forgetfulness of the innumerable ages of eternity upon which we are entering! We boast of our common sense, yet how unreasonable our conduct. The cause of all this is the want of reflection. Half an hour's serious thought on the subject would set things right and make us great saints into the bargain. Our first great duty is to love God; but how can we, when we give not any time to consider his infinite perfections, his mercies, power, justice, ineffable sanctity and holiness, the consideration of which would, no doubt, inflame the heart with holy love? Faith tells us that Christ died to save us, that he bore our infirmities and carried our sorrows, that he merited for us a right to heaven, that he constantly intercedes for us before His Father, that he wishes our salvation, and supplies abundant means to attain it. These favours, and a thousand others, demand our love; but what of that? The just debt of love is not discharged because we do not think on the subject. Faith tells us that of ourselves we can do no good—make no advance on the road to heaven; that we are weak and ready to fall: that prayer and Sacraments are absolutely necessary, without which we can make no progress. Why then do we so seldom apply these means? because we will not give the half hours to consider the subject. Faith tells us that heaven is a blessed place: indeed, it must be so. To see the great Creator, 'the King of ages, immortal and invisible; the only God,' and his Son, our Redeemer; to see him in his glory whom faith tells us expired on a cross; to be surrounded by the saints who have preserved or purified their baptismal robes; to mix in the company of heroic martyrs, who washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb; to behold the countless groups of virgins singing the canticle which none other can sing; to hear the voice of everlasting praises, hosannas to the Son of God, this is heaven!

"To meet our relations and friends, from whom death hath rudely separated us; to embrace in the realms of light the partners of cares in this vale

of tears ; children to be united to parents, brother to brother, sister to sister, to all we loved, all we esteemed ; to effect a union where ‘ death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor sorrow for the former things are passed away ; ’ this, surely, is heaven.

“ To have whatever the heart can desire and more than it can comprehend ; to be, as spoke the Prophet, inebriated with the torrent of delight which flows from the throne of God ; to have possession of a happiness which neither the eye hath seen, nor the ear hath heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive it : it is too great for our limited capacity ; this, you will admit, is heaven.

“ To sit down with the Prophets and Patriarchs of old, with Abraham, Isaiah, and Jacob, and the souls of the just men made perfect, to have our names written in the book of life, with a promise that it shall never be blotted out, whilst the impure are cast into exterior darkness, where the fire is never extinguished ; this, also, is heaven.

“ ‘ Who is she coming up from the desert, flowing with delights, leaning upon her beloved ? ’ The Queen stood on the right hand ‘ in gilded clothing surrounded with variety,’ Who is she ? I was, she exclaims, exalted like a cedar in Libanus and as a cypress on Mount Sion, like a palm tree in Cades, and as a rose plant in Jerico. Who is she so honoured above the children of men ? Youth and maidens, have you seen this beautiful Virgin ; tell me who she is and what is her name. She is the Mother of fair love and holy hope, the Queen of Angels, the Mother of God, the humble Virgin whom all generations shall call blessed. To enter where she presides, to join with her children in worshipping the Creator of all, to unite our voice with the everlasting choirs, oh ! this, indeed, is heaven. For this we were created, for this redeemed. Why do we not sigh for it, why not inflamed with holy desires of obtaining it ? Because, solely because, we give not half an hour daily to the subject.

“ You remember, perhaps, Dr. Franklin’s parable that a little neglect often breeds great mischief. For the want of a nail, he says, the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe, the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy. All for the want of a little care about a horse shoe nail. With a negligent christian the case is far worse. For the want of a little thought prayer is neglected, for want of prayer, grace is lost, for want of grace heaven is lost, our inheritance with God and co-heirship with Christ is lost. All for the want of half-an-hour’s serious meditation daily.

When I meet the man who can talk or think of the affairs of this world only, of riches, possessions, profits and the means of increasing them, who has wealth, but knows not its uses, freely he expends hundreds in vanities, high living, and projects of aggrandisement, for other purposes comparatively nothing, at best he makes but a provision for this life though he

is destined to live for ever ; deluded man, I exclaim, he neglected the half hour's meditation.

"When I see the young man entering upon a course of prohibited pleasures, doing what, the Apostle tells, excludes from the kingdom of God; things which ought not so much as be named amongst Christians, when I see him fond of dress, desiring praise, feeding his fancy with projects of pleasure ; of settlements, of greatly improved circumstances—vanities which will never be realized. seeing those things I say to myself, this youth does not give thirty minutes a day to serious thought.

"The man who delights in strong drink, whose eyes are red, whose gait is unsteady, who is noisy, censorious and much given to boasting, whose labours are without fruit, and his works unprofitable, whose family in consequence is distressed and children clothed in rags ; of this man, I at once pronounce that the untimely born is better than he, and that he knows nothing of the half hour's meditation.

"In fact all our miseries proceed from the abuse of this half hour, and this is the sentiment of the Prophet, "With desolation, says Jeremiah, is the world laid desolate, because there is nobody who thinks in his heart," that is, nobody who gives half-an-hour to serious thought. Well, my dear James, to set things right you must make up your mind to bestow some time each day on the great affair of salvation. begin the work on your knees, and finish it in your morning's walk, but let it be done well. Meditation is not the business only of the priest or nun or hermit. It is the duty of every christian, and I cannot understand how one can resist the corruption of fallen nature, who accustoms not himself to meditation. But to think for half an hour, you must have something to think about, you must supply the mind with food for thought, by the study of religion, of all your christian obligations. Take up St. Liguori's works, 'The Way of Salvation,' or Dr. Hay's 'Devout Christian,' and read the chapter on God. the End of Man, on Faith, on Hope, on Charity. Read attentively and a new world will open to your view, new interests will present themselves most worthy of your attention ; new subjects of thought and inquiry infinitely more important than the speculations which are generally passing through your mind.

"When you have obtained, by reading, matter for thought, St. Francis de Sales in his Devout Life will teach you how to meditate. There is no insuperable difficulty in it, if you can only make up your mind to the task. A little meditation will soon convince you that the working out of our salvation is the only important business. Indeed it should be uppermost in your thoughts, nay always in your thoughts, for there is nothing else lasting under the sun. The means to acquire virtue, without which we can have no pretensions to the rewards of eternal life are, first, *prayer*, under which head I include the

sacraments ; and second the preparation of the heart for the virtues by spiritual reading and thinking. The virtues do not flourish in an uncultivated soil. Do we not till the land before we sow the seed, otherwise no matter how excellent the seed we gather no fruit ? If prayer or meditation be neglected, the work of salvation will not go on well. It is quite right to ask in prayer for that first and greatest of virtues the love of God, may our hearts be inflamed with it; but how much more efficacious must that prayer be if we employ our minds for a time in considering how deserving of all love is the God of infinite goodness. The most ardent seraph cannot sufficiently love him. There is a subject, the mercies, the greatness, the patience of God, upon which we might think for ever. It is a new world in which the Christian soul delights to dwell. We must by reading make our acquaintance with it. How pleasing it would be in the sight of heaven to find the thoughts of youth directed into these channels instead of being ever employed in wordly, oftentimes hurtful and sinful speculations.

“ It is impossible, as you know, to communicate in one lesson any important branch of knowledge. It must be acquired gradually and by careful study. Neither do I pretend to teach within the narrow limits of a letter, the glorious and all important science of the Saints. All I want now is to impress on your mind, this one truth, that to be a virtuous Christian you must make it the principle concern, as it ought to be, of your life. Heaven as I have already said is a blessed place, and rest assured, we cannot do too much to obtain it. The study of virtue is not incompatible with any useful art or acquirement ; you may be an excellent agriculturist, a first-rate man of business, a profound scholar, a wise statesman, even a good politician, and yet not a pious Christian. But if you be not the *latter*, whatever else you be, you are worth nothing.

“ It may occur to you, my dear James, that I am making too great a demand upon your time and thought, for the affair of salvation, that I am not warranted in going so far. Now I shall leave it to yourself to decide the question when you read one passage from the sacred writings, to which I beg to call your attention. Speaking of the law of God, Moses thus writes, Deut. ch. vi. v. 6.—“ These words which I command thee shall be *in thy heart*. Thou shalt meditate upon them, sitting in thy house, and walking in thy journey . . . sleeping . . . and rising . . . thou shalt write them in the entry . . . and on the doors of thy house.” What more could he say ? He could not get farther. Do not stop short, swayed by the example of others, of what is required of us.

“ Meditation on the law of God, and the careful perusal of such works as I have referred you to, have wrought in many most wonderful changes. The profane have become religious ; the sinful, saints ; the proud and thoughtless, meek and humble of heart ; and the worldly-minded have been taught to seek only the things that are of God. Consider the sacrifices

which men, once strangers to the faith, have made. We deserve to be scourged with scorpions (and we shall be), if we follow not virtue, which has so many charms for others.

"I have, you perceive, written you a long letter, quite as long as half a dozen ordinary ones. If I did not write sooner, it was not, my dear James, for want of affection; for it is affection which now prompts me to write so much.

"The objects of this letter is to induce you, and the youth of our family, to come at once to the Christian and common-sense resolution of making the science of the saints their principal concern. The business of this life will run on the smoother. Heaven is certainly not otherwise to be gained. The throne of God is surrounded by heroic martyrs, spotless virgins, by men who have crucified the flesh and its concupiscences, who have the courage to be humble, to despise the present world, to bear persecution, if it come for Christ's sake. The worldly wise, the tepid Christian, the impure, the vain and thoughtless, half ashamed of their duty, can have no inheritance with God and his saints: crowns are not given, in this life or the next, unless to those who fight and conquer. 'To him that shall overcome,' says St. John (Apocalypse, ch. 3, v. 21), 'I will give to sit down with me in my throne.' And St. Paul assures us that 'no one shall be crowned, unless he fight lawfully,' that is, according to the rules which Christ, the head of the Church, has laid down. There are no poltroons in heaven. How contemptuously does the Apostle speak of the wicked and irreligious: 'without,' he says (Apoc., ch. 22, v. 15), 'are dogs, and sorcerers, and unchaste, and murderers, and servers of idols,' that is, those who gratify their evil passions, and every one that loveth and maketh a lie, that is, the persons who love and pursue the vanities and fooleries of this world. What a misery to be cast aside with such company, to be one of the party. All our efforts to secure heaven will prove fruitless, unless we frequently approach the sacraments. The promise, the noble promise, of Jesus Christ, ought to send the Christian, with great faith, and oftentimes, to the Holy Communion. 'I am,' he says (John, ch. 6, v. 51), 'the living bread, which came down from heaven; if any man shall eat of this bread, he (observe the promise) *shall live for ever*; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, for the life of the world.' In the Holy Eucharist we have, then, the source and cause of all our happiness. 'He is the way, the truth, and the life;' we cannot desire more, and we cannot be happy with less.

"I have, you perceive, nearly filled my paper, from which I excluded most rigorously all worldly news. In fact I am too old to lose any more time upon such subjects. The heads of our family, I mean my brothers and sisters will ere long be gathered to the tomb, we have but a little while to stay on this side of the line which divides the two worlds. In the meantime it is our duty to make the best impressions on the generation

which we are to leave behind. They will however follow us, at no very great interval, let us therefore all prepare; we have lived in harmony here, may we be united hereafter. Adieu, my dear dear James. Pray for me, as I do daily at the altar for you and all in Kilrush.

"Yours affectionately,

"JAMES MAHER.

P.S.—Remember me most affectionately to Margaret, I must send her also in a short time some religious advice from Rome, the centre of Catholic unity. In the meantime she will, I know, read St. Liguori's works, which are a thousand times better than I can write. If what I write be read more carefully, it can only be, because, the writer, in one instance, is a stranger, the other a father's brother. Make my best respects to Miss Power, give my love to the families in Prospect, Kilmead, Kildare, and Cannonstown, above all to Father M'Mahon, Father Brennan, and Father Dan. I was delighted to hear of the religious work which through your father's means, the family has effected. It was a noble donation in a holy cause, may Heaven bless the cheerful givers. I have received the bill of exchange about four months since, which your father sent me. May he receive his reward elsewhere. I rather think this long letter will exhaust your patience. It will try your ingenuity to make it out as my writing is now far from being legible. It has about it the stiffness and irregularity of an old hand. Get Margaret to assist you, take a good copy of it, better than this, for common reading, and do you preserve the original, it will be as useful to read in ten years, as the moment in which you receive it. Give my love to your father, may he have the happiness as he advances in old age, of seeing you advance in every christian virtue. He richly deserves that consolation from all his children.

J. M.

"ROME, 13th October, 1845.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"I made a loan to a Mr. Fitzsimon, in Carlow, about three years since, with a view to relieve a sinking family. I got abundant security in his house and premises, which is subject only to a very small rent, £5 or £7, and would let at £40 or £50. But a few days since I received a letter from Mr. Fitzgerald, whom I requested to look after the matter. He states that the house and property is about to fall into the hands of the head landlord, for non-payment of head-rent. Will you have the goodness to call to Mr. Fitzgerald on the subject; he has all the deeds in his hands. He mentioned that he wrote to you, but that you declined doing anything. It is certainly worth looking after; and if you neglect it, what was intended as a benevolence, will prove only a useless loss.

“ I wrote a very long letter about a month ago to James ; I hope he has received it. My letter to you of an older date, I was glad to hear has come to hand. I wrote to James, with a view to show him the necessity of attending above all things, to the study of virtue. He can no more acquire virtue without attention, than science or literature : the latter serves us for a time ; the former for eternity. Which, then, is of the greater importance ? How many previous years are spent in the study of languages, sciences, &c. ? I do not mean to speak disparagingly of these pursuits ; they are necessary for some. But I should rather know how to make an act of the perfect love of God, than to speak with the tongue of angels : the fruit of all other toils will pass ; ‘ charity never falleth away.’ Our blessed Lord announced to Nicodemus, who came privately to see Him at Jerusalem, the great truth, ‘ that God so loved the world as to give up His only-begotten Son ; that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting.’—*John*, chap. iii., v. 16. This single passage has afforded subject of meditation for years to the saints and holy fathers.—Who (they asked) is the giver ? God. What is the gift ? His only-begotten Son. For what is He given ? That man believing in Him may not perish. Who has announced this truth ? Jesus Christ, Himself. For whom has it been written ? For me ; for all. What subjects of meditation ! To spare guilty man, God spared not His only Son. ‘ He was wounded,’ says the Prophet, ‘ for our iniquities ; He was bruised for our sins.’ Can we think of this without astonishment, love, and gratitude ? Jesus Christ suffers Himself to be called our brother. In His humanity, as Son of Mary, He is one of us ; in all things alike, sin excepted. He, I say, discharged the debt of punishment which His brothers, the fallen children of Adam, had contracted. It is without sin He became responsible for our iniquity, and suffered in His own person the punishment due to it. ‘ Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends.’ This was the extent of His love, and all He asks is a return of love from His redeemed brothers. Considering the strength of His claim, St. Paul breaks out into the most extraordinary exclamation : ‘ If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema,’ that is, accursed. The language is not too strong for the occasion.

“ St. John writes in his First Epistle, ch. iv. v. 8 :—‘ He that loves not, knows not God,’ that is, God cannot be known without being loved. Does not this seem to contradict our experience ? It must be true, notwithstanding. Can we discover any clue to lead us to a right understanding of what the inspired writer has said ? Edward the Confessor, whose feast we celebrate to-day, is one of the canonized saints ; as such we honour him ; but let us read his life, his liberality to the poor, his exertions in favour of religion, in founding charitable institutions, his patience, humility, contempt of self ; let us read, and forthwith we begin to admire and love the

royal servant of God. The more we study his life the greater our esteem and love. So it is in the case of our heavenly Father. Men suppose that they know God, and yet, never love him. They know, just as they know the saint whose name stands on the calendar, whose life they never read. But let them know God well, by meditating on His infinite perfections, His power seen in the creation and preservation of the world—His love in His incarnation of His Son, and the extension of it to all ages in the Eucharistic mystery—His justice in the death of the Saviour, made responsible for our sins—His patience in bearing with us after having offended—His mercies in forgiving, and calling us to repentance—His goodness in preparing a place for us in His kingdom. Let us carefully and deliberately consider these things, until they make an impression on our mind, and then we shall certainly feel the truth of what the Apostle has said, that God cannot be known without being loved. But to acquire this knowledge, is it not quite clear that a man must turn all his thoughts to the study of religion, that he must pray and meditate. Great God, grant us light to know thee, for it is life eternal to know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.

“Jesus Christ died to make atonement for the sins of the world, the just for the unjust, and he left his body which was sacrificed for us in the sacrament, as the principle means of applying that atonement to our souls. There are truths revealed by heaven. Might not other means, asks the infidel or the heretic, be devised of effecting our salvation? Is this a fitting return for such love, to ask impious questions? Thus they exhibit their gratitude to their Saviour, who was wounded for their iniquities. When Heaven has revealed to us a Redeemer, our only duty is, to believe and adore, and not to presume to question the justice or the wisdom of his proceedings. He who has made the heavens and the earth, will surely know how, in his own time to justify his ways to man. May God give us the spirit of humility and perfect conformity to his holy and adorable will.

“There is a very striking analogy, in the physical and spiritual works of the Creator. The subject invites attention. God has created the earth. It is evidently the work of an Almighty hand, but without other gifts, namely, the sun and rain in due season, and man’s labour and cultivation, it would produce no fruit. This is the order we see with our eyes established in the physical world. God has also created the human soul, it is clearly the work of omnipotence, but without other gifts, namely, His divine graces, with our co-operation, it will produce no fruit of virtue. Thus also He chooses to operate in the spiritual world. The material world, the earth, becomes without cultivation, a barren waste, producing only noxious weeds. The immaterial creation, namely, the soul, becomes without spiritual culture also a wilderness abounding only in crime. Again, our bodies are subject to hunger, thirst, and cold, but the creator has supplied us with means, through our own labour, of providing ourselves with food, drink, and

clothing. In like manner the soul is subject to temptation, sin, and eternal death, but the Almighty has furnished us, on the condition of our co-operating, with remedies against all these evils. Do we not clearly see the same omnipotent wisdom at work throughout all nature? But why did not God bring us into the world free from those inconveniences, our bodies exempt from disease and want, our souls from depravity, and cause the earth to produce its fruit spontaneously? Who is man to ask his Creator for the reason of His design? Shall the thing formed (says the Apostle) say to Him who formed it, "why hast thou made me thus?" Do not forget that we have been placed on this earth, not as in a place of delight and enjoyment, but as in a place of trial and probation, and that the government of this world is regulated with a view to that end. It seems, indeed, to our ignorance that another order of things would be better, more perfect, but infinite wisdom having decided otherwise, the only business of short-sighted reason is humbly to bow down and adore. Reason is a very safe guide in all matters which lie within the narrow circle of her intelligence; but she is never so ill employed as when, travelling out of her sphere, she presumes to prescribe rules of Divine wisdom. 'The invisible things of God, St. Paul tells us, are clearly seen in the creation of the visible world.' They are discoverable in the analogies and resemblances which I have just pointed out. But the knowledge of these things cannot be attained without study and attention. 'One thing I know,' exclaims the devout St. Augustine, 'I certainly know one thing by which God is offended, and another which he will not despise. An afflicted spirit is a sacrifice to God by which he is appeased, and a contrite and humble heart he will not despise.' Oh, just and holy God, purify our sinful hearts, inflame them with thy divine love, they are thine. Thou hast created them, do not therefore, O Lord, reject the work of thy own hands.

"In my letter to James, and even in this, I have shown pretty clearly the absolute necessity, if we mean to gain eternal happiness, of studying. People think that they know enough, if they learn their catechism in youth, which they forget in maturer years. The practical knowledge of our religious principles is infinitely more valuable than the solution of all the problems of science. We are pretty near the end of our course. I mean our family, we are rapidly approaching the boundary line which divides the two worlds. Who shall cross it first? Who next? None can tell; time will ere long reveal what now lies hidden. This alone is certain, that we shall all soon cross it, our only business in the meantime ought to be, to prepare ourselves, and prepare each other, for a happy passage, and a happy union in the other life. Those who have gone before us, it is our happiness to know that we can assist them by our prayers; and those we leave behind, may we leave them deeply impressed with a knowledge of the saving truths of religion. It is hard to discuss usefully and

clearly important religious topics within the circumscribed limits of a letter, and I know nothing else worth sending by post nearly two thousand miles. I shall shortly write to Margaret. I owe her more than a letter for the care she bestowed on me when I was an invalid at Kilrush. I have only two modes of discharging all my obligations—by letter-writing and prayer. I must not neglect either. I certainly feel very anxious for our union in heaven, for it is quite evident we cannot long remain united here. May we therefore all meet 'when death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor sorrow shall be more.' In the meantime farewell, dear brother. Love to all. to Father M'Mahon, Father Brennan, to the nuns in Kildare, and everywhere, to the family in Prospect, Kilmead, Cannonstown.

"Yours affectionately,

"JAMES MAHER,"

SECTION VII.—*The famine years in Carlow.—Father Maher's labours for the poor.—Extracts from his Letters at this period.—He shares the privations of his flock.—Some examples of his disinterestedness.—His love of the little children.—His dealings with his friends.—His wonderful activity of mind.—Return of Mr. Owen Lewis for Carlow borough.—Father Maher resides in Carlow College.—His daily life.—His last illness and death.—Resumé of his character.*

On the return of Father Maher from Rome, in June, 1846, the parishioners welcomed him as a father, and accorded him a most cordial greeting, in which the Protestants of the neighbourhood, though his strong political opponents, joined in a most friendly manner.

Very soon after commenced the dreadful famine, of which, in after years, he could not speak without a shudder. His spiritual duties alone during that terrible

visitation would have sufficed to weigh down a less powerful frame. He visited the sick and the dying, administering the sacraments to them, and comforting them with words of cheering hope for a better world. He made it also his duty to be in constant attendance at all the local meetings which were held, that he might there plead the true interests of the suffering poor, and he daily inspected the soup-kitchens, to see that the charitable provision which was made for the sufferers should be prepared for them in a proper manner. The day being thus spent in ministering to the wants of his flock, a great part of the night was devoted to writing letters, either seeking aid from the charitable, or asserting in the public press the just claims of the poor.

Two of his letters on this subject are inserted in the present collection, and they will be read with deep interest by all who desire to study the history of this sad period, for they set before us his own every day experience of the sufferings of the flock to whom he ministered. They are not, however, a tithe of the many letters which he then published, addressed to various members of the government, and urging on them the duty of providing some resources for our suffering people. A few extracts from his papers written at this time will suffice to make even the most indifferent realize the greatness of the calamity which fell upon our country during this terrible visitation.

Thus, on December 4th, 1847, he writes to a Dublin paper:—

“The annexed statistics of the Union of Carlow, though, apparently, not important, will exhibit, if I mistake not, the state of Ireland, and the causes of its

crimes and its miseries, more fully, than the eloquent, temperate, and elaborate speech of Sir George Grey, in the House of Commons:—

“Carlow Union Workhouse, built for the accommodation of 800, numbers now, in workhouse and fever hospital, 1,243.

“Scale of diet:—Breakfast for adults—6 oz. of Indian meal, and 2 oz. of rice, made into two pints of thin stirabout; milk (sour), 1 pint.

“Dinner—the same as breakfast.

“Supper—no supper.

“Total amount of food per diem, 16 oz.

“Diet for those under 15 years:—Breakfast 3 oz. of Indian meal, and 1 oz. of rice, half-pint of sweet milk.

Dinner—the same.

“Supper—4 oz. of bread; no milk.”

“This is perfectly monstrous! Here there is no exaggeration—no colouring; there is no room for it; it is all simple statistic details. The poor are defrauded—starved; their health and strength wasted. This is the grinding oppression of the poor so often denounced in the Scripture. Talk, indeed, of a conspiracy in the country against life! Here we have it—if Sir James Graham and his Medical Advisers do not utterly deceive the public—under the eye of the authorities, allowed by law, gradually sapping and undermining the health and constitution of the destitute poor. What steps shall be taken to defeat their iniquitous schemes? We shall see.

“The *Evening Mail* assails me for quoting a passage from the *Morning Chronicle*, in which the writer states:

‘that the Poor Law is a farce ; the poor know that the working of the law is in the hands of the landlords, and they believe that those lords look to fever, famine, and extermination as the means of getting rid of their own numerous tenantry.’ When the *Mail* examines the dietary of our workhouse, I should like to ask him whether he does not himself agree in opinion with the writer of the *Morning Chronicle* ?

“The in-door relief in Carlow Workhouse is very considerably below the starvation point. The out-door relief is still worse. It varies in amount from four-pence to eight-pence a week for each individual. I have heard it has been raised, in a few instances, since I have brought the subject under public notice. Can this be called relief? Who would condemn the worst of our race—the convicted malefactor—to starve on a penny-worth of food a-day, without any provision for fuel, clothing, or lodging ?

“The general condition of the poor throughout the entire union, has been described by the clergy, at their meeting, on Wednesday, the 1st of December, the Bishop presiding, in these words :—

“Resolved—That destitution of the most appalling character prevails in many parts of the union. The disabled poor and the unemployed labourers are without food, without fuel, without clothing, seeking to preserve a wretched existence by feeding on the field turnip, or by the charity of the benevolent.

“These statistics taken together present, in what is considered one of our best circumstanced counties, a frightful picture of the condition of the poor. What must be the amount of misery and suffering elsewhere ?

Who can hear without a thrill of horror shaking his whole frame, though prepared to hear it, what was stated before the Master in Chancery, on Wednesday last—‘that the tenants on a certain property near Bantry died of famine—that the bodies of 600 of them were thrown coffinless into two holes or heaps on the land—that they were quiet, meek, and most patient people.’ ‘Hear this we that crush the poor, and make the needy of the land to fail.’ But what is the use of reminding them of the Prophet’s denunciation?

“The priests are bitterly assailed for not arresting the murderer’s arm. Perhaps they are to blame, but what can they do? How could they save the Hecatomb sacrificed at Bantry? How can they save the thousands condemned to starve in our workhouses? If they raise their voice against oppression they run the risk of being accused of exciting to murder.

“The *Times*, indulging the malignant reveries of a polluted mind, describes the priest ‘as sending his Thug upon a sacred mission, blessing his weapon, and absolving him beforehand of the seeming crime.’ Introduce the workhouse dietary of Carlow into England, and will the *Times* tell us how many murders, without sacerdotal prompting, it would produce in a season? Would one man in the country be safe having anything to loose?

“The object of the *Times* and his co-peers is to afford the poorhouse dietary sufficient time to do its work without troubling our oppressors with officious remonstrances—to frighten away the friends of suffering humanity from the discouraging task of defending the oppressed. Why should respectable people be told the

unpleasant truth, even in Scriptural language, that ‘the bread of the needy is the life of the poor. He that defraudeth them thereof is a man of blood.’ How little, alas! is the condition of the priest or the peasant understood!”

Again, he writes to the Lord Lieutenant, February 8th, 1848:—

“A hard struggle, my lord, between life and property rages at this moment in almost every union through the length and breadth of the land. The peasantry, stripped of everything, demand employment or food to preserve life. The landlords in the boardroom of the workhouse seek to defeat the claim, by throwing innumerable difficulties in the way of the claimant, and when they yield they grant a supply insufficient to preserve health and strength. They make the workhouses of so much discomfort as to deter the poor from seeking parish aid at all; their main object being not to relieve destitution, but to find pretexts and excuses for refusing relief without infringing the letter of the law, and thereby save property as best they can from the charge of supporting the hated poor.

“This is a fair general way of stating the case; some boards may act I admit more liberally, more humbly—but I have not, I am persuaded, overstated the general working of the poor law system in Ireland.

“A war of extermination has not been openly and with all due formalities proclaimed; but *Mars gravior sub pace latet*—Life is being wasted with a peaceful rapidity.

“The present circumstances of the Irish people have no parallel in the history of other nations. A large

portion of the population are literally starving in the midst of plenty. Their fleshless arms, their haggard disordered looks, their tottering frames, their livid countenances, proclaim the vast extent of their privations. Stretched on their bed of straw, from which through want of clothes some never remove, they look more like discoloured skeletons from the sepulchre, than living human beings; and when they speak, it is not exaggeration to use Spenser's words describing Irish miseries in the days of Elizabeth—'They speak like ghosts crying out of their graves.' Oh, it is an utter abomination under the eye of heaven, it is a crying injustice—and that cry shall be heard—to see in a Christian land a great proportion of the peasantry, whose labour raised all the food, all the riches of the country, condemned themselves to starve on raw turnips and the wild weeds of the field. 'They have no covering in the cold; they are wet with the showers of the mountain'—to use the poetic language of inspiration—'and embrace the rock for want of a shelter.'—*Job*, c. 24.

"Their miseries bring to mind the indignant remonstrance of Isaiah—'What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces and grind the faces of the poor.'—c. 8; or that of another prophet—'They have most grossly transgressed my words; they have not judged the cause of the widows, they have not managed the cause of the fatherless, they have not judged the judgment of the poor. Shall I not visit for these things, or shall not my soul take revenge on such a nation?'—*Jeremiah* c. 5.

"This, my lord, is the state of the country, and not what we read in the debates of the honourable houses. I speak of what these eyes have seen, these hands have

touched, these ears have heard. There is no disguising or mistaking the picture unless we do it wilfully ; and all the crimes and outrages and bloodshed and violence perpetrated in the land are traceable to this unnatural state of things, and this state itself to the laws under which we live. ‘Man becomes reckless,’ says Edmund Burke ‘in proportion to the intensity of his wants, until at length murder and death lose for him their terrors.’

“Your Excellency has deplored in your published letters, and I believe with the utmost sincerity, the evils arising from misrule in this unhappy land. On the same subject another eloquent writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for November, 1820, observed—‘So great and so long has been the misgovernment of Ireland, that we verily believe the empire would be much stronger if everything was open sea between England and the Atlantic. Such jobbing and profligacy—so much direct tyranny and oppression—such an abuse of God’s gifts—such a profanation of God’s name for the purposes of bigotry and party spirit, cannot be exceeded in civilized Europe; and will long remain a monument of infamy and shame to England.’

“This is surely a sad picture by an English hand, of English rule over prostrate Ireland. No doubt our ancestors had to suffer much ; but that they had ever been more thoroughly crushed, more ground down, more exhausted by want of food in the midst of abundance, more cheated and robbed of the necessaries of life; that greater numbers had ever been starved to death or turned out to die in the ditches ; that their cabins had ever been levelled with a more ruthless hand, and their sick and dying inmates, helpless infancy, and extreme

old age expelled with more relentless barbarity ; that all the charities and decencies of Christian or civilized life had ever been more grossly violated ; that the naked had ever been more unclothed—the hungry more unfed—the stranger more cast out and abandoned ; that all the beneficent precepts of the law or the Gospel touching the poor had ever been more remorselessly disregarded ; that the clergy of the people had ever been more unceasingly, bitterly, and basely slandered ; that these evils had ever befallen our unhappy land in a more aggravated form than at the present time I cannot believe.

“ Centuries of persecution have not appeased the foes of our name and race. We cannot, it appears, be too much insulted, too much injured, too far outraged—the common malefactor is heard before he is condemned—justice seems to require so much. But, heard or unheard, let the Catholic clergy be condemned : let the peer, the parliament, and the press, at one and the same time, assail and overwhelm them as a body, with all the atrocity of eloquent vituperation ; they cannot be too much damaged and defamed. They will bear it all. The privilege of slaking his thirst by slanderings the religion and priesthood of Ireland seems to be the birthright of all Englishmen, of every creed or no creed, who may choose to exercise it. Your lordship, as well versed in history, full well knows, that amongst nations, whether barbarous or civilized, no power on earth ever persecuted a subject people so long, so inexorably, so remorselessly, with such blind fury, and senseless hate, as imperious England has persecuted this unhappy land, whose grievances your Excellency is now truly anxious to redress.

“ Three millions, not less I suppose, will be required to

bring us through the present year. England expended in the years 1819 and '20, £15,387,505 to preserve the poor. Had property then and there neglected its duty? Had the able-bodied been condemned, as at this moment in the Carlow workhouse, to starve on two cold scanty meals a day, consisting of 12 ounces of Indian meal, and 4 ounces of bad rice, made into thin bad stirabout—had such a dietary been offered them, the outraged population, rather than submit to such tyranny, would have made of flourishing England a wide waste and howling wilderness—shaking the pillars of the State with the might and blind fury of a Sampson, they would have involved themselves and their oppressors in one common ruin.”

Again on the 21st of September, 1848, he thus writes:—

“It is readily admitted, my lord, that Ireland is the most wretched country in the world: but the extent and intensity of its wretchedness and the causes thereof, are very imperfectly understood even by those whose duty it is to acquire knowledge on the subject. I am thoroughly persuaded, my lord, of the truth of the Lord Chief Justice’s observation, which I have placed at the head of this letter.

“The last report of the Poor Law Commissioners, which has just issued from the press, supplies facts and statistics which, when properly arranged, and duly considered, will lead to just conclusions on this most important matter.

“The number of inmates in the workhouses of Ireland, the week ending Saturday, March 18, 1848, was, the report states, 129,830, of whom 23,839, or about one-fifth of the entire, were sick in hospital. The deaths bear a very high proportion to the number of the inmates. In

very little more than three months, namely from the 1st of January to the 8th of April last, 19,777 died ; within the same period of the year '47, the deaths exceeded 29,000.

“ The mortality and sickness of the poor-houses prepare the mind for the afflicting information which the Commissioners give in page 17. ‘ In some localities (say they) where destitution has undoubtedly prevailed, the unwillingness of some poor persons to avail themselves of this mode of relief (in-door relief) has been so great, that they have sacrificed their own lives or the lives of their children, by postponing acceptance too long, or by refusing such relief altogether. These results (they add) are greatly to be deplored.’ This, my lord, is an awful fact ; but, it cannot excite surprise that the poor—heaven help them !—were unwilling to enter these overcrowded receptacles of human misery, wherein they saw one-fifth of the entire population prostrate in fever or other diseases, and the grave opening to receive them in myriads.

“ It may be proper here to state another fact, which we collect from the report : that the poor-house accommodation in Connaught, where the greatest amount of destitution prevails, is less than in any of the other provinces of Ireland. The number for which such accommodation is provided in that neglected district being 20,119, whilst in Leinster it is 41,044, and in Ulster, 41,717. Besides the in-door paupers, the report states (page 29) that the average daily number, during March, receiving out-door relief, was, according to the best estimates they possessed, 703,762, at the weekly expense of 6¼*d.* per head. This single fact of nearly one million

of our fellow-creatures pressed down to the lowest point at which poor humanity is known to exist, conveys after all, no adequate idea of their indescribable wretchedness. The Poor Law which furnishes this amount of relief, is administered on principles which will be found, in my humble judgment, incompatible with the preservation of the health, strength, and life of the people.

“The Commissioners in their circular (page 46), authorizing the Guardians to afford out-door relief to able-bodied persons, require that every able-bodied male person so relieved shall perform a task of eight hours *at least* in winter, and ten hours at least for the remainder of the year, every day he receives relief. Stone-breaking is recommended as the most suitable employment. The advantages whereof, say the Commissioners (page 49), are—‘that it is easy to superintend and regulate as task-work—and above all, that it is less eligible to the labourer than most other employments, provided that it be vigilantly superintended, and that a full day’s labour be rigorously enacted from each recipient of relief.’ Finally, they recommend as an imperative duty, the Guardians to provide a rigid system of task-work, and to appoint a sufficient number of superintendents at about 10s. per week.

“If this ordinance of the Commissioners were issued, or attempted to be enforced, in England, or any other country in the world, what, my lord, I respectfully ask, would be the result? Were the authors of these ordinances impeached, and brought to trial for a conspiracy against the lives of Her Majesty’s poor subjects, what verdict would justice-loving Englishmen return?

“This, my lord, is the system of out-door relief as

devised and described by the Commissioners themselves. Here there is no exaggeration, no misrepresentation, no writing for effect, no high colouring. There can be none, for their own words are cited.

“I have seen the poor creatures at work ; indeed, I have lately travelled, with a heavy heart, every county in the provinces of Munster and Connaught, to examine, with my own eyes, the effects of this policy on the wretched peasantry. I have seen them picking up the stones of the streets, and afterwards sitting down to break them, without shoes to their feet, or covering on their bodies—for the looped and tattered rags which rendered them so hideous cannot be, with any propriety of language, called covering. They came in the morning with empty stomachs—oh, how they must have envied the brute creation—to their daily task ; passed the breakfast hour, having nothing to eat, and struggled on until the time the overseer retired to dinner. They, meanwhile having no food, though more hungry than the dogs of the street, threw themselves on the ground, to rest their wearied limbs, no longer able to support them. On the return of the task-master, I saw them, and it was a sickening sight for the Christian to see, rising from the ground, reeling like men recovering from sea sickness, and having steadied themselves by an effort, and brushed off what well might be called the perspiration of death from their pallid brow, they resumed their labour, and remained at their post until their ten hours’ task was completed. Then and not till then (for such are the Commissioners’ instructions, see page 48), they received their ticket for food. With faintish hearts and trembling frames they sit down to their scanty meal at evening tide—the first food they had taken for that

day—with the sad prospect before them of similar misery on the approaching morrow. Gracious Heavens! what a system of relief. From these creatures—famished skeletons—Guardians are instructed, as an imperative duty, and overseers are paid, to exact, under a rigid system of task-work, a full day's labour. Want of means, my lord, or the multitude of claimants, might be pleaded as a justification for the insufficient dietary, but where find the justification for the sentence of hard labour, thereby exhausting the remaining strength of the famished wretch, and depriving him of the chance of increasing his means of subsistence by an occasional day's employment. This economy, my lord, to say the least, is very harsh and heartless, cruel and unchristianlike. If such a sentence were pronounced by judicial authority, on the worst criminal in the land, it would excite universal indignation—whilst passed upon thousands, innocent and unoffending, it is viewed, in consequence of its very frequency, with heartlessness, and without condemnation.

“The total number relieved at the charge of the poor rate, according to the report (page 24), is more than 800,000.—‘And we cannot doubt,’ add the Commissioners, page 24, that of this number *a very large proportion* are by this means, *and this alone*’ (I quote their own words), ‘daily preserved from death through want of food.’ Sacred God! myriads saved from an early grave by a dietary which the sum of $6\frac{1}{4}$ a-week, after paying for fuel, lodging, and other expenses, enables them to obtain. This fact, stated by the Commissioners, proclaims the depth of our wretchedness more eloquently than the most elaborate description. Oh, it is perfectly true, as the Lord Chief Justice has observed, ‘that the extreme misery

of Ireland is a subject on which an Englishman can be scarcely said to have the materials even for belief.'

I will only add the following passage from another letter addressed to the Lord Lieutenant about the same time :—

"What are the latest accounts from the south and west? The last mail from Paris has not so strong a claim on the attention of your Excellency. They count deaths by hundreds on the banks of the Seine. We are falling in thousands along the Shannon. Our dying groans should be heard at the seat of Government. It is a flat, dull, unprofitable tale ; but, it needs to be told and re-told.

"The *Castlebar Telegraph* says—'We are again called upon to record the work of destruction, through want, in our neighbourhood. Our accounts this day must appal every person possessed of Christian feeling :—

"'No. 1. A poor woman found dead on the road-side, near Westport ; left for days unburied on the highway, with a stone at her head and another at her feet. A shocking sight !

"'No. 2. Rose Hoban, of Knocksaxon, parish of Strade ; eight days dead before she was interred.

"'No. 3. Thomas Cosgrave, of Lacheal, parish of Drum.

"'No. 4. Cosgrave's child.

"'No. 5. John Malley, of Carenchar, parish of Balla ; an orphan boy.

"'Within the last month, in the parish of Killasser, county of Mayo :—

"'No. 6. Joseph Gallagher's wife, of Tolligue.

"'No. 7. On Monday, a poor man dropped dead, who

was turned out of the workhouse, after having used many entreaties to be suffered to remain ; he scrambled about three miles from Swinford after he had been evicted, when he dropped dead on the road.

“ ‘ No. 8 and 9. Pat Holleran and son, of Dunmeanor.

“ ‘ No. 10. David Moran’s daughter, of Cartron.

“ ‘ No. 11. A young man in Newport carried on his old mother’s back to the grave, without a coffin, slung by two straw ropes.

“ ‘ No. 12. A boy on the Newport road, so long dead that, we are told, the body was in a state of decomposition.

“ ‘ No. 13. A poor woman—name unknown—was found dead in the parish of Kilmeena, lying by the side of a ditch for three days.’

“ ‘ The *Mayo Constitution* writes :—‘ We know of dozens of deaths by starvation being reported to the several Coroners, but, from the present state of the law, they have declined holding inquests ; and we are, therefore, unable to lay the names and particulars before the public.’

“ ‘ Mr. Bourke, Coroner, held an inquest on the body of Patrick Shannon, of Drimulra (between this town and Newport), who was found dead on the road-side. It appeared that the deceased had *received rations*, but so inadequate to support life, that he fell a victim. A verdict of death from starvation was returned.

“ ‘ Within the last week the remains of five persons have been carried through this town to the burying-ground without shroud or coffin. It is really distressing to witness such horrors, the wreck of the human form being dragged on the backs of their relatives covered with a few rushes.”

"The *Galway Vindicator* writes:—'It is our painful duty to announce the wholesale number of one hundred deaths this week in our poorhouse, gaols, and hospitals. In Connemara, four, five, and six dead bodies have been for days unburied, no persons being found to perform the sad rights of burial, until the *dogs* had devoured the body of an old man—the flesh off the back was entirely eaten away. Four persons have been committed to our county prison, charged with stealing a horse, which the poor creatures were found eating.'

"Similar accounts may be collected from the *Roscommon Journal*, *Nenagh Guardian*, *Tipperary Vindicator*, &c.

"The Poor Law Commissioners in their last report (p. 40), inform us—'That in many of the workhouses, more especially in Connaught, and some in the south of Ireland, such has been the frightful state of distress, that all precautions have been borne down, and the workhouses crowded to an extent far beyond their calculated capacity, and the consequences have been in some cases most disastrous. Separation of the sick by reason of their number becomes impossible—disease spreads, and the whole workhouse is changed by rapid transition into *one large hospital*.'

"'Workhouses changed into large hospitals.' No, my lord, into pest-houses, charnel-houses, slaughter-houses. What have they effected in a few months last year? The number of deaths in the poorhouses of Ireland, from the 8th of December to the end of the following April, '47—the average number of inmates during that period being about 105,000—was, according to the Commissioners' report, *forty thousand one hundred and nineteen* (see page 42).

“ This is a sad picture, my lord, which no other part of the world presents, or has ever presented. Contrast it with the latest news from Paris. It is not exaggerated; nay, it falls far short of the reality; yet, one scarcely knows how to believe it. Again, and again, we ask ourselves, are Irish subjects so perfectly valueless that they are suffered to drop down dead, for want of food, on the public ways, in a season of abundance? Is the State so unchristianized that the dead, whom Pagans feared to dishonour, lie unburied, unshrouded, uncoffined, unscreened from the public gaze, save by a sprinkling of rushes from the moor, and are at length carried naked to their graves, on the backs of their scarcely surviving relations? Is human nature to be thus for ever outraged in this unhappy land, by these nameless atrocities, which the sun in its course sees nowhere else? Is it possible that our fellow-subjects, struggling for life, have fed on the carrion of the most unclean animals; and that the famished dogs, in their turn, have eaten the flesh of those whom God has created to his own image and likeness! The whole scene appears, as Captain Mann expresses it, ‘a fearful and horrid dream!’ Would to heaven it were so. Alas, alas, that we have lived to witness these scenes which are every day recurring.

“ With the peasantry in this condition, are the defences of the kingdom in a very satisfactory state? We lean, under the eye of Europe, on a reed which landlord oppression has broken; were an invading force to traverse the country they could not meet, in a week’s march, a dozen peasants who would have the smallest interest in checking their progress; and our landlord legislators have taken, and are taking, special care that the tenant

classes, too, shall be equally unconcerned—*quos vult perdere Deus prius dementat*. What right has the State to call on men to expose their lives in defence of a country in which they are suffered every day to die of hunger in the midst of plenty? What matters to them what Government rules over them? Neither ‘furious Frank nor fiery Hun’ could render them more miserable than they have been made by the legislative wisdom and paternal care of their own Government.

“What is the condition of England? Suppose her manufacturing people unemployed—the pagan population of her mines, her railway workmen, her untutored navvies the most unrestrainable ruffians in the world, were dismissed—an event which war may soon bring about—a revolution would be inevitable. There would be a scramble for the enormous wealth of England. The only men, after a handful of troops, in whom the State could confide deeply imbued with religious feeling, and taught their duty, to their Sovereign by the outraged Catholic clergy, have been starved out of existence; alas they are no more!

“But there is no danger of invasion. There was no danger, a few days since, of Louis Philippe’s dethronement. The God of Empires has long since announced ‘that if you oppress the poor, they will cry to him, and he will hear their cry, and my rage, says the Lord, shall be enkindled, and I will strike you with the sword.’—*Ex.* xxii. 22. And again, he threatens to bring in ‘a nation whose tongue thou canst not understand—a most insolent nation, that will show no regard to the old, nor have pity on the young.’—*Deut.* xxviii. 49. ‘The Most High is a most patient rewarder;’ but sooner or later, if Heaven be not false to its promises, the unparalleled

destruction of the poor in this kingdom shall meet its just recompense.

“People, it is said, will always fight for their homes—Where, alas! are the homes of the Irish peasantry? ‘Desolated, levelled with the ground,’ reply the land agents, with inimitable *sang froid*. Read the evidence, before the Lords’ Committee, of Mr. Kincaid, which I abridge: ‘I assisted (he says) to get rid of 900 souls from one estate in Sligo; and in the county of Roscommon we have removed, I suppose, 150 families, at an expense of from £3 to £5 a family. Q. Where did they remove to? A. I do not know. Q. What security have you that they will not return upon you? A. *I have thrown the houses down*—we hope, if any considerable number should come back, they will scarcely know their own lands again.’

“How quietly, humanely, expeditiously, and inexpensively are the subjects of the realm disposed of. Thousands and tens of thousands have been thus sacrificed without a word. Very well. Let the defence of our green acres be left to the depopulating landlords, drunk with the blood of the people, and who will be the owners of the soil in 1849?

“‘Woe to them that make wicked laws,’ says the Prophet, ‘to oppress the poor, and do violence to the cause of the humble of my people. What will you do (he asks) in the day of visitation—to whom will you flee for help, and where will you leave your glory?’

“Isaias has written for the present day. How appropriately he interrogates the exterminators—‘To whom will you flee for help, in the day of visitation, and where will you leave your glory?’”

Father Maher gave abundant proof of his own disinterestedness during this trying period. It did not suffice for his charity to labour, as few others could labour, in the service of the poor whom he loved, and to pour out his heart's warmest feelings in consoling words to them. He, moreover, sold his horse and gig, and asked and obtained large sums of money from his friends to relieve the sufferers. He left nothing undone to interest the Poor Law Guardians in the important work confided to them. On one occasion, at a meeting of the Board of Guardians, words ran very high between himself and Colonel Bruen, regarding outdoor relief for the poor ; at the close of the meeting Father Maher made such an appeal that many of the gentlemen present shed tears ; Colonel Bruen was softened too, and when driving through Carlow he called at the printing office to say he did not wish his speeches of that day to be reported, adding, "Father Maher is an honourable, honest man, but a fanatic." Father Maher not knowing his opponent had called, made it his business to call too, not wishing the shafts he had hurled that day at Colonel Bruen to get into print. The proprietor informed him that Colonel Bruen had given a similar direction half an hour previous. Father Maher often mentioned that circumstance, in after years, as bearing evidence of latent goodness and gentlemanly feeling on the part of the Colonel. Political hostilities were suspended, that an united effort might be made to help the poor.

For himself Father Maher scarcely kept sufficient for his clothing ; his diet was so meagre that in very compassion some of his fellow priests used to step in to bring him to dinner, knowing what a poor one, if any, he

would have at home. His brother, Mr. Patrick Maher, of Kilrush, to whom his charitable spirit was well known, left a sum of money with his sister, Mrs. Cullen, of Craan, to give him "a little every week," that thus he might not feel the pressure of want too severely. Notwithstanding these precautions, Father Maher's health was a good deal impaired by his mental anxiety, physical labour, and scanty comforts.

This spirit of disinterestedness and sacrifice was throughout his long sacred ministry of more than fifty years, a distinctive feature of this venerable priest. We have seen how readily he resigned the united parishes of Goresbridge and Paulstown to meet the wishes of Dr. Doyle. His own curate, Father Brennan, was appointed to succeed him there, and Father Maher presented to him all the furniture of the house in which he lived. A little later his brothers made him a personal gift of £2,000. He at once set to work to distribute it with a free hand, not keeping one farthing of it for himself. He applied £1,300 to different families whose prospects in life had been chequered by their loyalty to the cause of religion and country. The remaining £700 he devoted to the benefit of a religious institution in which he felt a paternal interest. He used often remark that the pleasure of having something to give was a source of greater delight to him than ever miser experienced in amassing immense wealth. During his stay at the College, in his latter years, Father Maher on one occasion took by mistake the cloak of Father Coffey, a brother priest. Meeting a poor man on the way, who seemed suffering greatly from cold, he gave him the comfortable wrapping. When he returned to the college, at dinner hour, he was

informed of his mistake, but neither parties were much concerned at the loss, as the poor man was the gainer.

At his last visit to his friends in Meath, a lady gave him a large wrapping shawl. A few days after his return to Graigue, he made two parts of it for two poor old women. Now that he is laid in his last earthly home, the grateful creatures kneel on his grave in so prostrate an attitude, that the shawls would seem to be spread like palls over it. One of these women is there three times in the day for a long visit, as she says, "not to let poor old Father Maher be lonesome;" besides he promised, if he went to heaven first, to try to get her in, and she wishes to remind him of it.

As I have said so much of Father Maher's disinterestedness, it may not be out of place to say a few words regarding his other distinguishing traits. He was very fond of little children. The sight of a little babe, he often said, made him meditate on the great mystery of the Incarnation. This mystery, indeed, was one on which he particularly loved to fix his thoughts. For the same reason, pictures or statues of the blessed Virgin Mary, though so dear to him, yet without the Divine Infant, seemed to him to be incomplete. He loved to see her represented as the mother of the Redeemer of mankind.

Children were, in a wonderful way, attracted by his loving manner. He, moreover, often sought to gratify them by treating them to cakes and fruit. In the evenings a great group of them would oftentimes gather round him at the college gate, and he would set them to run races for pence—drafting them in different sets, according to their ages. The three-year-old toddlers, as he used to call them, were particularly amusing to him.

Those exercises of amusement were usually closed by a few questions in the Christian Doctrine.

Simplicity in dress and furniture, and at table, had very great charms in Father Maher's estimation. A few years before his last illness, having gone to visit a relative, he was much discomforted by the presence of a splendid equipage, and all the other conveniences suitable for the entertainment of distinguished guests, and he began to meditate "*a heavy lecture*" for his esteemed friend. However, on going to the beautifully decorated Oratory in the morning to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, he noticed the staircase and every available spot occupied by very poor people from the neighbourhood, who were there by invitation of his hostess. The lecture was suspended, for he saw that the lady cherished the poor, and treated them as friends. A constant observation of his to his brother and other friends was—"Our family has been blessed by prosperity, as a reward of their generous alms-giving; if they fail in that sacred duty, the blessing will be withheld."

His summer vacations were usually spent at the houses of some of his relatives, and for that comfort he used to thank God so humbly, saying—"The Almighty is so good to me, I can have change of air and scene, without sixpence expense. In fact, my friends in a manner pay me for going to them, by putting some handsome sums at my disposal." The gifts which he received were, for the most part, on his return to the parish, at once divided among the poor.

It was quite an amusement to him to hold a sort of court of inquiry among his friends, relative to charities, and if they did not come up to his idea of liberality, the hostess was sure to get a strong admonition on generosity and habits of industry, in order that the fire might not expire for want of fuel.

It may seem out of place to note so many trifling incidents happening in connection with his friends, yet these facts may amuse some who, at times, in a spirit of daring, provoked an attack ; and they will not fail to interest others, who were improved by the admonitions of the venerable priest. One lady who wished to keep her practical love of the poor a secret from him, used to begin at the breakfast-table a defence of the fashions of the day, and she was invariably assisted by her two daughters, who, with considerable ability, " though vanquished, could argue still." When all matters were fairly discussed, they sallied out of the room, ostensibly for the day's amusement. Day after day this went on, but Father Maher, while giving the hardest knocks to " the vanities of the world," noticed poor people every morning coming and going with little delay, and such an odour through the house of soup, and other refreshments, as would delight an epicure ; and he was delighted and consoled to find that these pretended votaries of fashion gave much of their time to visit a ragged-school that was near them, and to prepare food for the children ; and that, moreover, they devoted freely both time and money to the poor. A little later on, he was gratified by meeting one of these young ladies in the dress of a nun.

Any time Father Maher could spare from his other duties was given to study ; his library was large and well chosen. In the beginning of his ministry he used to write his sermons, and his discourses were long remembered by the parishioners as most impressive and instructive. Even in his later years, he was careful to make every day a long meditation on the point he intended instructing on. He had a wonderful readiness in bringing

to his aid any passing circumstance or observation—which made his instructions particularly clear and easily remembered. As an instance. A poor man, with whom he had been very pressing to attend his religious duties, got into an offended humour, and said—“If I were rich, the priests would not worry me this way about going to the Sacraments.” The preacher next Sunday read some texts from St. Luke, 5th chapter and 21st, 22nd, and 23rd verses, and dilating on the matter said—“The poor must excuse us for pressing them to come to the feast made ready for them by our Blessed Lord; in the parable we are ordered *to compel* them to come in.”

One instance may be mentioned of his care for the poor, especially when they were struck down by sickness. A poor woman, whose husband had met with an accident that made the amputation of his leg necessary to preserve his life, speaking of the event thirty years afterwards, attested, with tears in her eyes, that for weeks, whilst her husband was in great suffering, Father Maher visited him every day; and when, after some time, he was obliged to go to London on public business, he wrote to know from her how the poor patient was. So deeply grateful did she feel for his charitable attention, that she never let a day pass without praying for him; and when his name was mentioned, she used to say: “Oh, I know that he is an angel of heaven, though he is still walking on earth.”

The Letters collected in this volume extend from the Famine years almost to his death. They, however, can only convey a very partial idea of his wonderful activity of mind throughout all this period, for he took a prominent part in all the political struggles of the time, and in every public question that arose, his pen was ever ready to de-

fend what he believed to be the interests of religion and the rights of the poor. He was a leading member of the Catholic Defence Association, and no one more than he lamented the dissensions which led to its untimely end. He took a lively interest in all the meetings for promoting the Catholic University; and when the rights of the Holy See were assailed, and the Piedmontese army threatened destruction to the Temporal Sovereignty of His Holiness, none were more energetic or eloquent in its defence.

His last political triumph was the return of Mr. Owen Lewis to Parliament for the borough of Carlow, only a few months before his demise. For several months his increasing infirmities betokened that the end was near. In December, 1873, he received all the last Sacraments, yet he rallied a little; and when Mr. Lewis, towards the close of the following January, came to solicit the representation of the borough, he could not refuse his services, and feeble as he was, drove about with this Catholic candidate, and was received by all parties in a most cordial and enthusiastic manner. When some persons, aware of the fatal illness from which he suffered, expressed surprise at his venturing once more on the political arena, an old friend told a story which amused Father Maher a great deal. Many years since, he said, there was a famous huntsman, named Tom Mootey, and when he was dying, he said to some of his friends around him:—"When you lay me in the grave, tally-ho the hounds three times, and if I don't respond, you may cover the grave, for I shall be surely dead." He applied the story to our veteran politician, and as the triple cry of Religion, Education, and Patriotism, was once more raised, he had responded at once to it, to show that he

was not yet dead. Mr. Lewis was triumphantly returned, and Father Maher was exceedingly consoled by the reflection that, as in his long career he had occasionally been befooled by political adventurers, God had sent to Carlow before he died a member of such honour, high principle, and integrity.

Soon after the Famine visitation, Dr. Taylor, president of the College, invited Father Maher to take up his quarters there, and as this kind offer was cordially approved of by the Bishop, it was gratefully accepted by him. He was thus within a few minutes' walk of his parochial church, whilst he was entirely free from the annoyances and responsibility of keeping a house and servants, and enjoyed moreover the most amiable and literary society that he could desire. He continued to live in the College till a few years before his death, and throughout this long period he was loved and venerated alike by the superiors, professors, and students, and indeed by all who approached him. He was the very soul of Celtic wit and humour, and his conversation was at all times most entertaining and instructive. So fascinating was his manner, that whilst as yet a student an English nobleman whom he met, wished to adopt him as his heir if he would only lay aside the ecclesiastical state for which he was preparing. Great was the nobleman's surprise when he received the reply that no inducement in this world could make him renounce the ecclesiastical state, for he prized much more the livery of Almighty God than the livery of man.

For several years before his death, Father Maher made it his pious custom to spend long hours in meditation before the most Holy Sacrament. In his last illness nothing

pained him more than to be deprived of the blessing of offering up the Holy Sacrifice, and to be unable to receive his Saviour in the great Sacrament of His love.

He was also accustomed to sit for hours in the sacristy of the parochial church, imparting advice and consolation to any person who called on him, and also writing letters for them to their friends in distant countries, or reading for them the letters which they received. He was much amused by a poor man for whom he wrote a most affectionate letter to his wife, who had gone to America. She was not sending him much help, and his affection for her was beginning to grow cool, but on hearing the letter now written in his name by Father Maher, which so tenderly expressed the feelings of a loving husband, he began to cry and said: "Ah! your reverence, I did not know I was so fond of her, but now I know I am." The letter brought back a response, with sufficient money and an affectionate invitation to cross the Atlantic. Another poor fellow, a blacksmith, wrote from the United States to Father Maher to select a wife for him, and to send her to America together with his sister. With the sister's help, Father Maher selected as best he could a steady woman for him, and received most grateful thanks from his confiding friend, who added that anyone who wanted a good wife should apply to Father Maher for one.

During the long and painful illness sent by heaven to prepare him to receive his eternal crown, every care was lavished on him by his friends, and by the clergy, and above all by the devoted Sisters of Mercy, whom he was so often wont to designate by the endearing name of "Angels of Charity." He was exceedingly comforted by the blessing of His Holiness, which was notified to him

by telegram a short time before his death. His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, repeatedly consoled him by his visits, the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of the Diocese, and his Coadjutor, also more than once visited him. To his many nephews and other relatives, who called on him, he bequeathed as a last spiritual legacy, the advice he had so often given them before, "Make your children good Christians, by word and example: teach them to be industrious and honourable, and God will bless them. Don't be too anxious that they should have large farms and fine houses, but teach them to draw down on themselves by their virtues the precious graces of God." He never tired to speak of the tender care bestowed on him by his zealous curates: "Is it not a fine thing, he said one day, to see such admirable young men serving the Church? their piety, talents, and habits of study, will enable them to do so much for God's glory, and the salvation of their neighbour." During life he had great devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord, and sometimes he said, if he could select the day on which to die, it would be Good Friday. God willed it otherwise. To repay the long hours he loved to spend before the Most Holy Sacrament, it was on Holy Thursday morning, in 1874, that he was summoned to his reward. Nine months previous he had engaged with his senior curate, Rev. Thomas Delany, to give him absolution at the last moment of life. He and his companion, Father Dempsey, kept faithful vigil, so arranging the parochial duties that one or other would be within call, from the time that immediate symptoms of death began to appear, and thus he was gratified in this his last desire. He was conscious till the last moment, and the crucifix being pressed to

his lips, his eyes were closed in death, and his pure soul passed to the enjoyment of its Creator.

On Easter Monday his obsequies were solemnly performed in the Cathedral of Carlow. The Bishop of Ossory was celebrant. His Eminence Cardinal Cullen, and the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, and his Coadjutor, were also present. About 200 priests assembled to pay this last tribute of their affection to the venerable priest, who was so dear to them; and at the conclusion of the solemn ceremonies, his remains were borne amid a vast and sorrowful multitude to his own parochial Church of Carlow-Graigue, where at the Gospel side of the Altar they rest in peace.

I know of no more befitting resumé of his labours and meritorious career, than that sketched in the *Carlow Post* of Easter Saturday, April 4th, by one who, for a quarter of a century, had venerated him as a father, and cherished him as a friend :—

“It is our painful duty to announce the death of the most distinguished priest of the Irish Church. When we say that Father Maher of Carlow died on Thursday morning, we feel that Ireland, with one voice, will ratify our estimate of his exalted character. For more than fifty years he laboured in the sacred ministry with an attachment truly apostolic, with a zeal and efficiency such as few could hope to imitate, and with a devotion to the poor of Christ, which is the most endearing, as it will be the most lasting monument of his fame. Father Maher was educated in Carlow College, where he preceded, by a few years, his illustrious nephew, his Eminence Cardinal Cullen. He was ordained at Rome, and commenced his distinguished career in the holy ministry more than fifty years ago, under the great ‘J. K. L.’ Dr. Doyle had the attribute of true genius : he evoked it in those around him, and was infallible in his appreciation of true intellectual greatness.

No base metal could pass current with this great Bishop, or receive the stamp of his approval. During his short but brilliant career he gathered around him in Carlow a number of priests who were an honour to the Irish Church. Father Maher was the cotemporary and the associate of these distinguished men, and was regarded by the Bishop as holding the first place amongst them. When Father Maher commenced life the chains still clanged on the hands of the Catholic people of Ireland; they were still helots in their native land and lived under oppressive laws, but partially repealed. After O'Connell and the great Prelate at whose feet he learned wisdom, courage, and self-sacrifice, there were few men in Ireland who contributed more to emancipate his fellow-countrymen than this good and holy priest. He loved Christian liberty as intensely as he hated irreligious licence, and was not less ready to reprove his countrymen in their wild projects of revolution than he was to aid and encourage them in their legitimate efforts to vindicate their just rights and liberties. There was no great popular movement in Ireland since Father Maher commenced public life fifty years ago in which he did not take a prominent part. He crushed ascendancy in his native county. In the memorable campaigns of the Carlow elections the people followed him with unexampled courage and daring, and with the fullest confidence in the integrity and heroism of their chivalrous and gifted leader. He was second only to O'Connell as a popular orator. He possessed great physical strength, invincible courage, an indefatigable spirit of labour, intellectual powers of the highest order, and acquirements varied and extensive in almost every department of knowledge. Of the extent and variety of his learning his numerous and able letters will remain a lasting monument; and none who met him in society can soon forget his exhaustless stores of knowledge and fund of anecdote, which he told with equal fluency in English, French, and Italian. In the memorable tithe campaigns he was the great champion of popular rights, and the well-trying and trusted lieutenant of Dr. Doyle; and there is no other man in Ireland, who, during his long life, laboured so incessantly and effectively against the oppression of

the Protestant establishment, and exposed so eloquently the enormity of its injustice. Father Maher was the uncompromising friend of the tenant farmers of Ireland. He had the keenest sense of the injustice of the laws under which they lived, and advocated their rights with earnestness and vigour. All who were oppressed in Carlow or the neighbouring counties instinctively sought his advice and protection. He spared neither labour, trouble, nor expense to redress their grievances and protect them in their homes. In the great question of Education Father Maher felt the deepest interest. He was a member of the Committee of the Catholic University, and fully appreciated the necessity of a school of higher studies to raise the Catholic party in Ireland, and to prepare distinguished scholars to defend the dogmas of our holy faith, to expose the fallacies of heresy, and to refute the sophistries of the flippant advocates of irreligion. We can but briefly refer to the public life of this truly great and gifted priest. He has passed away in his 81st year, and left us a noble example of every priestly virtue during his long and most laborious and useful life. He was an ardent lover of Ireland, and an uncompromising champion of her rights. No one more thoroughly understood his countrymen, or more highly appreciated their many virtues, and they instinctively recognised in him their ideal of a priest thoroughly and unselfishly devoted to their interests. Never was there a priest more fondly beloved, or more implicitly trusted. The gloom which reigns over Carlow and the neighbourhood proves how affectionately the people loved him, and how bitterly they mourn his loss. And we feel there is not a hamlet or a village in Ireland where the news of his death will not be heard with unfeigned sorrow, and where the people and the priests will not offer a fervent prayer for this great servant of God. He, O'Connell, and Dr. Doyle will stand out in the history of Ireland for the last fifty years as the most prominent figures in the great struggles for civil and religious liberty. To his last days he was an ardent admirer of the Liberator, and a devoted follower of his principles, and he never spoke of the memory of his early patron the great Bishop of Kildare and

Leighlin, but with tenderness and affectionate reverence as the greatest Prelate of the Irish Church. He deplored the early death of Dr. Doyle, and often dwelt upon all he would have done for Ireland had he not passed away in the prime of life, when his work was but half accomplished. It was clear that the character of Dr. Doyle, and his close associations with that great Prelate made an indelible impression on Father Maher, and that he copied faithfully in his own life the virtues he so much admired in his illustrious patron—perfect detachment—a noble spirit of self-sacrifice—heroic devotion to the interests of God's Church—an ardent love for the poor—an indefatigable spirit of labour, and an inflexible adherence to truth and justice in all the relations of life. Those who knew Father Maher at a distance and who knew not his inner life, could form but a very imperfect estimate of his character. A calm cheerfulness was the pervading feature of his mind. He was as simple and playful as a child, and even in extreme old age he was the most genial and interesting of companions. There never yet lived a man more thoroughly unconscious of his own greatness, and more truly and sublimely humble. For more than thirty years he was an inmate of Carlow College, and of the many Professors and Superiors who were his companions there was not one who did not form an exalted idea of his character, and entertain for him a profound and reverential respect. They admired his great simplicity, his affectionate and respectful consideration even for the youngest of the community, his extensive and varied learning, his enlightened patriotism, his tender piety, and the spirit of labour and study of which his life was a bright example. He was beloved by the Professors and was the idol of the Students; and many a time have we seen this holy old priest filled with delight at the rapturous applause which his presence always called forth at the public receptions in the College. Though you might differ with Father Maher's principles, or wince under the hard knocks which he dealt out freely in discussion, you could not but admire the greatness of his character, and love and reverence his exalted virtues. There was nothing small about the man,

his stature, his mind, his views, his sympathies, were all cast in a noble mould. The calibre of his mind reminded you of Edmund Burke ; he could not be petulant, frivolous, narrow, or cranky ; and if he was ever severe, it was, perhaps, occasionally with pretentious little pigmies who never attempt anything themselves, who have no sympathy for public interests, no consciousness of public virtue, who are ever ready to sneer at those whose virtues they envy, who think they exalt themselves by depressing all around them, and who display their own profound wisdom by dilating on the folly of their neighbours. It was a pleasure to hear the old chief dispose of gentlemen of this type, whom he invariably addressed in phrase most significant. As a popular orator, Father Maher was second only to O'Connell ; in the pulpit, he was the rival and perhaps the superior of Dr. Cahill ; and as a controversialist, he had no equal in the Irish Church. We have often heard him and admired his calm self-possession, his copious and eloquent diction, his exhaustless fund of illustration and anecdote, and his vast and varied learning ; but the most striking features of his oratory were strength and power, you felt you were in the presence of a giant, whose earnestness, force, and conviction bore down all opposition, and crushed the unhappy adversary who was the object of his attack. There are persons still living who remember the three champions of Protestantism who came to Carlow and challenged the priests to public controversy, and how signal was their defeat, and how rapid their flight, routed and defeated by the eloquence of Father Maher. The people of Carlow were devotedly attached to him. They always placed him in joint companionship with the great Bishop under whom he was brought up, and whom he so much resembled, and will pay to his memory the same respectful reverence. In political life they adopted his advice with implicit confidence, so that a few days since, when he was on his death-bed, his recommendation secured for Mr. Lewis the representation of the Borough. But there is one portion of his life which is more tenderly and more fondly remembered. When the withering plague of famine fell upon the people, this great and holy priest, night

and day, devoted himself to the wants of the starving people. The labour and sorrow of these sad years told painfully on his health, and left him long afterwards a suffering invalid. For twenty-five years we have lived in closest intercourse with this holy priest. We have seen him in every mood, and studied carefully all the features of his great character. We have admired his wonderful talents, and witnessed the daily exercise of his apostolic virtues—his unwearied devotion to the sacred duties of his ministry—his affection and anxiety for his people—his boundless charity, giving to the poor all he possessed himself, and all he could procure from numerous and wealthy friends, caring nothing for his personal wants, and living in the simplicity of a hermit. Though he was more than forty years in the care of various parishes, he had neither horse nor vehicle, the furniture of his house was of the plainest description, and we believe he did not possess at his death as much as would pay the expenses of his funeral. He divided his day between prayer, study, and the active duties of the ministry; and never have we known a priest of a more indefatigable spirit of labour. His public letters, his attention to the many grievances of the people, who from every part of the diocese appealed to his advocacy, and his active and untiring benevolence in attending to the wants of his immediate parishioners, occupied him from early dawn often until the small hours of the following morning. He celebrated the Most Holy Sacrifice daily until he became unable in his last illness, and exhibited in his own saintly life a living example of all the Christian devotions he so eloquently recommended to his people; and God, in his great mercy, seemed to reward the saintly life of his faithful servant by the great consolations of his death. Sixteen months ago he was seized with his last illness, and during these months his life has been one unceasing act of immediate preparation for death. He had every consolation in his last hour, and the perfect use of his faculties to the last moment of his life, so that his last words were an act of humble resignation and confidence, and a fervent prayer for mercy."

THE
LETTERS ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

OF
REV. JAMES MAHER, D.D.,

P.P. OF CARLOW-GRAIGUE.

I.

ON THE CONDITION OF THE IRISH POOR,
APRIL 8TH, 1847.

TO HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. WHATELY, ARCH-
BISHOP OF DUBLIN.

MY LORD—I have read the report of your Grace's speech, said to have been delivered in the House of Peers, on Lord Monteagle's motion, with all the attention which is so justly due to your rank and distinguished talents ; and now the propitious time has arrived, during the Easter recess, whilst the world enjoys repose from the angry discussion of politics, and the mind is being softened down by the contemplation of Heavenly things, to review the reasoning of that speech, and the extravagant misrepresentations on which the whole argument rests. Casting my eye over the debate, when it lit on your Lordship's name, I was consoled and cheered with the hope that the poor, who engage all our sympathies, had found in your Grace an advocate combining all the

high qualifications of the Christian philosopher and the learned churchman. I read with avidity, but closed the perusal of the report with feelings of bitterer disappointment than I had for a long time experienced. I looked in vain for what I had too fondly anticipated. I expected a full yet concise, dispassionate yet eloquent, statement of the people's rights—a generous, liberal, warm advocacy of a cause always so dear to the Church—a masterly unravelling, at your Grace's hand, of the sophistry and selfishness of mammonism, whereby the rights of the weaker portion of the human family have been ever oppressed. I looked for that calm, apostolic rebuke of iniquity in the high places, shaming and softening perhaps the hard-heartedness of the great of this world into a sense of Christian duty. In a discourse from episcopal lips, it was most natural to expect a generous sympathy with the principles of that dispensation which alone has civilised society, by elevating the pauper, lifting him up from his lowliness, to a brotherhood with the Princes of the land, and rendering him an object of especial care and reverence. *Suscitans a terra inopem et de stercore erigens pauperem ut collocet eum cum principibus populi sui.* The report of your speech contained nothing of the kind.

The subject before your lordship was Ireland, alas ! prostrate Ireland—bleeding at every pore—abandoned in the hour of her need—hunted to death by landlord tyranny—cheated and robbed by vicious institutions—neglected and spurned by the Priest and the Levite, and marked for the grave through the slow, lingering, excruciating process of famine. The Scriptural type of your subject, my lord, was the man “ who fell into the hands of robbers, on his way from Jerusalem to Jericho, who also stripped him, and, having wounded him, went away leaving him half dead.” In what spirit did your lord-

ship deal with it? In that of the Apostle before Felix, discoursing of justice and judgment to come, or when he charged the rich of this world not to trust in the uncertainty of riches—to be rich in good works, to be ready to distribute, to communicate to others—or in the spirit of that cold, calculating, heartless system of political economy which proceeds on principles exclusive of a Divine Providence? Was your lordship, like the good Samaritan, on seeing your countryman bleeding, moved to compassion?—did you bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, or charge the rulers of the land to care him, promising repayment at a future day? No, my lord, the reporters represent you as discharging none of these offices of charity, but the very reverse. They represent you denouncing the wounded man as an idler, an inveterate beggar, unwilling himself to work or to suffer others to earn their bread by honest industry—an irreclaimable character, a spendthrift, devouring the whole produce of the land—one whom a nation's wealth would not satisfy or improve—a dangerous fellow, the author of all his own misfortunes, nay, prepared in certain circumstances to murder.

With representations of this nature, which meet us in every sentence of the reported speech, you advocated the cause of the poor of your adopted country. These charges are presented to us by a masterly hand in every point of view. With what zeal and emphasis do you not assure the House and the country that a legal right to out-door relief will be followed by ruin and confiscation, knowing, as we all know, that, in the absence of such a right, thousands and tens of thousands have lately died of starvation within the land, and that other thousands and tens of thousands are sentenced to the same death with all its indescribable horrors. Not only will Ireland be ruined, but millions of her paupers, your Grace strongly

asserts, will be thrown on the resources of England, and that pressure more severely felt than ever. "The demands," you add, "upon the Exchequer of the united empire will greatly exceed the demands which have already excited to such a degree the alarm of the English people." If your life, my lord, was on the cast you could not labour with more zeal and earnestness than you have done to defeat the claim of the pauper.

Before I enter on the vindication of the character of our peasantry against your Grace's grievous charges, permit me to call public attention to the opinion of another Bishop, the late Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, on the subject of a legal provision for the poor.

Addressing the people of his diocese he said :—"You complain of rack-rents, and tithes, and want of employment, and of the ejection of poor tenants from their holdings. There is but one legal remedy for these evils—*let no man deceive you*—there is but one remedy for them, and that remedy is, a legal provision for the poor. This is a truth as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. Let every man, therefore, who wishes that a competition for land should cease, who desires to see the poor exempted from famine and disease, the widow clothed, the orphan fed, and the stranger taken in—let every man who is sincerely anxious that the law of nature be not violated, and the law of Christ fulfilled, petition Parliament to enact a legal provision for the poor."

This is the opinion of one, not indeed your lordship's equal in temporal rank—for he was a poor man—but your equal, it may be said without any disparagement of your Grace's acknowledged abilities, in point of talent and judgment, and from his position and official intercourse with the people, as well acquainted with the circumstances of the country as man could be. It is also

the opinion of a majority of the House of Peers, and has, in my mind, this very great merit, of being on the side of mercy and Christian charity.

But to return to the charges—and first as to Irish improvidence and idleness ; evils which your Grace asserts a legal provision for the poor would greatly aggravate. How bewildered in useless theories are the minds of even clever men who rest their opposition to a poor-rate on this objection. The Irish are improvident ! What, in Heaven's name, has grinding oppression in every shape left them to take care of—to improve or develope that turn of mind—the absence of which you charge upon them as a crime ? The laws and institutions of our country, though excellent in most respects, have been administered in a spirit hostile to their interests ; but, of all institutions, *that* has been the most adverse to national prosperity, and the formation of industrious provident habits, of which institution your Grace is so distinguished an ornament. It stands, and has ever stood, between two unequal sections of the people. The few and powerful on the one hand ; the despised multitude on the other, inflaming the bigotry of the former, and aggravating the oppression of the latter—and thereby degrading and demoralising both. A people so circumstanced ; a people, nine months every year, on the very verge of starvation,—improvident !! As well might men be charged with ignorance of geometry or the mathematics who never saw a school-house. And your Grace asserts that if you give the poor a legal right to the necessaries of life—to a home—to any degree of comfort—they will become more improvident. Does not every man know—the history of every nation teach—that until men obtain the quiet and secure possession of the necessaries of life, together with some little of its comforts, they must remain, no matter

what country they inhabit, beyond the limit of civilization. A man habitually devoured by hunger, or starved with cold, is, necessarily, improvident—without reflection, reckless of life and character, and liable to be agitated by the most violent passions—the suggestions of black despair, the furious thoughts of wild revenge. He will not—he cannot consult reason ; his circumstances derange or extinguish the mental faculties. To introduce him to a state of civilization—to teach him steady or orderly habits, self-respect, or self-reliance, you must first provide him with the necessities of life ; and having done so, you render him capable of receiving instructions—you remove the strongest incentive to turbulence, improvidence, and disorder, and gradually bring him within the pale of civilized society. The Irish are improvident—an improvidence, necessarily arising out of that system of misrule to which they have been subjected—I freely admit. Both the law and the oppressor have taken special care that improvidence, *in their native land*, must be amongst the characteristics of our poor people. Throw any other people in Europe into the same circumstances, with a similar Church Establishment, discharging the same functions—leave them nine months in every year on the verge of starvation—and will they not—must they not—become, in a little time, reckless and improvident ? England's expenditure to preserve her labouring population from want and its concomitant evils, almost surpasses belief. Her poor rate from 1813—the earliest period from which authentic parliamentary reports have been received—down to the present year, exceeds *two hundred millions*. Suppose that they had been deprived of that sustenance, and were left to pine, during that period, in all the misery, wretchedness, and crime which destitution necessarily begets, would England be, as she now is, the

most powerful nation in the world, or her peasantry remarkable for that self-reliance and self-respect, and those other social virtues—love of country and respect for the laws—which so peculiarly characterize them? Were England even now deprived of her poor rate, she would fall, in the lapse of time, from her present high state of civilization: she would have her discontented millions in rags and beggary, in filth and disorder—a Tipperary in every shire. The late discoveries of industry—the activity of commerce—the rapidity of communication—the obedience of all the elements to the hand of man, would not long arrest her retrograde motion. The light of civilization, unfed by the oil of charity, would ere long disappear, and leave society, as Christianity had found it, in darkness and the shadow of death. I have done, my lord, with the objection against a poor rate, arising from the improvidence of the people, which can be corrected only by the introduction of some such measure.

Again, it is stated that our people are idlers, unwilling to work, or to suffer others to earn their bread by honest industry. Is this charge, my lord, reconcilable with admitted facts? I respectfully submit that it is not. Thousands of these wretched idlers—your Grace knows the fact—cross the channel every year, in the hope of earning a few pounds—contending from the earliest light to the setting sun, with the stoutest and hardiest of England's peasantry. What other people on the face of the globe emigrate annually, travelling by sea and land several hundred miles, to obtain a few weeks' employment at the hardest labour? Every harvest field in England and Scotland—the quays of London and Liverpool, where heavy work is to be performed—the banks of the St. Laurence and Mississippi—both the Indies—every

latitude under the sun give evidence of the patient industry of those whom your Grace represents as incurable idlers. Bicheno, Griffith, and Cobbett, who knew them in the United States and at home—Sir John M'Neill and Mr. Dargan, with all their railway experience, both in England and Ireland, eulogize them as highly efficient labourers. The Irish emigrants of last year transmitted to the friends they had left behind them £40,000, a portion of their wages. But why does not the Irishman succeed at home? Whatever the cause may be, it is evidently not an unwillingness on his part to labour. He has, my lord, no field for exertion, no encouragement, no motive—his energies are depressed, his spirit is broken, he is overpowered by the injustices of the Church and State. Sir Robert Kane is very satisfactory on this point, in his work on the "Industrial Resources of Ireland," p. 379:—"Irish labourers, at low wages, do not intentionally idle—on the contrary, they do their best honestly to earn their wages; but supplied only with the lowest description of food, and, perhaps, in insufficient quantity, they have not the physical ability for labour, and being without any direct prospect of advancement, they are not excited by that laudable ambition to any display of superior energy. If the same men are placed in circumstances where a field for increased exertion is opened to them, and they are made to understand, what at first they are rather credulous about—that they will receive the full value of any increased labour they perform, they become new beings. The work they execute rises to the highest standard, and they earn as much money as the labourers of any other country." The enormous annual remittances of Irish emigrants fully sustain the statement and admirable reasoning of the honourable baronet.

Mr. Nimmo, who had more opportunities, perhaps, than any other man, of forming a correct estimate of the merits of the Irish labourers—who employed thousands of them, who had no end to gain in eulogizing them, who, as a Scotchman, had no prejudices in their favour, on the contrary, his prejudices ran in the opposite direction—thus spoke of them, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Lords :

“Q. Do you think that the Irish poor, from their indolent and idle habits, would at once throw themselves in numbers on the parish allowance, and labour little, if at all ?—A. Really, I am not inclined to think the Irish are an indolent people. I think that, as far as spirit is concerned, I would look with more confidence to the spirit of the Irish people in maintaining their independence, than, perhaps, to the population of either England or Scotland, and I am decidedly of opinion that they would not throw themselves on the parish, if they were provided with employment.”

Mr. James Dowdall, Governor of Liverpool Workhouse, had this case put to him—“Suppose one hundred able-bodied English, and one hundred able-bodied Irish labourers to be in precisely the same circumstances, judging from your experience of the habits of the people of the two countries, which do you think would be likely to resort in the greatest number, to the workhouse for relief ?”—He answered—“More English would come. The Irish would endure more and strive harder before they applied for relief.”

These opinions, the result of long experience, and not the distorted caricatures of religious bigotry, are entitled to far more consideration than your Grace's discreditable and low estimate of Irish character. Your view is sought to be sustained by a tale of certain idle fishermen in

some nameless place near the Cove of Cork. Your Grace proposed to assist them out of some charitable fund, to repair their nets, and provision their boats, and thus enable them to resume their piscatory avocations. Certain nameless clerical friends assured you that it would be quite useless to give them any aid, for if provisions were given they would consume them at home, or if they were actuated by a fear of being detected, they would put to sea for a while, but would re-land in some secluded spot, and there devour their stock. "This instance," your Grace observes, "illustrates in a remarkable manner the readiness of the people to throw themselves on the resources of charity rather than their own exertions." To me it appears, my lord, a fearful thing to attempt defeating by such logic an act for the relief of the poor, without which the lives of thousands of our fellow-Christians will assuredly be sacrificed. Was it just, my lord, in stating this instance, and not forgetting to add that you had in reserve many others of a similar nature, at the same time to pass over in silence so many facts favourable to the Irish character? Have not your Grace and the country heard of men falling dead in the public works, on the way thither, or on their return home, whilst struggling with their expiring breath to earn a scanty meal for their famishing families? Have you not heard of their patience and submission, though left to starve by heartless landlords, who have less of the spirit of the Gospel, than of the Koran, notwithstanding your Grace's labours to enlighten them? In legislating for the poor was it not the duty of the Church to place before their rulers the virtues of our humble brethren as prominently, at least, as their vices? One-sided representations may be permitted to the lawyer who works for his fee, but they are essentially unjust and injurious in the

senate or on the bench. "*Qui calumniatur pauperem exprobat Factori ejus.*"

Your Grace's argument comes to this. There are amongst the poor many idlers and profligates, who will become a burden on the industry of the country, delivering themselves up to vice and indolence, when their right to relief is recognised by law. What then? Is the great mass of the people to be for ever left in their present unparalleled wretchedness; or is the attempt to relieve, with all the evils and abuses attendant on such attempt, ever to be made? What amount of the poor-rate of England has been badly expended? To what extent, through the depravity of the poor, have profligacy and bastardy, and even worse immorality been promoted? What a tax upon industry in favour of vice and indolence! And, after all, was it not infinitely better to bear a poor-law, with all its frightful drawbacks, than to suffer the universal people to be drowned in a deluge of misery.

Your Grace's argument against a legal provision for the poor will tell with equal force and truth against the Established Church. It will not be denied that there are idlers and spendthrifts in your ecclesiastical institution, who live riotously, dissipating in vice and folly the provision of the State; if they do not eat up the whole rental of the land, they absorb, considering their number, a large portion of it, and make a most inadequate return. Now, if the poor, because of the profligate and vicious characters amongst them, are to be deprived of their right to support from the land of their birth, why not withhold, for the same reason, from the Church, the most enormous sinecure in the world, its legal provision? If your Grace believe in the truth and justice of your argument against a poor-rate, if it be not a heartless

sophism, your Grace ought, in consistency, to give up your £10,000 a year, and seek to repeal all the church temporality laws. Whatever reasoning of your Grace refutes this argument against the Church, will also refute your own arguments against the recognition of the right of the poor to relief from the land.

The following passage is in the report of your lordship's speech. I give it in full, word for word:—"If I were to be a guardian or an overseer to set people to work on my grounds, or anywhere else, who knew that they had a right to demand relief, and that they could not be legally compelled to earn their bread by labour, I declare unaffectedly that I could not be induced, by any consideration, to undertake any such task, for I do not believe that my own life, or that of my land-steward, would be worth half a day's purchase."

It has been always lawful to libel the poor, to charge them with whatever crime one pleases. But for the rich, who, by withholding relief, murder the poor—this doctrine rests upon the highest authority: "The bread of the needy is their life; he that defraudeth him thereof is a man of blood"—for them, I repeat, there is no word of reproof. We are a truly afflicted people; every man may assail us. I have read the insane ravings of the bigot, and the furious denunciation of the excited politician, but the passage just quoted, considering the character of the reputed speaker, and viewing it as spoken in the councils of the nation, is the very worst and most offensive I have ever read. But I will not retort. It is not the part of a Christian.

I am not at all unaware of the many and appalling difficulties to be encountered in the administration of a poor-law admitting a right to out-door relief. We shall have to contend not only against every schemer, and

idler, and profligate in the country, but what is still more difficult, against the sectarian bigotry and inhumanity of a section of the gentry who have no bowels of compassion for the poor. The difficulties cannot be easily exaggerated. Industry will be burdened, indolence will be endowed, property exchange hands, and the bad passions of our nature will be stimulated into active operation. Yet all these evils are but as dust in the balance when weighed against the monster crime of suffering millions annually to pine in want, and utter wretchedness and immorality, the fruit of destitution. No—nothing could induce me to abandon the cause of the poor, or the effort, at any risk, to raise them in the scale of society. They have been recommended too strongly, and by the most affecting considerations, to our care, by the author of Christianity, ever to forget them. He himself (and oh! may his blessed example move our hearts) had them principally in view when he dwelt amongst us. He came to preach his gospel to the poor whilst he uttered woes against the rich. He raised them exclusively to the Apostleship, selecting the weak things of this world, and the foolish, that he might confound the strong and the wise. In his representation of the last judgment he makes it appear that our salvation entirely depends upon the discharge of our duty to the poor. “I was hungry and you gave me to eat, possess, therefore, the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” May my hand fall paralysed by my side, and my tongue cleave to my jaws, if ever I forget the poor, the inheritance of Christ. *Beatus vir, qui intelligit super egenum et pauperem, in die mala liberabit eum Dominus.*

I have the honour to be your Grace's most obedient humble servant,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.,

April 8th, 1847.

Carlow-Graigue.

II.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE POOR, FEB. 8TH,
1848.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD LIEUTENANT,
GOVERNOR OF IRELAND.

“Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor.”—
PSALM xl. 1.

MY LORD—Permit me to plead the cause of the most injured and the most miserable people on the face of God’s earth. I do not, I trust, transgress the limits which a proper sense of my own position would prescribe in thus publicly addressing your Excellency. Nothing is certainly more foreign from my disposition than to obtrude myself unnecessarily on the notice of our rulers. A sense of duty, in our present awful circumstances, impels me to write; that I may not have to accuse myself, at the inevitable hour, of having neglected to do my utmost to save a perishing people.

When or where, my lord, within the world’s wide expanse, have we seen, or heard, or read of, such scenes as are of daily occurrence around us? Deaths from starvation—the young and innocent; the strong and vigorous; the old and infirm; parents and their children; people of all ages and sexes, dying for want of food; in a year of plenty; in the midst of abundance; under a Christian legislature; human beings immolated to the cupidity of landowners, at the shrines of Mammon and Moloch!! Oh, it is a horrible, unnatural, and fearful state of things, under the vigilant eye of a superintending Providence. “Let no man deceive you with vain

words (I quote, my lord, the Apostle), for because of those things cometh the anger of God on the children of unbelief."—*Ephes.* v. 6.

The newspapers have brought us, within the last few days, the recorded verdict, "died of starvation," in nearly one hundred instances. The number of the dead, over whom no inquest has been held, cannot be told. What Captain Mann (quoted by Trevelyan in the *Edinburgh Review*) said of last year is applicable to the present—"A great deal has been written, and many an account given, of the dreadful sufferings endured by the poor; but the reality, in most cases, far exceeds description. Indeed none can conceive what it was, but those who were in it. For my part I frequently look back on it as a fearful and horrid dream."—p. 316. Alas! alas! it was and is a dreadful reality!

What must be the condition of the masses out of which the hundred victims have been selected? Suffering the excruciating torture of hunger themselves—their nearest kindred stiffened corpses before them—the dead and the dying huddled together, spreading pestilence through the land—the survivors tempted to deny the existence of a Providence which permits his creatures, made to his own image, to be thus immolated; perhaps denying it, and thereby blasting their hopes of immortality,

What a world of suffering these creatures, the children of our common Father, must have endured before they breathed their last. Their sighs against oppression have been registered, their cry hath entered the ear of the Most High, and He will arise in his own good time to avenge their blood. Who is accountable to a just and terrible God for this enormous waste of human life and strength? There are men, I fear, who doubt that

responsibility rests anywhere. Yes, those who have themselves contracted the guilt are ignorant of their crime and their responsibility. The inspired Apostle states the reason thereof—"He that hateth his brother is in darkness and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because the darkness hath blindeth his eyes." And again, the meek and loving Apostle adds—"Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer."—*John, Ep., 1 John, ii. 11 ; iii. 15.*

But can the starving people be saved ? This question, your lordship will perceive, is asked, whilst our granaries are overstocked with the produce of our own and foreign lands. A few millions, as provisions are so cheap, would undoubtedly rescue the people from the jaws of death. The question, then, the true question, stripped of all those pretexts in which men involve their wicked purposes, is whether the money shall be expended, or whether millions of lives shall be sacrificed ? Why not mortgage the lands, which God gave in common to all, if it become necessary, in order to save the lives of all ? Are the divine and Christian laws of "feed the hungry and clothe the naked" abrogated ; because a whole nation, like so many Lazaruses, stand at our gates, whose miseries we ourselves, by misrule, have brought on ? The only question with the government is, whether the right to that portion of the produce of the earth with which the Supreme Lord has invested the poor, shall be recognised and enforced against the selfishness and inhumanity of the rich ?

Can the people be saved ? If the Russians or French threatened our possessions in the Mediterranean ; if the Americans, with hostile intention, approached the frontiers of British Canada ; if property, for which we are never tired legislating, were endangered at home or abroad,

would the millions be forthcoming to protect them? But is not the State endangered by the destruction of Her Majesty's subjects in Ireland? The sacred records, which all are bound to revere, tell us, "In the multitude of people is the dignity of the King; and in the small number of the people the dishonour of the Prince,"—*Prov. xiv. 28.*

From what source are we to man our fleet, or recruit our army, after we have supplied our factories and tilled the soil, if fever, famine, and the landlord, bringing up the rear of Divine vengeance, desolate the home of the peasant? The defenceless condition of the nation has lately been the theme of much anxious discussion by the oldest and wisest of our warriors.

Who is to repel invasion if myriads of the peasant class fall by famine; if the strength of all be exhausted, and worse, if the affections of all be alienated? "How can we expect the people (asks a Tory journal) to behave as (if properly cared for) they ought to behave in the hour of national peril?" The Pagan of ancient times, who sat in the shadow of death, understood human nature better than modern statesmen, under Gospel illumination. "To deprive the poor of necessities" (said Demosthenes, *Phil. 4*), "is to raise up enemies to the commonwealth;" hence, he adds, "so far from withdrawing the funds already appropriated to that purpose, we should rather add to their amount." There were none dying of starvation in Athens when the noble orator addressed these observations to his country.

Consolidate the small farms, the 310,436 tenements under five acres each (see Griffith's statistics) and get rid of their inhabitants, 1,552,180, and you at once realise the Millennium under the teaching of Professor Lowe, which landlords desiderate. But in these circumstances, to

which we are, by the aid of famine, Gregory's quarter acre clause, and the clearance system advancing by giant strides, to whom, I respectfully ask, if the foreign foe touched our shores, should we look for our defence? Will the exterminating landlords, the gouty septuagenarians, take the post of danger, and discharge in their own person the harassing duty of defending the lands, which they have, to the insecurity and danger of Her Majesty's dominions, depopulated? Would we not want the hands, the bone and sinew, aye, and above all, the hearts of our hardy peasantry? As matters are now managed, what is it to them what government reigns over them? No condition can be worse than that of dying by famine.

The dark cloud in the horizon, which has not escaped the vigilance of the veteran warrior, who for half a century has triumphantly defended our coasts, is not seen, or apprehended by others. But can they presume to know what is being organised in the counsels of God to chastise nations for the neglect of the poor, heirs of His kingdom, and co-heirs of His eternal Son? "You will not hurt," said the God of Empires, "a widow or an orphan; if you hurt them, they will cry out to me, and I will hear their cry, and my rage shall be enkindled, and I will strike you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless."—*Ex. xxii. 22.*

The right of the State to the services of the subject in defence of his country is based, said Montesquieu, on the duty of the State to provide the necessaries of life, so that none perish of cold or hunger.

What right, therefore, in our present circumstances, has the State to ask the starving peasant to risk his life in defence of a country in which he is exposed to die of

want, in the midst of plenty? Our ungenerous, unchristian, and barbarous policy, is, my lord, I respectfully submit, subversive of the principle upon which governments are founded.

Can the people, it is asked, be saved? Let us not deceive ourselves; there is nothing to prevent it but the inhumanity of power—the Mammon worship of the present day, the lust of oppression, the uncharitableness and total want of Christian knowledge and feeling. These are the only impediments in the way; but these in our worse than Pagan times, are more insurmountable than the Alps in the days of Hannibal.

The example of your lordship's immediate predecessor should not be forgotten. He held his high place on the condition that the lives of his countrymen should be preserved, no matter what the expense. It cost millions. He could not, however, have held his place on any other terms, without a loss of character, of honour, of fame, of conscience, of his immortal soul.

Here, my lord, the letter naturally ends; but presuming on your lordship's indulgence, and your anxiety to administer honourably the trust committed to your charge, I shall proceed, fearlessly speaking the truth, to lay bare the root of the Upas tree of British rule amongst us, under whose fatal shade disorder, pallid poverty, foul crime, and horrid pestilence, in all their unsightly and appalling shapes, have sprung up and filled the land.

The sacred volume, my lord, informs us that “The beginning of a good way is to do justice.”—*Prov.* xvi., 5. Our rulers have never discovered, or even thought of that beginning. Legislation for Ireland has always been conducted on the principle, that the majority of our fellow-men had no rights whatsoever. This is the tap-root of Ireland's multitudinous miseries. You

legislated for the landlord class—for the Levitical race ; you disinherited, and consequently wronged and oppressed, the remainder of the human family. The natural rights—the divine rights of man—you disregarded, and thereby interested heaven in the vindication of its own laws to blast your wicked projects. You seized upon what was given to be held in common, or subject to the claims of all, and passed innumerable laws, but in vain, to secure a flourishing monopoly. “The heaven of heavens is the Lord's, but the earth he has given to the sons of men.”—*Ps. cxiii.* The right, therefore, of the poor to a share in the land, or to an equivalent, cannot be questioned unless by the impious Atheist, who dares to deny the supreme dominion of God over all things.

Legislative measures have been always tested by the single consideration of their fitness to secure and advance the interests of the landowning class, without any reference to the equally valid claims of the landless class. This, my lord, is the original sin—the primeval injustice which has tainted and vitiated the whole code of your legislation. Land proprietors and churchmen, making laws, regardless of every interest but their own, and solely with a view to secure these, have brought the country to its present awful condition. They have signally failed even to protect or enrich themselves. The violation of natural and divine right is incompatible with national peace and prosperity. They have had full scope to make whatever laws they pleased. All the wisdom and all the talent of their great ones were engaged in their enactment. They strengthened their hand over the poor people whom they violently disinherited, trampled remorselessly on the rights of multitudes, evicted and harrassed their tenantry, seized upon their improvements, persecuted them as well for their

political as religious creed ; working their wantonness in every form of law, and exercising over all unspeakable tyranny. What is the result ? What we see before us. The indescribable misery of the people, the most horrible oppression, and its natural consequence—appalling crime. “ He that soweth iniquity, said the God of Heaven, shall reap evils, and with the rod of his anger he shall be consumed.”—*Prov.* xxii. 8.

Ah, my lord, if a government, constructed on principle in such violent opposition to the laws of nature and the first “ Royal ” law, as St. James styles it, of the Christian code, “ Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,”—ii. 8.—if legislation so cruel, selfish, and unjust, produced any other result, one would be tempted to doubt the superintendence of an overruling Providence. It is because of such doings, the malice of which cannot be equalled by the most criminal in the low walks of life, that it is said by Eternal Truth, “ That the powerful shall be powerfully tormented.”

The rights of the people, their original rights, have never been asserted or vindicated by Irish laws. What law of the statute book has been violated by the turning out of the four poor helpless children from the Kenmare workhouse, to die on the road side ? What penalty has been incurred by the offender ? Has Captain Ommany been fined, dismissed, or reprimanded ? What redress has the broken-hearted mother received whose children have been so inhumanly treated ? None whatever. Mr. Trevelyan and Sir John Burgoyne have announced, months since, that thousands in the west of Ireland must perish in the present year through want. When the sad prediction shall have been literally fulfilled—and, alas ! it is being fast verified—when the bones of the myriads shall have whitened the green fields of their native land—

will the Board of Guardians, or the Poor Law Commissioners, or anybody else, be held responsible for this waste of human life? No, my lord; emphatically and respectfully, no. There is an efficient law rigorously administered to punish the stealing of a few raw turnips which the famishing outcast snatches to save his miserable life; but if 10,000 die by withholding from them the right which the God of the universe has given them, there is no law of the legislature to take cognizance of the offence. Must not the curse of Heaven, if Heaven be the seat of justice, fall upon such legislation? "A kingdom is translated," says the Lord, "from one people to another, because of injustice, and wrongs, and injuries, and various deceits."—*Ecc. x.*, 8.

The rights of the brute creation, if rights they may be called, are infinitely more respected by our Christian legislature, than those of the disinherited majority of the human family. An article, headed "Cruelty to Animals," which I extract and abridge from one of the late London papers, the *Morning Post*, January 20th, deserves particular attention as bearing on this point:

"Edward Nun, Esq., Leamington, was summoned before Mr. Hardwick, of Marlborough-street, for having on the 16th instant, wantonly ill-treated and beaten a horse in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, having ridden the animal from Leamington to London in twelve hours for a wager. Mr. Thomas, Secretary to the *Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals*, said that Mr. Nun wished to compromise the matter, but the Society felt it was a case (how humane!) which ought not to be compromised, and they had determined to listen to no proposal of that sort. (Admirable fortitude!) Daniel Watson, constable to the *Royal Society*, said he went to Leamington to serve the

defendant with a summons—the defendant said he was sorry the business had ever happened, and wanted to know whether the matter could not be compromised, and spare him the necessity of going to London to answer the complaint. Witness further said that he went to the stable and found the horse was dead; the animal's lips were black with inflammation. Mr. Thomas, the Secretary, said that this was the case. Mr. Hardwick—What answer have you to make to the charge? Mr. Nun—I have nothing to say except to express my regret. Mr. Hardwick—The circumstances as detailed in the evidence give rise to no other feeling than that you have been guilty of a gross and wanton act of cruelty. To this act you have been moved by a base sordid motive. The penalties of the law in such cases are wholly inadequate. It is a mockery of justice to inflict a fine of 40s. on a person of your station. Instead of this small fine, the severest penalty ought to be inflicted; but as the law forbids it, we have only to express the censure of the Court in the strongest manner, and that you leave it disgraced for having committed an act of cold-blooded cruelty on the animal from sordid motives. You are fined 40s. and expenses.

Mr. Thomas said he was in hopes that the legislature would be induced to make the law against cruelty to animals much more stringent."

Let the case of the four children at Kenmare and that of the English horse at Leamington be considered in the one view. The offender against the horse is brought one hundred miles to answer for the offence. He is tried, convicted, sharply reprimanded, fined and disgraced. The punishment being considered too lenient, a hope was expressed that the legislature would take the matter into its consideration.

How are the rights of the childless widow at Kenmare defended? It is said the wretched mother still lives, and still retains a glimmering of reason, discoursing wildly of her little ones, whom she expects will yet come to life. Where was the zealous secretary to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Innocent Children? Was the offender summoned from Kenmare to Dublin, reprimanded, disgraced, dismissed ignominiously? Gracious Heavens! The head becomes giddy—one loses the power of thought, or of expressing his thoughts, in the contemplation of such deeds. Horror, shame, feelings which cannot be described, rush forward and choke the voice of indignant abhorrence. If the children had been the offspring of the brute beast, they could not be injured with impunity. The royal secretary, admitting no compromise, would protect them. But being created to the image of the great God, and redeemed by the blood of his Eternal Son, they are stripped and turned out to die at night under the combined operation of piercing cold and excruciating hunger—a Christian legislature meanwhile quietly looking on. The indignant language of the meek Saint James, under far less exciting circumstances, comes to the relief of my agonising mind—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you. You have stored up to yourselves wrath against the last days; you have feasted on the earth in the day of slaughter."—Chap. v.

If the record of these facts be preserved, it will be hard to convince remote posterity, that the light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ had not been extinguished in the empire, and Pagan darkness had not spread over the land during the 19th century of the Christian era.

The rights of the poor to live, and of the tenant to en-

joy the fruits of his industry, are both equally unprotected against the monopoly of the landlord. What law on the statute book prevents him from seizing upon all the permanent improvements, in building or otherwise, of the tenant on the termination of his lease? An infinite amount of property, hundreds of millions, unquestionably, have been, in violation of the clearest principles of justice, thus transferred from the oppressed tenant to the legislating landlord class. The right of the farmer, in this case, is as clear as the sun at noon day. It cannot be opposed unless by arguments drawn from the bottomless pit of human selfishness; yet, there is not, your lordship is well aware, one single line in our voluminous code of legislation to protect that right.

The necessary result of this wholesale injustice, has destroyed, or rather prevented the growth of the class of substantial farmers with abundant means to absorb the labour of the country, and sustain the poor, and means also to meet the just claim of rent. Viewing the country desolated by the landlord's cupidity, the poet's description of the unfortunate mariners of Æneas's fleet occurs to the mind—

“Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

How could our country be otherwise than impoverished, beggared, discontented, devoured by its miseries, governed as it has been, on principles in violent opposition with the natural and divine rights of man?

The cottier class, or the lowest farming class, forming a population of one million and a half, and holding, according to Griffith's survey 310,436 tenements, possess in the aggregate about 620,858 acres. They have been left by the quarter acre clause, on the failure of their only crop—the potato—to their own resources; if they hold their acres this year, they must starve in their cabins—if

they surrender their little tenements, they are paupers for life, without a gleam of hope—their only resource a poorhouse, on a dietary worse than that of a convicted felon in any part of the world ; cut off from the society of friends, parents, family, and home—the young and vigorous, who feel that they were created for such society, and not to wear out their lives in these wretched bastiles, are inconceivably miserable.

But, my lord, when we consolidate these tenements, and sweep the inhabitants into the workhouse, how are we to keep up the stock of agricultural labourers, soldiers, and seamen ? It becomes an utter impossibility. We must bear with the human nuisance, or the state must fall. The wife and children of the labourer, in these small tenements—the nursery of the peasant class—are as necessary for the state, as the full grown, able bodied workman, unless we intend to supply their place by the purchase of slaves on the coast of Guinea.

Independently of these State considerations, have these evicted cottiers no right from God or nature to the little plots which they tilled and reclaimed in the sweat of their brow, making gradual advances on the waste bog and wild mountain side ? None to the land which they fertilized by their labour—on which they erected their humble huts ; wherein they first saw the light of heaven, and for which, up to the day of their visitation, they paid a high rent.

If some barbarous hordes of Russians had invaded, conquered, and ravaged the land, could their *malice and fury* have made the cottiers more miserable than they have been rendered by the *wisdom and justice* of the imperial legislature in the last session ? Is any condition worse than that of dying of cold and hunger ?

What, my lord, is gained by throwing a million and

a half, the best support of the State, on the poor rate? Fever and famine, it is hoped (some have openly expressed the impious wish), will soon despatch them, and the landlord gains thereby the possession of 620,858 acres,—less, considerably less, than the State appropriates of public property to the maintenance of a dozen bishops of the Established Church. Baron Foster has estimated the see lands at 617,558 Irish, equal to 900,000 statute acres, not including in the estimate the demesnes attached to episcopal residences.

What, my lord, is the character of our people, brought by misrule into the depths of misery, the lowest at which human nature can exist? It is of the utmost importance to fix public attention on this subject at present. Let us hear, then, the most unexceptionable witnesses. The last parliamentary report, known as Lord Devon's, on the occupation of land in Ireland, thus speaks, page 35:—

“It would be impossible to describe adequately the privations which they (the cottiers and labourers) and their families habitually and patiently endure. In many districts their only food is the potato, their only beverage water; their cabins are seldom a protection against the weather, a bed or a blanket is a rare luxury.

“When we consider this state of things, and the large proportion of the population which comes under the designation of agricultural labourers, we have to repeat that the patient endurance which they exhibit is deserving of the highest commendation, and entitles them to the best attention of Government and of Parliament.”

Again, page 12:—

“A reference to the evidence of the most able witnesses will show that the agricultural labourer of Ireland continues to suffer the greatest privations and hardships;

that he is still badly housed, badly fed, badly clothed, and badly paid for his labour. Our personal experience and observations during our inquiry have afforded us a melancholy confirmation of these statements ; and we cannot forbear expressing our strong sense of the patient endurance which the labouring classes have generally exhibited under sufferings, greater, we believe, than the people of any other country in Europe have to sustain."

Again, page 43 :—

"We cannot despair when we find a country, enjoying such natural advantages as Ireland possesses, with a large extent of uncultivated or unimproved lands, and a numerous population, able and willing to labour if opportunities are afforded to them."

The truth of these statements cannot be questioned. The Commissioners tell us "that they visited and sought information in every county in Ireland, having, at more than ninety towns, examined upon oath upwards of 1,100 witnesses of every class and condition of life : " we must therefore take these statements as true.

The leading facts of the report are, first :—The indescribable miseries of the labouring classes. "It is impossible," says the report, "to describe them adequately." Badly fed—their only food is the potato—their only beverage the neighbouring stream ; badly clothed—a bed or a blanket is a rare luxury amongst them ; badly housed—their cabins afford no protection against the weather : badly paid for their labour. Was there anything then wanting to render their condition completely miserable ?

The second great fact is, the superhuman patience and endurance of the poor—a patience which the Commissioners could not refrain from repeatedly and emphatically eulogising. It is impossible, they say, to describe

the privations which they habitually and *patiently* endure. "We repeat (they add) the patient endurance which they exhibit is deserving of the highest commendation, and entitles them to"—what think you? extermination by famine, to coercion acts—no, to—"the best attention of Government and the Parliament." And again—"We cannot forbear expressing our strong sense of the patient endurance which the poor have exhibited, under sufferings greater, we believe, than the people of any other country have to sustain."

This is the character, the true character, after all of our much slandered people. They stand out before the age as the most oppressed, injured, and at the same time the most patient people of the world—a people of whom it is impossible to despair, being able and willing to labour if opportunities were afforded them. This is the testimony of gentlemen whose sympathies were not too strongly enlisted in favour of the poor, who visited every county in Ireland, held courts of investigation in upwards of ninety cities and towns, and examined upwards of one thousand witnesses.

What rights, my lord, have our long suffering people since obtained, entitled, as they proved themselves to be, to the best attention of Government and of Parliament? None whatsoever. A poor law which bids fair in a short time to exterminate the peasantry, cannot be considered an instalment of their rights. The Legislature, prompt, wakeful, and ever ready, when penal legislation is demanded, has had no time, alas! to do them justice.

The Commissioners quietly tell us of the indescribable privations and patience of the peasantry; but when, in '47, that patience could sustain them no longer, and their sufferings having passed the limits of endurance, exhausted nature sank down in death, their bodies were

carted off—six hundred of them being thrown coffinless into two heaps upon the land of their birth, near Bantry (the fact has been stated before the Master in Chancery)—when, in other parts of the country, the famished dogs, and swine, and rats, were found feeding on the unsepulchred remains of those who had dropped dead in the glens and valleys—when fever and famine, according to official accounts, had carried off 4,806 in the electoral division of East and West Skull in four months, beginning with February and ending in May (see return of J. J. Marshall, Esq., inspecting officer of the district)—when we became beggars at the gates of every city in the world, and the report of our miseries having awakened the sympathies and moved the heart of the Sultan, we received his alms—when the workhouses in which the famishing multitudes were stowed became the hot-beds of pestilence, destroying their victims by hundreds weekly, as at Cork, and the churchyards were glutted with the dead. In the midst of these horrors, when the peasantry began to rush out at every port of the kingdom, flying from death and the devoted island, like the terrified inmates of a house on fire escaping from the flames—when subsequently the rumour came back upon us of the frightful mortality amongst those who fled, that 9,634 had died on their passage to Canada, or in quarantine, or in a fever hospital at Quebec—when dread of death, combined with sharp privations, had seized upon the mind of the pauper classes, distracting their reason, and confounding their notions of right and wrong—last of all, and above all to be deplored, when some wicked, corrupt men, availing themselves of the miserable circumstances of the times, rushed into every crime, like those who set to rob and murder during the great plague at London, and the earthquake at Lisbon,

aggravating all the horrors of the scene—when these things came to pass, our miseries having culminated, a gleam of hope began to arise, that the evils and miseries which shocked the world would not be much longer endured, and that the reign of injustice was coming to a close—at this awful crisis of our affairs it was that our privileged oppressors and insatiable slanderers, gloating over the crimes of the few, raised a howl through the empire, which is still being heard, that the most patient and long suffering people had become a nation of murderers, and that their priests, whose faith and piety, like that of the Romans in the days of St. Paul, were spoken of in the whole world, had hallooed them on to deeds of blood, “blessing their weapons, and absolving them beforehand from the seeming crime.”

What, my lord, I ask in the presence of high Heaven, was the object of this inhuman policy, attempting to slay the character after the body of the people had been slain? The object cannot be concealed; it was to turn the attention of whatever there is of virtue and humanity in England and the world from the consideration of the causes of our indescribable privations and sufferings, in order that the reign of oppression and injustice might continue, and our rights be withheld for ever. It was meant to make it personally dangerous to the priest, if he attempted by troublesome reclamations to disturb the long established custom of landlord rulers and the rich to crush and oppress, and now and then exterminate on a large scale our race and name. There is, my lord, a sort of vicious perfection, in the system of misrule, a completeness in its parts, by which this country has been misgoverned, and the foulest agency in the scheme is a profligate press, which, by slandering the characters of its intended victims, prepares them for immolation,

without any risk from the officious sympathies of the world. "The world," the Apostle says, "is seated in darkness ;" but nothing has been so concealed in its impenetrable shade as the mystery of iniquity, by which God's creatures, in this unhappy land, the Christian Haceldama, have been oppressed and victimised.

In describing the evils which afflict our country, I have clearly indicated the remedy. All legislation for Ireland has proceeded on the Atheistical principle, that the masses of the people have no right—that the earth and the fulness thereof is the landlord's, unencumbered with the troublesome claims of the poor. To construct national prosperity—which our legislature has for centuries essayed on this principle—was, indeed, a difficult task, nay, an utter impossibility. It was waging an impious war with Heaven. Our first step, then, in the right direction, must be a full, ungrudging, legal recognition of the rights of all—a second Magna Charta. We have yet to lay the foundation itself of social happiness. The energies of the nation have been wasted in legislating to make the rich more rich ; to carry our traffic to the uttermost ends of the earth, but as yet we have no effectual law to secure subsistence to the impotent poor—employment or relief to the able-bodied—or the fruits of his industry or capital to the tiller of the soil ; no law, such as Mr. Sharman Crawford, the best of landlords, as well as the best of men, has alone advocated for years.

The rights forming the basis of national prosperity, and being in perfect harmony with the divine and natural law, have not yet been asserted by a single enactment (the poor law is a failure,) in our voluminous code of legislation.

In the absence of these laws, leaving ninety per cent. of the population without any legislative protection,

what could we expect around us but what we do see—poverty, misery, universal drooping, deaths from starvation. The fear of doing injustice—of invading the sanctuary of property (the goodness of modern idolatry), has deterred legislatures from enacting laws ; but was it not the extreme of injustice to leave for centuries the wide domain of poverty open to the incursions and ravages of the rich, and unscrupulous ?

These suggestions, given to the world without any pomp of learning, are too plain and simple—and they bear these characteristics because they accord with truth and justice—will, I am well aware, excite the contemptuous pity of our modern Solons ; but may I ask in return, are there in the world men less entitled to credit for legislative wisdom or correct notions of justice than those who, in legislating for Ireland, have rendered her the most unhappy land within the wide circle of civilization, a by-word amongst the nations ?

When shall men, lifting up their hearts, "*sursum corda*," (to use the words of the ancient liturgy), embrace in one view the rights of the lowest as of the highest of society ; and purifying their affections from all undue attachment to earthly greatness, nobly aspire to do their duty so as to fulfil and attain the great end of their creation ? When shall the poor and defenceless become the great object of the Christian statesman's attention ? *Tibi derelictus est pauper, et orphano tu eris adjutor*. Contending for their sacred rights, sustaining them against the assaults of power, and consoling the afflicted in the hour of trial, is the bright path, my lord, which leads not only to true fame, but infinitely beyond it, to immortal glory.

May your Excellency, when summoned hence by the Supreme Disposer of our being, be able to say with holy

Job:—"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I comforted the heart of the widow; I was clad with justice; I was the father of the poor; I broke the jaws of the wicked man, and out of his teeth I took away his prey."—Chap. xxix.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

February 8, 1848.

III.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THE PRESIDENT OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY, AT THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION 1849-50.

"Nihil magis diligit Deus in hoc mundo,
quam libertatem Ecclesiæ suæ."—ANSELM, Ep. iv.

Public opinion seems unanimous in pronouncing Mr. Berwick's address at Galway as the ablest defence of the Queen's Colleges. It has been lauded by both the English and Irish press as a work of consummate ability, as an unanswerable argument. "The gift of eloquent reasoning," says the London *Examiner*, "prevails from the first sentence to the last of this masculine and powerful document." The Dublin *Evening Post* recommends it to his readers as a "luminous and convincing defence of the principle of united education, and as fully vindicating the Colleges against the imputation of being dangerous

to faith and morals." The address, since its publication in the newspapers, has been printed in the pamphlet shape, enriched with notes, and circulated gratuitously at considerable expense. It is felt, it would appear, that the question of the New Colleges is still in the balance, requiring the advocacy of its best and most zealous friends: hence the loud encomiums on the eloquent *brochure* of Mr. Berwick, and the extraordinary desire to have it generally read.

Entertaining, in common with all those who have the honour of Mr. Berwick's acquaintance, the very highest opinion of both his talent and eloquence, I read and studied his "address," so officiously eulogized, with the utmost attention. His brilliant pages have utterly failed to lead my mind to the conclusions at which he aims: nay, they have convinced me, and will, I doubt not, convince many others, that the securities as to religious principles in the New Colleges, are mere waste paper, calculated indeed to betray the unwary, to deceive the unsuspecting; but not such as to satisfy any Christian nation. If the Colleges are at all defensible, the genius of Berwick—I had almost said of Grattan—will undoubtedly insure them a triumph.

I enter with great diffidence on the discussion of these topics. I waited long, in the hope that the subject would be reviewed by some abler pen than mine; and now I may truly say:—

"Hæc a quovis alio quam a me,
A me potius quam a nemine scribi vellem."

At the opening of his "address," Mr. Berwick very properly pledges himself "not to use one word of recrimination, or even of complaint; but to confine himself to a plain description of what the institution is."—p. 10.

This was indeed a very judicious resolve ; but it seemed to be made only to be forgotten. He soon after complains, that "men are seen uniting in an unhallowed crusade against the march of knowledge [he means, amongst others, the Bishops], and the cause of barbarism and ignorance is unblushingly defended."

Nor is this all. The opponents of the system are by a rhetorical artifice described as only fit for the penitentiary, or Swift's Hospital. The Rev. Mr. Burke, who has written against the Colleges, is thus characterized in "the address":—

"No personal calumnies, as false as they are foul—no gross distortion or dishonest suppression of truth—no logic fetched from Bedlam—no language borrowed from Billingsgate, disfigure the pages of this eloquent divine. In his pamphlet, though written against us, it is easy to recognise the erudition of the scholar and the courtesy of the gentleman."

And whose pages, then, I should like to ask Mr. Berwick, are stuffed with calumnies and falsehoods? Who have employed the logic and language of Bedlam and Billingsgate? Who have so utterly disgraced themselves and their cause? All the other opponents of the system, against whom Mr. Berwick has just pledged himself not to utter a word of recrimination nor a whisper of complaint. Towards the close of his address, taking courage as he advances, he sketches the character of his adversary as "some half-crazed fanatic uplifting his bray against the system." But there is one other passage, which, to do justice to Mr. Berwick, must be given in full.

"Send a boy," says Mr. B., "to the University of London or Dublin ; remove him from all spiritual or parental control ; expose him to the thousand temptations that fashion and profligacy hold forth ; let him, if a

Catholic or Dissenter, be lured from his principles by every motive of interest or ambition ; then all is satisfaction and contentment :—

“ Old ladies praise it, and grave bishops bless.”

“ But, send him to these Colleges ; let the eye of his own Church be over his entire life ; let a father’s precepts and a mother’s love sanctify and direct his path ; let no allurements win him from his faith ; let no distinction stamp degradation on his brow ; then all is horror and affright ; the altars of God’s temple tremble to their base ; the earth no longer yields forth her increase ; religion flies affrighted from the land ; rejoicings are heard in hell ; and curses descend from heaven.”—p. 37.

This, I presume, is one of those magnificent passages so intensely admired by the taste of the present day. It strikes me, considering the subject, as a good specimen of the mock-heroic. But there is no disputing about tastes. The celebrated passage of Grattan was in Mr. Berwick’s mind when he elaborated the sentence. “ If you give,” says the great orator, the parson “ twelve shillings tithe in the acre of potatoes, and ten shillings for wheat, the Protestant religion is safe on a rock ; but if you reduce him to six shillings the acre for potatoes and wheat, then Jupiter shakes the heavens with his thunder, Neptune rakes up the deep with his trident, and Pluto leaps from his throne.”

But what does Mr. Berwick mean? Stripped of its rhetorical garb, what the President wants to convey to the country is simply this : that our Bishops who oppose the Colleges are a set of factious men, perfectly regardless of the faith and morals of the people. When youth is really endangered, faith assailed by bribes, and morality sapped by bad example, then contentment and satisfaction hover round the episcopal couch. But when on the

other hand, there is no danger in the way—when all is quite safe, then the bishops, fired with zeal, fill the public ear with unmeaning clamour, “curses descend from heaven.” Were these calumnies clothed in the phraseology of the Rev. Thresham Gregg, or Sir Harcourt Lees, or any other avowed opponent, they would excite only a smile of contempt; but coming from the President’s chair, the rising generation committing to memory the “splendid passage,” will be taught, in their youthful admiration of the accomplished orator, to despise with him the unprincipled prelacy of the ancient faith.

I.—Mr. B.’s charges against the Catholic Prelates examined and refuted.

Mr. Berwick charges the Catholic Prelates with factiousness and inconsistency in denouncing the Queen’s Colleges, whilst at the same time they are silent as to the dangers of Trinity College. This charge, although urged with great emphasis, is wholly unsustainable. Of two institutions hostile to Catholic principles, the one openly and expressly in opposition—the other simulating friendship, but, whilst undermining the faith in the class room or through the press, promising to confer on all the benefits of a sound education—of these institutions, which, I should like to ask Mr. Berwick, are the prelates, the guardians of the faith, called upon by duty to denounce? The one proclaims open and active hostility to Catholicism, and so far from soliciting Catholic confidence, it boasts its determination to combat and put down our religion. The other professes to serve us, seeks our co-operation, and having obtained it, places youth in the hands of the Arian or the infidel. Against which of these parties ought the Catholic Church, through her prelates, raise her warning voice? If Mr. Berwick do not

choose to reply, we have an answer from divine wisdom : "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing, and inwardly are ravening wolves."

The President suggests an excellent answer to the charge which he himself makes. Trinity College, he says (p. 14), is an "institution originally founded, richly endowed, and continually upheld, for the avowed end of promoting the Protestant religion. The very genius of the place is opposition to the Catholic persuasion : its honours, privileges, dignities, are all confined to one denomination. Securities for the peculiar views or morals of Catholics would be scouted," etc.

If this be, as it really is, and as everybody knows, the true history of our only university, what need is there of farther denunciation ? What is to be gained by it ? There it stands, a chartered institution for the support of Protestantism and the suppression of the Catholic religion, in avowed and active hostility to the ancient creed. What more can be said about it ? What has the Church to do with it ? No one goes about proclaiming what all the world knows—that fire burns, for example, or that pitch defiles, and that therefore we should be on our guard against them.

Not so the Queen's Colleges. They are not professedly Protestant institutions. On the contrary they seek for Catholic support. Rules for their government are drawn up, calculated to deceive—rules which, promising security for religion, leave the Colleges open to every impiety and heresy. Bishops are consulted as to the merits of these establishments : they unmask them ; they take from them the sheep's clothing ; they pronounce judgment after the most mature deliberation and consultation with the Head of the Church ; and forthwith they are assailed as factious and inconsistent. Had they

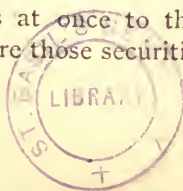
remained silent, they would have proved themselves unworthy of the high trust reposed in them.

The gratuitous circulation of such charges against the Prelacy amongst the Irish people is, in my humble judgment, very undesirable. It will improve neither their taste nor their morals ; make them neither better subjects, nor more easily governed, nor more faithful in the discharge of religious duties. The public money might have been somewhat better expended.

I read these and similar passages in "The Address" with surprise and regret. They should never have escaped Mr. Berwick's pen—they savour too much of that temper which the consciousness of a weak cause too often generates. They afford an unfavourable specimen of that moderation and correctness of views which the public have a right to expect from the President of a Queen's College. It certainly required no great stretch of charitable interpretation to suppose that the opposition of the Bishops originated in better and purer motives than those which Mr. Berwick suggested. It is very probable that the men who are assailed as "the unblushing advocates of barbarism and ignorance" have spent the best part of their lives in study themselves, and have employed all the means at their disposal in dispensing to others the blessings of education. But let us pass on to more important matter.

2.—Religious securities examined.

The religious securities in the New Colleges are to Mr. Berwick's mind perfectly satisfactory. They constitute, he observes, a material part of the system, and entitle it, he hopes, to the confidence of every sect and party. This brings us at once to the marrow of the question. Now what are those securities? Are they of



such a nature, so stringent and so well devised, as to satisfy any Christian people? But first permit me to inquire, are there any securities at all against Arianism, Socinianism, infidelity; or any test whereby the professors of these doctrines so destructive of the Christian's hope are excluded from the schools? I answer emphatically, none whatsoever. It is not even pretended that there are any. The gates of the institution are thrown wide open, without let or hindrance, to every species of impiety; to infidelity from Paris, to Socinianism from London, to Arianism from Belfast, to Vericourism from Cork—in a word, to every blasphemy which the perverted ingenuity of man has ever devised. Gracious Heavens! is this a system to be satisfied with in a Christian land? Catholicity, which, from the beginning to the end, so gloriously sustains the great dogma of the divinity of Christ, was for centuries excluded by the state from parliament and office; stringent tests impious and insulting to Christendom, were perseveringly applied for the purposes of exclusion, and are still taken by Protestants; whilst the same state prescribes no test—none whatever—to exclude infidelity, rationalism, or any other impiety, from the professor's chairs in those seminaries to which a Christian nation is invited to send its youth.

This system, I regret to say, appears to satisfy Mr. Berwick, who understands it, and others who know nothing about it, who have formed their opinions without troubling themselves to acquire knowledge on the subject. It will, no doubt, satisfy the Rev. Messrs. Hincks and Bruce and Montgomery, learned professors who impugn the divinity of Christ. It would have satisfied Von Spiegel, Bishop of Cologne, who in a similar case in our own days so scandalously betrayed the sacred trust reposed in

him ; but it will never satisfy the faithful people of Ireland—no, never.

In the midst of Socinian and infidel professors, sitting at the feet each day of such teachers, how in Heaven's name is youth to be preserved from the contamination of religious error—to be trained to virtue—impressed with the truths of Christianity, which, growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength, become their support in the day of trial and temptation? How is all this to be effected? Now observe the securities which the system provides.

The State—the very authority which throws open the doors of the Colleges to Socinianism and infidelity—appoints also deans of residence, to preserve, as best they can, some description of Christianity within its walls. *Voila le tout.*

“Such clergyman or minister,” says the State, “as *we* shall from time to time by warrant under our sign manual appoint deans of residence, shall have the moral care and spiritual charge of students of their respective creeds.”

At first, religion was altogether eliminated from these seminaries ; hence the designation of “Godless Colleges.” That idea has since been abandoned, and the minister of religion is now permitted to enter, not *as one having a divine commission*, but as the nominee of the State, under certain restrictions. The voice of the Church may be heard, like the sound of the muffled drum, in the college halls, if the priest consent to wear the livery of the State, and receive from the civil power the spiritual charge of the students of his own communion.

Upon these unequal and insidious terms the Church is now invited by the State to sustain the cause of Christianity in the midst of a sinful world. The deans of residence, nine in number, in the government colleges of

Paris, in their report to the Archbishop de Quelen in 1829, a time when it was considered desirable to introduce a spirit of religion into the schools, state, "that amid the youthful multitude who peopled the colleges, they could not count more than one in each college annually, who preserved the faith to the end of their studies." Verily, our rulers know not what they do. Consider well the terms.

One spiritual doctor, and he too appointed by the State, has to preserve and season the mind of youth against whatever of heresy, rationalism, or impiety, a whole staff of professors may bring to the establishment. How infidels throughout the world would rejoice if such terms were accepted by the episcopacy, or any section of it, in ever faithful Ireland! Well might we figure to ourselves in such an event a movement in the tomb of Voltaire, and his impious spirit again raising his head, exclaiming: *Nous avons enfin écrassé l'infame.*

3.—*The terms of the declaration which professors make examined.*

But there is one more security for Christianity in these New Colleges, which must be noticed.

Although Arianism, or irreligion of any description, is not excluded from the class room, it is, we are told, rendered perfectly innocuous by the following declaration which all professors are bound to make.

"I, A.B., do hereby promise to the President and Council of the Queen's College.....that in lectures and examinations, and in the performance of all other duties connected with my chair, I will carefully abstain from teaching or advancing any doctrine, or making any statement derogatory to the truths of revealed religion, or injurious or disrespectful to the religious convictions of any portion of my class or audience"—p. 23.

It strikes one as very strange that this promise, in so grave and important a matter in a Christian land, is made not to God, but to the president; nor is it sanctioned by any reference to an all-seeing Deity, because the person promising may have peculiar notions on these points. He therefore, promises the president not to teach any doctrine contrary to revealed religion. Now, if he be an Arian or Socinian, neither the divinity of the Son of God, nor the Trinity of Persons, being in his judgment revealed truths, he may consistently with his pledge advance his doctrines upon these subjects; nor can it be said that his teaching is injurious or disrespectful to the religious convictions of others. To propagate a sound philosophy whereby antiquated dogmas are exploded in becoming and courteous language, cannot, the Arian holds, be fairly considered injurious or disrespectful to the erroneous convictions of others. And who, pray, is to detect the false teaching of this professor—the subtle poison of religious error, which, St. Paul says, spreads like a canker? The youth: the very lad who for the purpose of learning is sent to the lecture room. He it is who has to watch the movements of his master, to detect his false reasoning, and to give the alarm when any proposition inconsistent with revealed truth is announced. The dean of residence may visit the class room, but can he visit eight class rooms at the same time for three or four hours every day? And will it not be easy during this visit for the professor to suppress *pro tempore* his peculiar opinions? The penalty for violating the promise of non-interference in religious opinion is as follows.

“The offending professor shall be summoned before the council, and upon sufficient evidence of his having transgressed, shall be formally warned and reprimanded

by the president; and if the professor be guilty of a repetition of said or similar offence, the president shall forthwith suspend him from his functions, and take steps officially to recommend to the crown his removal from office."—p. 23.

What a scene is here presented. The professor teaching, for example, Arianism, is summoned before an Arian council, and some Christian youth appears to give evidence of the teaching of this soul-destroying heresy; which evidence, if deemed sufficient by such tribunal, then the Arian professor shall be *formally* warned and reprimanded by his brother Arian in the president's chair, and forthwith the offending and detected Arian professor, after such admonition, is sent back: to recant his errors? No, but to undertake again the instruction of the Christian youth of Ireland. And if the professor lapse into Arianism, or any other heresy a second time, is he forthwith to be dismissed? Not at all. But the president is bound by rule, although under no penalty, to recommend his dismissal to the crown, and then he is either dismissed or retained, at the pleasure of the prime minister. How such a case is likely to terminate, we may easily conjecture from the Rev. Mr. Gorham's successful retention of office, notwithstanding his evidently heretical teaching, his rejection of the graces of baptism, and the strong and oft-repeated remonstrances of his bishop.

A bench of Orange magistrates, under the presidency of my Lord Roden, to try a brother Orangeman for professing Orange principles, on the testimony of a Popish stripling, will convey to the mind a correct idea of the danger to which an Arian professor, for propagating Arian principles, is exposed before an Arian council.

The securities, then, are—there is no concealing it—an enormous mockery—a system full of false pretences,

which, if not rejected, will assuredly bring, in time, the youth of Ireland within the range of all the worst influences to which poor human nature, in its pilgrimage through life, is exposed. If the securities, as they now stand, were submitted to the revision of a committee of Arians of the strongest antichristian feeling, I do not see what they would have to change in them. They could not expect in a Christian land more favourable or better terms for the gradual and tacit propagation of their impieties.

4.—*The evils of the Collegiate system slowly develop themselves.*

The evils of the Collegiate system will not be developed at once : the work will proceed for a time gradually, almost imperceptibly. Submission to the authority of our Church in her teaching, is not to be represented at first as a Popish weakness unworthy of independent minds. Nothing of the kind is to be thus early attempted. The effect of this education will be in the first instance an avoidance of Catholic practices, a studied concealment of Catholic doctrines and convictions, to fit us the better for Protestant or Arian intercourse ; the sacraments less frequented, and less reverence for the sacred character of the priesthood—Protestants have none at all ; and we know how easily youth imbibe the feelings and tastes of their associates : in a word, Catholic principles and practices—everything whereby Catholic feeling is cherished and fortified, must be placed in abeyance, in order to enjoy the full benefit of a Protestant state education. What more, to begin with, can the enemies of Catholicity desire?

5.—*The grounds upon which Catholic support is sought are quite insufficient.*

Mr. Berwick claims for the new institution, Catholic support upon the most extraordinary grounds: "That in these colleges all persuasions stand upon the common platform of religious equality"—p. 40. This claim he puts forward again and again as the great boast—the perfection of the system, in his opinion. But is it a thing to be admired? How easily are men even of far more than average talents carried away by high-sounding phraseology! All persuasions, forsooth!—that is, error of every description—it means nothing less—is placed in this establishment on the same footing with truth. The faith which reverently professes the divinity of Christ, and the Arianism which denies it; the admission of the sacramental graces of Baptism, or the rejection of the sacrament; the faith holding the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, as revealed in the sacred records, or the impiety which explodes the divine revelation; all—yea, all—are placed by this much lauded system on a perfect equality. How dazzling is the enlightenment of the nineteenth century which challenges public admiration for this philosophy of Mr. Berwick! The natural effect of such teaching is at once to produce a complete religious indifference—a philosophic latitudinarianism, which learned men disguise in our days under the unmeaning cant of "Common Christianity." When youth perceives that the university makes no distinction between different and contradictory dogmas, they at once conclude, that as all cannot be true, all are equally false; and forthwith giving to the winds the religious convictions which they brought from their father's fireside, become, in the Queen's College, learned

educated, philosophic unbelievers. Oh! what a harvest of infidelity would not these colleges have produced had they not been condemned by the Father of the Faithful, and had not bishops been exhorted to withdraw therefrom Christian youth!

Let us consider the subject under another point of view. A Protestant youth, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, changes his creed as often as he pleases, and always remains a Protestant. He holds, for example, apostolic succession with the Bishop of Exeter, or he rejects it with the Archbishop of Dublin, and still remains a Protestant. The doctrine of the real presence in the Eucharist, he either rejects with the majority of the Anglicans, or perchance admits with Dr. Pusey and innumerable others. No matter which; in either case, his Protestantism is quite safe. He rejects the teaching of the Church on the subject of the eternal torments of the damned with Dr. Bruce of Belfast; the necessity of Baptism with Dr. Gorham; he is still a true Protestant. He at length, in the wanderings of his imagination, embraces the ancient heresy of the Gnostics, the Sabellians, the Pelagians, or any of the impieties which Professor de Vericour's book contains; he is not less a Protestant on that or any other account. His faith cannot be lost—simply because he has none. The boasted principle of private judgment fully justifies whatever error he may choose to adopt. He entertains no fears on entering these colleges, bearing no sacred treasures about him. *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.* Not so with the Catholic; if he abandon the teaching of the Church in any one article, he loses his faith, without which it is impossible to please God. He is no longer a Catholic; he returns to his home an apostate from the belief of his fathers. The Protestant youth, on leaving the Queen's

College, although no believer in the Book of Common Prayer—in the Catechism—in the sacraments—in the Thirty-nine Articles—is a Protestant notwithstanding. The Catholic, on the other hand, if his faith in any one point has been shaken by the jeers or the raillery of faithless companions, or disturbed by the insidious reasoning of professors, returns an outcast from the Church of God, separated from the communion of the faithful. What strange ignorance it is to talk of granting the same securities to the children of the faith, and to those who wander beyond the pale of the Church, whithersoever the *ignis fatuus* of private judgment in religion leads!

If Mr. Berwick means to say that in the colleges the ever-varying tenets of Protestantism have no more security than the unchanged and unchangeable truths of Catholicism, then is the President evidently mistaken. The nomination of professors in the New Colleges is vested in the Sovereign, who is sworn to uphold Protestant worship; and ceasing to profess it, she forfeits her right to the crown. Is there a similar protection, or anything like it, for the truths of Catholicity? If the Catholic prelacy enjoyed the right of appointing all the professors, could it be said with any show of truth that Protestant opinion and Catholic faith had equal protection in the Colleges? How strange that such an assertion has been repeatedly hazarded. Let the words of the President of Galway be inscribed on the door-posts, and written over the gateways of the Queen's Colleges. Nothing better or more appropriate can be devised to warn away the faithful.

Error, heresy, truth, impiety under every denomination, are equally protected here. "All persuasions in these Colleges stand upon the common platform of religious equality."

6.—*The effects of the Collegiate system.*

Vain, indeed, and illusory must be all attempts, after having freely admitted infidelity, Arianism, and all other heresies, into the class halls, to seek to guard youth against their pernicious influence. It is a giving up, a weak and criminal surrender of our strongholds to the enemy—a betrayal of the holy cause of Catholicity.

What does experience teach on this subject? Let us trace for a moment as rapidly as possible, the practical working, at home and abroad, of this most eulogised system of education.

The government colleges and universities of the Continent, from which the directing and controlling influence of the Catholic Church has been rigorously and jealously excluded, are represented by Protestant writers who have visited them, as “seats of infidelity.” The University of Halle in Prussia, of Leipsic in Saxony, of Copenhagen in Denmark, of Gottingen in Hanover, of Breslau in Silesia, of Utrecht, Leyden, and Groningen in Holland, of Geneva in Switzerland, etc., are all of that character.

I cannot avail myself, for want of space, of the one-hundredth part of the testimony on this head now lying before me.

Dr. H. Cooke, of the Synod of Ulster, says: “Wherever Arians have got possession of the academies, they have invariably produced ministers of their own description. This appears from public documents to be true of the academy and church of Geneva, *and of a number of other academies* and churches of the Continent of Europe”—*Fourth Parliamentary Report of Education, printed 1827, p. 169.*

I find upon the same page the following amusing questions and answers :

“What do you think Calvin would now think of the doctrines of the Church of Geneva? *Rev. H. Cooke*—He would think them very bad. Do you think he would subscribe to them? No; or else he has changed his opinions very much.”

“Is it your opinion that they have become not only very different, but almost the converse? Quite the converse. They are a mixture of Arianism and Socinianism and something called Neonomianism, that I do not clearly understand.”

The youth of Ireland will soon be initiated in the mysteries of Neonomianism, which Dr. Cooke seems not to be able to fathom; for they are no more interdicted in the Queen’s Colleges than any other heresy.

“The University of Halle,” says another writer, “may be considered as the cradle and nursery of Neology, or rationalism, as it called in Germany. Among the six hundred theological students that are at present there, I could only meet with two brothers who are truly pious young men: *the rest are infidels*. At the University of Leipsic things are almost in a worse state than at Halle.” *See Religious State of the Continent, by R. Haldane, p. 57.*

“A large portion of the Protestant Churches hailed these principles [of rationalism] with delight, as a pure system of Christianity. It was taught by her divines from the pulpits, *by her professors from the chairs*; it was addressed to the old, to free them from the weight and burden of ancient prejudices and observances; and to the young, as that knowledge which alone could make them truly wise, or send them into life with right or rational views”—*Rev. Mr. Rose’s Sermons.*

“Being educated at a classical school,” says Professor

Tholuck of Berlin, in a speech delivered in London in 1825, at the general meeting of the Continental Society, "as is the custom in our country [Prussia], our religious teacher did not give us any higher idea of Christianity, than of the religion of Homer or Herodotus. Christ was, according to him, a good man, but somewhat enthusiastic."—*Quoted by Haldane*, p. 58.

The following is the testimony of a native of the Continent, who is represented as having travelled much in Germany, Sweden, and Norway :

"I never remember," he says, "to have heard the Gospel preached except once or twice ; and although it was my custom to visit the clergy in every town and village when I had an opportunity, and I also have been intimate with many, I can say that I did not meet with more than two that I remember, who I have reason to think were Christians."—*Quoted by Haldane*, p. 88.

"Here is the root of the evil in the principal German universities, where a set of unprincipled men, calling themselves by the name of Christians, are licensed by the government to disseminate the most antichristian doctrines."—*Ditto*, p. 58.

"Our university weighs us down. It oppresses conscience. With an afflicted heart I declare, that if I were a father, I should rather a thousand times see my children remain in ignorance all their lives, than expose them to the horrible chance which I have myself run of purchasing a little knowledge at the price of faith—at the price of all there is of purity and bloom in the soul—of honour and virtue in the heart."—*Proces verbal de M. Camballot*, p. 72.

"In the interior of the colleges there are no religious practices, no pious instructions. There you find little philosophers, of slender knowledge, but puffed up with

vanity and pride, judging, jeering, insulting, calumniating, whoever opposes their little stock of learning, acquired in the classes of the universities—insolent deserters of all morality—old men at the age of fifteen or twenty years, of ghastly countenance, eyes dimmed and lascivious—sad victims of that *mal hauteux* which ruins the constitution, destroys the faculty of thinking, taints the blood of the heart, calcined by the fires of the lascivious passions—beings without a God, without a worship, without knowledge of any of the moral duties of man.”—*L'Abbé Vedrine.*

“Who does not feel the necessity of breaking at length with this *regime* of pride [the university system], of jealousy, of rivalry without feeling, and of triumph without humility, ruining in the breasts of so many young men the little of Gospel principle which religious instruction had deposited there? This has been my education; and I now recall with horror what I was on my leaving the National Schools. I recollect what were all my companions, with whom I was most closely connected. Were we excellent citizens? I know not; but assuredly we were not Christians: we had not even the weakest beginnings of faith.”—*M. Agenor de Gasparin.*

The following extract from the eloquent pen of Count de Montalembert, will be read by every Catholic in Ireland with the deepest attention:

“How can we hope in fact that man will become moral and intellectual under a system of education and society where youth is successively, or at the same time, moulded in the spirit of the age and the spirit of the sanctuary—in incredulity and in faith? The teaching of the professor agrees in nothing with the teaching of the priesthood. He retains some shreds of faith, and some of reason. These two chairs at variance introduce trouble

and disorder into his ideas. The youth should have two souls ; he has but one ; it is drawn and torn in contrary directions : he is astonished at the contradiction between that which is inculcated in the family circle, and that which is taught in the college course. He begins to suspect that it is all one great comedy ; that society does not believe one word of what it teaches. He thinks within himself that all this must not be of much importance, since society and the State treat it so lightly and contemptuously. His faith expires, his reason grows cold, his soul dries up, his enthusiasm changes into indifference and discouragement. There remains for him of such an education, only just enough of two opposing principles to excite an intestine war of contradictory thoughts in the soul, and prevent him from being in peace even with himself in this life, which has commenced in inconsistencies, and is continued in contradictions.”—p. 94.

How prophetic from the same pen is the following passage ! how minutely descriptive of what has lately happened in Paris, although spoken several years since ! Is it possible that Ireland will not be warned in time ?

“Each year these legions of young *litterati* will continue to leave the university—invading every rank—encumbering the public administration and all the offices—ready even to overthrow, by their ambitious pretensions, the barriers which society and previous possession opposed to them—infusing every where a bitter polemic spirit in the journals and political clubs. Hence this war, these outrages, these combats, which, troubling the peace of society, cherish the concealed fire of discontent, the febrile ardour of revolution, and, perhaps, the uncertainties of the future. These miseries we create : we ourselves foment. Hence so many unquiet spirits with-

out any distinct pursuit, and what is sometimes worse, without any religious education to counterbalance that presumption natural to their age, which so often leads them astray. The masses unprovided with religious belief—afflicted by a sad scepticism, the malady of the age, often betray their secret discontent; they know nothing of any right but that of force, nor of any title but that of victory, nor of any good but that of fortune.”

These few extracts (I shall perhaps discuss the point more fully on another occasion) exhibit in sad colours indeed the deplorable effects of mixed education on society abroad. The whole Continent emphatically announces the fact, that education from which church control is excluded, forms the shortest road to infidelity. If the training of youth in the class halls be committed by the state to the Arian or infidel professors calling themselves Christians, faith—the gift of God—will, ere long, be undervalued, undermined, and wholly subverted. In such a system man becomes

“———— a wreck at random driven,
Without a glimpse of reason or of Heaven.”

7.—*The effects of the Collegiate system at home.*

Turning our eyes homeward, what does experience teach?

The Belfast Academical Institution, founded and endowed by the State in 1814, on the principle of mixed education, became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry in 1825.

The government of the College was intrusted, it appears, to a president, four vice-presidents, twenty managers, eight elective visitors, and thirteen *ex officio* visitors, including always amongst them the Primate of Ireland for the time being, the Bishops of Dromore and Down and Connor, and their successors, the Provost of Trinity College, and the Moderator of the Ulster Synod.

These governors, or board of directors, were invested with the right to appoint professors and masters of the College, to regulate its whole internal economy, preserving always inviolate the principle on which it was founded.

The parliamentary commissioners having investigated the state of the institution, published their report in 1827, in which they announce, that, amongst the professors, "The Rev. Mr. Bruce, professor of Latin and Greek; Rev. Mr. Hincks, professor of Hebrew, and head master of the classical school; Rev. Mr. M'Ewen, the lecturer on elocution; and Rev. Mr. Montgomery, the master of the English school, were Arians."—p. 19.

What their principles are—what dogmas of Christian faith they admit—and what they reject, will be best known from the learned professors themselves. The following extracts from their evidence on oath, omitting matter which may be considered irrelevant to our present purpose, will be read with attention, the subject being one of deep interest.

The examination of the Rev. William Bruce, B.A. of Trinity College, Dublin, professor of Greek and Latin languages in the Belfast Institution :

"Have you cure of souls? Yes. Where? In this town. Do you feel at liberty to address direct worship to our Saviour Jesus Christ? We do not. Have you in any public discourses suggested that those who are condemned are ultimately to be annihilated? Never, that I recollect. I have not formed any such opinion or any opinion on that point. Are you aware that it is expressly suggested by your father? It is. I rather believe in universal restitution than in annihilation. I do not, however, pretend to be decided even upon that point." He seems decided only in rejection of the divinity of Christ.—p. 77.

Examination of the Rev. Thomas Dix Hincks, p. 82.

"I am master of the classical school, and I am also professor of Hebrew. Do you consider Jesus Christ to be God? I do not. In any sense of the word? In any sense of the word I should not apply the term *God* to him. You consider him a created being? Yes. And there was a time when he was not? Yes. What meaning do you attach to the expression *The Holy Ghost*? I have not really clear ideas upon that subject." In the rejection of the divinity of the Son of God, like his brother professor, he is quite clear. "In what manner did you become recommended to them [the electors of the Belfast Institution]? I had a great number of testimonials. I had testimonials from the present Primate, then Archbishop of Dublin; from the present Archbishop of Dublin; from the late Archbishop of Cashel; from the present Bishop of Cork, on an acquaintance of twenty or thirty years; from the present Bishop of Limerick; and from other clergymen of the Established Church. Was it known that you were in connexion with that Synod [the Arian Synod of Munster], at the time you obtained those testimonials from the dignitaries you have mentioned? Yes, I suppose so. It was a matter of general notoriety what my opinions were; I never attempted to conceal them."

The Rev. H. Montgomery examined, p. 47 :

"I do not profess to be a believer in the doctrine of the Trinity—I wish to state that distinctly. Those who are called New Lights may be divided into two classes, what are technically called High Arians and Low Arians. They (the Low Arians) do not believe in the propriety of worshipping Jesus Christ. With regard to original sin, they are not believers in that doctrine. They (the High Arians) believe that a person may be saved out of

the pale of the Christian church. I conceive that a number of Arians, both High and Low, conceive that the Holy Spirit is merely a mode of the operation of the Deity. Are you a High Arian? I am rather inclined to High Arianism in some points, in others not."

We have clearly and unmistakably before us in these extracts the principles of these men in their own words. Their faith—if faith it may be called—is totally subversive of the Christian's hope. The professor of Hebrew, an *élève* of Trinity College, Dublin, boldly denies the divinity of the Second Person of the ever blessed Trinity, and candidly confesses that he knows not at all what to think of the Third Person. Professor Bruce appears still more puzzled. The doctrine of eternal punishments he repudiates; but whether the damned shall be annihilated or at some time or other restored to favour, he cannot make out. Upon these points he has not made up his mind, although it appears he has the care of souls and the instruction of others. The Rev. Mr. Montgomery is very emphatic in his rejection of the doctrine of the Trinity, but on other points he represents himself as wavering between High and Low Arianism. The lecturer on elocution follows the see-saw motion, now high, now low, of his brother professors.

Is this state of things, which has, on the principle of mixed education, arisen in our own days under our own eyes, in our own country, satisfactory to a Christian people? Will the same state of things occur in the New Colleges? Already similar appointments have been made, and Mr. Berwick must tell us that there is nothing whatsoever to prevent it. The right to appoint professors in the Queen's Colleges is vested in Her Majesty's minister. The right to appoint in the Belfast Institution is more safely vested, one would think, in a board, of

which three bishops, the Provost of Trinity College, and the Moderator of the Ulster Synod, are members. Now if the latter have appointed Arian or Socinian professors what is to save the Queen's Colleges from such, or even worse, appointments?

The question then recurs: Are we satisfied to entrust the youth of Ireland in the class rooms to the teaching of such men?

At the present moment, whilst hundreds, blessed be God, are coming to the Catholic Church—whilst the *elite* of Oxford, the most learned in the universities, are giving up station and wealth, severing the dearest ties which bind man to society, exposing themselves to the persecution even of their nearest friends, joining at every sacrifice the Church in whose tabernacles alone they find shelter from the confusion of opinions which prevails without—whilst numbers even in advanced years are thus, through a sense of danger, attracted to us for safety from every class, shall we expose the youth of the Church itself, youth always too easily led astray, to the conflict of infidel and Arian opinions in the halls and class rooms of the Queen's Colleges? To do so would be an abandonment of the dearest interests of the rising generation—a betrayal of the sacred cause of Christianity. Why should we unnecessarily expose youth to such dangers?

8.—*The necessity in these times of strengthening the outworks of the faith.*

Instead of giving up the outworks and defence of faith and morals, we have great need of redoubling them in this corrupt age. Under the combined and harmonious efforts of parent, priest, and professor, we have often seen youth escape from school with very slight traces of

religious convictions. What if these controlling powers were in opposition, some inculcating error, others seeking to counteract it? Training youth to virtue—directing it in the pursuit of knowledge—cultivating the heart and enlightening the mind, with a view to form not only the accomplished gentleman, or man of this world, but what is of infinitely more importance, the true Christian—is one of the noblest, but at the same time, most difficult professions to which man can aspire. Read the lives of the venerable John Baptiste de Salle, St. Camillus de Lellis, or of any of those great benefactors of mankind who have devoted themselves to the education of youth. Observe the Heavenly wisdom which shines in their system—what unceasing attention is ever paid to preserve the purity of morals, to inculcate Catholic principle; and we shall easily perceive our own great deficiency. Instead of a retrograde motion, falling back upon the latitudinarian principles of these times, we should study earnestly and assiduously to advance, communicating to youth a higher tone of Catholic feeling, such as characterized the saints of olden times. We have fallen far below the standard of Catholic teaching. What schools gave to the world a St. Charles Borromeo, a St. Bernard, a St. Thomas á Becket, a St. Francis de Sales, a Bossuet, a Fenelon, a Sir Thomas More? What minds were more highly cultivated than those of Malebranche, Descartes, Tasso, Vida? And is the ancient Church, after having for eighteen centuries and upwards preserved the faith in all its integrity, producing the noblest characters that ever did honour to the name of man, to call in Protestantism, teeming with every heresy, to assist, nay, to direct us *now* in the training up of the rising generation, the children of the faith? Who could have conceived or sanctioned such a project?

9.—*The engagement of not tampering with the religious principles of the pupils illusory.*

The professors, we shall be again told, sign a solemn engagement not to tamper with the religious principles of their pupils. The engagement is an illusion ; it binds them to nothing, as I have already proved. It is mere waste paper. Holding their Arian and Socinian, or heretical impieties, they must, whether they will it or not, make bad impressions on Christian youth. Upon this most important point, which decides the whole question of the Colleges, I invite the attention of every man capable of thought, to the reasoning of one who has spoken from experience on the subject.

The Rev. Dr. Cooke of the Ulster Synod, in his examination cited above, alluding to the danger of infidel and Arian professors in Belfast, although they had signed an engagement not to interfere with the religious opinions of those in their class, says :

“ It is true that the department of a professor may not immediately connect itself with religion ; but the character of the professor will inculcate his peculiar religious principles more effectually than any lectures. If the public character of a professor be Arian or Socinian, it will be vain to bind him not to inculcate his opinions ; his literary character and influential position will do the work for him most effectually ; and no matter what his department may be, upon the religious opinions of his pupils his own religious character will make more or less impression. One of the greatest evils of modern education has been, that the concerns of religion have been made to bend to the imaginary interests of literature and science.”

The same opinion was shared by two of the Commissioners, Leslie Foster and J. Glassford, Esquires. In a joint letter, addressed to Sir Robert Peel, 1827, they state :

“We are satisfied that *as yet* these appointments [of Arian professors] have not led to an extension of Arian doctrines amongst the Presbyterian body. But we apprehend that professors and masters, in the performance of duties which are assigned to their offices, must necessarily be swayed by their own views upon so important a subject ; and that *a powerful though tacit influence must be continually exercised by them upon the young persons in their classes.* The pupils must feel a general respect for the judgment of the able persons by whom they are instructed, whose principles are no secret, and who, though silent in respect of such questions within the hall of the institution, are not so upon *other occasions.*”—*Fourth Report on Education in Ireland*, p. 27.

There is so much of common sense in these observations, so clear a perception of what must necessarily occur, that few, I imagine, will be inclined to controvert them. It is much easier, indeed, for Mr. Berwick, in his “address,” to assail such reasoning, as the dictum “*of some half-crazed fanatics, uplifting their bray*” against the collegiate system, than to undertake its refutation.

Professors, it is well observed by the Commissioners, bound not to assail the religious principles of the pupils in the class room, will not be silent on other occasions. We have, through the good providence of God, at this moment a most striking case in point.

M. De Vericour, professor in the Queen’s College, Cork, has just published a work, in which Catholicity is assailed with a vengeance. The author seems to have a leaning to Judaism, considerable sympathy with Mahomedanism ;

but the religion of our country is the object of his utter abhorrence. Granting that he had been silent on the subject in the class room, will not his pestilential teaching reach his pupils through some other channel? Forming a most exaggerated opinion of the genius and learning of their professors, as students, through inexperience, generally do, they will read and receive the numberless heresies which he inculcates without examination.

It has been observed by a distinguished French writer, with a true knowledge of human nature : " Les jeunes gens surtout se font gloire d'imiter les savants professeurs ou ceux qui leur apparaissent comme des célébrités : 'Regis ad exemplar totus componitur orbis.' "

A few such works from the "admired professors," I am thoroughly persuaded, would reduce the number of Christians in the halls of the Queen's Colleges to as low a standard as that of the royal institutes at Paris. The crime of national apostacy will be laid to the charge of those false prophets, who as Ezechiel remarks : "Follow their own spirit, and see nothing ; who have not gone up to face the enemy, nor have they set up a wall for the house of Israel to stand in battle in the day of the Lord."

10.—*The dangers of the Collegiate system not to be averted by the deans of residence.*

Mr. Berwick himself sees the dangers of these irresponsible teachers. He is unable to conceal his fears. *Magna est veritas et prævalebit.* At page 24, he says : "In the case of metaphysics, we do not enforce attendance of the students on the lectures of the professor." And why not? Because he knows, as everybody knows, that in such lectures the Arian or infidel might sap the

foundation of Christian faith. Is there not a similar danger in every other class, or even in the anatomy room, when infidelity presides? Who does not see the wide field open to the ingenious professor to impress the plastic mind of youth with whatever principles he pleases? The professor, for example, eulogizes as distinguished philosophers—as models for imitation, men whom Christianity must ever condemn. The student is taught to applaud false virtue, which religion disavows—laws of honour, which it abhors—to venerate as heroes, reformers in religion, benefactors of society, men whose principles it utterly reprobates. Julian the apostate is somewhat of a favourite with most Protestant writers. Trajan, the author of the third Christian persecution, is pronounced by Lord Orrery in his letters to his son as a “blameless character.”

The duty of the dean of residence, when the hour of religious instruction arrives, is to undo what the professor has done, to place before the student a different standard of virtue—far other models for his imitation; but, knowing that man is prone to evil from his infancy, it remains a doubtful case which shall make the most lasting impression. In one of the French royal colleges the dean of residence, the *aumonier* as he is called, had to prepare the Catholic youth for first communion: the professor had already taught them the propriety of getting rid of antiquated notions and old traditions, to judge in all matters for themselves; and the result was, on the day of holy communion (a fact which I publish with great pain), several of the youths, to establish their right to private judgment, went first to the refectory, breakfasted, and then made their first communion—most likely it was their last.

The means adopted by state-appointed professors and

students abroad, to screen their college from the charge of irreligion, exhibit in a striking point of view the fruits of a bad system. I give the account in the original :

“ Dans une école spéciale, pour concilier les bienséances publiques avec la commodité particulière, on avait imaginé l'expédient de faire assister les élèves à la messe par députation. Ailleurs on a vu, avec une sorte d'épouvante, presque tout un lycée, les chefs à la tête, approcher à jour fixe de la table sainte, et recevoir le corps d'un Dieu sur cette même langue qui la veille prêchait l'athéisme. C'est ainsi qu'on prétendait répondre au reproche d'irréligion.”

In the ninth section of the Maynooth College Act of 1795, it is provided : “ That no person professing the Protestant religion, or whose father professed it, is to be received or educated there ; and any teacher instructing any Protestant there, to be made liable to certain penalties.”

These precautions Protestants deem necessary to preserve their religion. Be it so. We have never complained. We are solicitous only about our own flock ; and is not our right to educate our children in our own faith, and to protect them from the danger of apostacy, as good and as valid by the divine and natural law, as that of any Protestants in the whole world ? Why are we denounced because we refuse to send Catholic youth to Protestant and Arian colleges, the professors of which are appointed by a Protestant government ?

II.—*To tamper with a nation's faith, most perilous.*

For what wise purpose do our rulers tamper with a nation's faith ? What creed has ever-changing Protestantism to offer in its stead ? To which of its conflicting

sects are we to adhere? Are we to become Puseyites, or something more modern—Gorhamites, or Sublapsarians—Calvinists, or Arians—High Church or Low Church? What phase of religious reform is to attract our regards? If we leave Catholicity, the dear home of our fathers, shall we, as a matter of course, horde with some or other of the innumerable sects of Protestantism? Does the history of the last century afford the slightest ground for such an expectation? Since the full development of the principle of private judgment into endless sectarianism, all those who have abandoned Catholicity, have fallen entirely from the Christian faith. During the unhappy period of the French Revolution, thousands have ceased to be Catholics, without adding, says Macaulay, a unit to the ranks of Protestantism. All went directly into infidelity. When the sad delirium had passed away, and man began to think, Catholicity regained in great part its ancient territory, no one stopping at the half-way house of Protestantism on his return from infidelity—the *terra tenebrosa et cooperta caligine mortis*—to the fair and beauteous domain of Christianity.

With these facts before our eyes, I would ask of the framers of the College Act, and those who co-operate with them, to pause and inquire: If Ireland cease to be Catholic, she as a matter of course becomes infidel. We can have no apprehension, after resisting for centuries the influence of power and the violence of persecution, that the nation will become Protestant; but in the wicked attempt to proselytize, the faith may be undermined, and reckless, daring, impious infidelity, as in other countries, arise in its stead.

12.—*The spread of Arianism in Ulster.*

Arianism, another name for infidelity, has been embraced, according to the testimony of Mr. Montgomery, by the Presbyterian population of the North to a great extent. The believers in the doctrine of the Trinity and the divinity of the Son, he thinks more numerous than the Arian party; but he decides the question with some hesitation. This heresy spreads principally among the upper and middle classes. "One of the four vice-presidents, and several of the managers and visitors, a majority amongst the acting managers, profess, it is said, Arian principles."—*Parliamentary Report*, pp. 19, 27.

Of the progress of these opinions, the Rev. James Carlile gives the following statement in his examination before the Education Commissioners, p. 130:

"Arianism, when it was introduced, was the fashionable philosophy of the day. It came from Scotland, into Ireland, *from some of the professors there*. It became fashionable for a time in this country also; and those who held orthodox sentiments [that is, believed in the divinity of Christ], were looked upon as men of little science or talent."

What an awful state of things in a Christian land! Arianism the worst impiety of early times, the fashionable philosophy of latter days, smiling at the mental imbecility which admits the divinity of the ever-blessed Saviour! Shortly after its introduction by a few professors from Glasgow, its adherents became in certain districts almost as numerous as those who bow down in profound adoration before God made man.

With these sad and deplorable results before us in one province, are we prepared to sanction for the other provinces, a system of education which throws open the

college halls to Arianism, or any other soul-destroying heresy which the spirit of pride or disobedience has generated?

13.—*Dr. Doyle's testimony.*

Dr. Doyle has been quoted by Mr. Berwick with a great flourish of trumpets, as approving of the system—as its champion, under the shield of whose mighty name, Mr. Berwick tells us, he fears no opponent. I have known the venerable prelate long. I passed my happiest days under his roof, and had been much honoured with his friendship; and I hesitate not to say that, rather than sanction such a system, he would have willingly passed his days in the dungeon, or suffered at the stake.

This, Mr. Berwick, before he called him to his aid, might have also known. Dr. Doyle asserts, in the very letter from which Mr. Berwick quotes, the right of the Church, as an incontrovertible principle, to interfere independently and effectually in the educational department. "In every state," says the Bishop, "whether Christian or pagan, the instruction of youth has been confided to the ministers of religion: for those who are esteemed capable of preaching truth or morality to the community at large, must be deemed most fit to regulate the education of children If the government be disposed, meantime, to fulfil one of its first and most sacred duties, by providing for the education of the people, is not the course to be pursued obvious? Why hesitate to intrust the education of the child to his own parents, or to the pastor whom the parent selects? Why weigh in opposite scales the natural and original rights of the Catholic clergy of this country against the unfounded pretensions and usurped authority of a self-

constituted society, or of any society composed of men whose religious opinions would form a very Babel, who feel no interest in giving them such education as their parents wish for, as their religion requires, or as God enjoins—nay, who feel and profess, many of them, a direct interest or desire in debauching the minds of youth, by withdrawing them from the authority of their parents and pastors, and inducing them to go with themselves afloat upon an ocean of doubt, to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine, the victims of their own ignorance, or error, or passions?”

Does this look like giving his sanction to the principle of the Colleges which would place Catholic youth in the hands of Arians, Socinians, Deists?

Again, the venerable prelate writes: “Do we wish or require to be entrusted with the public instruction? No; we seek only that the portion of it which regards ourselves be entrusted to us; we do not desire to put our sickle into another man’s harvest: all we require is, that you observe the commandment of Christ: ‘Whatever you wish that men do to you, do you to them in like manner.’ You would not confide the instruction of your children to us: do not oblige us to entrust ours to you Do not afflict us by interposing your authority between us and our children; do not estrange from us the mind or affection of our little ones, or teach them from their infancy to regard the stranger as entitled to their confidence; do not intimate to them that their parents and pastors are unfit to train their mind and form their heart, or to introduce them to the world. If your object is to seduce them from the faith for which we have suffered, and into which they have been baptized, avow it—tell us so, and we will retire with them into the desert, and tell our misfortunes to

the rocks, or we will cease to beget children in our bondage, and let our name be forgotten and our race extinguished."

Dr. Doyle, it would appear, rather than surrender the inalienable right of giving such education as parents wish for, as religion requires, or God enjoins, would say at once: Let the country perish, and our name and race be extinguished for ever. To introduce the venerable prelate as an approver of the system which Mr. Berwick advocates, and thus attempt to mislead public opinion, is not dealing fairly or honourably with the living or the illustrious dead.

14.—*Trinity College subverted the faith of many.*

It comes upon me with surprise to hear from Mr. Berwick (p. 14), that Catholics have frequented Trinity College with perfect security. Scenes the most afflicting that can be presented to the contemplation of a religious mind, have been the result of a Trinity education. "It has been set up for the ruin of many in Israel." In 1835 an *élève* of the University, once a Catholic, and gifted by God with the highest talent, lay on his death bed a hopeless infidel, with a case of pistols under his pillow, to assail the minister of religion who should approach him at that time. To this frightful state was the child of Catholic parents reduced before his twentieth year, by the system of mixed education in Trinity College. The unhappy youth expired, giving in his last agony some equivocal signs of repentance. Has Mr. Berwick never heard of the O'Beirnes, the Delacys, the O'Sullivans, the Sheehans, the Phelans, the Moriartys, *et hoc genus omne*? Has he never heard of those now prowling about the famine-stricken districts of Ireland, seeking to make one proselyte? and when they make him, they make him

tenfold more the child of Hell than before. Who are these ministers of sin and dissension, tempting man, in his poverty, to barter his soul to procure a little food for the body? The apostates of Trinity College. Mr. Berwick, in a note to his "address," intimates that he has heard of this apostacy. "Some Catholics," he says, "are supposed not to have been proof against the high lures which are presented in that University." Too many, alas! corrupted by bad example, and allured by place and pension, have made sad shipwreck of the faith: whilst others who have retained it, have lost all of Catholic feeling.

To prove that in a mixed system of education faith is safe, Mr. Berwick refers to Trinity College (p. 14); again (in p. 37) he represents the same Trinity College as wholly unsafe for Catholic youth. He eulogizes the bishops (p. 14, as "faithful watchmen, whose eyes ever open to the interests of their flocks, would have descried the faintest symptoms of danger, and whose warning voices would have sounded the alarm." Again, (in p. 37) he censures the bishops, who are, he says, all satisfied and contented when youth is exposed "to the thousand temptations that fashion and profligacy hold forth." With the wily rhetorician who can thus wield facts and arguments, it is vain for simple folk to attempt to cope.

15.—*The duty of the State in reference to education.*

The nature of the duties of the State in reference to education is not always rightly and accurately understood.

The State and the church have distinct yet corresponding missions. The one, to preserve order in society, to govern all, to rule in justice and equity. "Let every soul be subject to the higher power"—*Rom.*, xiii. 1. The other, to propagate the doctrines of Christianity, to

enforce its laws, uphold its ordinances, to bring up youth thoroughly imbued with the knowledge of its saving truths, and to preserve them free from all taint of error. "Go, teach all nations."—*St. Matthew*, xxvi.

The object of the State is happiness here; of the church, happiness hereafter. Both institutions, within their own sphere, when properly directed, tend admirably to the one great end.

In latter times, the governments in the several countries of Europe, seduced by a false philosophy, the bitter fruits of which they have been compelled long since to taste, and neglectful of their own legitimate mission, have laboured unwisely to set aside the Church of God as if it were a mere human institution—to usurp its functions—to restrict, or rather to extinguish altogether, its influence in the educational department. What is the meaning of this jealousy against the Church? Is it not evident to every thinking man, that, if the Catholic Church fell to-morrow, the world would forthwith become infidel? Anglicanism, discordant and ever-changing sectarianism, would not for half the life of man uphold the great dogma of Christ's divinity. When has the Catholic Church not been the opponent of every impiety which corrupts or endangers society? When has she not been the patroness of literature and all the arts and sciences which humanize and improve mankind? "A single Benedictine monastery," says Gibbon, "has produced more valuable works than both our universities;" and notwithstanding the Codex of Dr. Kipling, says another Protestant writer, and the Septuagint of Dr. Holmes—notwithstanding even the Strabo, with which the Clarendon Press has thirty years been parturient, the assertion of Gibbon remains true (*Aikins—An. Rev.*, 1802, vol. I. p. 1579). The divine maxim promulgated by St. Paul—

Give to God what belongs to God—has been forgotten by the State ; and the result has been, that a high tide of infidelity and scepticism has deluged the nations of Christendom.

16.—*The right of the Church in the education of youth asserted.*

The right to interfere independently in education, to direct, to control, to appoint those who engage in the work of educating a Catholic people, belongs to the Catholic Church. Deprived of it, or shackled in its exercise, it is impossible that the Church can beneficially discharge the important duties of its high commission.

When the State, as contributing funds to educate, claims the right of inspection, lest doctrines subversive of order be promulgated—when it claims the right of inquiring how the public money has been expended, and audits the accounts, then it fairly exercises its legitimate functions ; but when governors assume the right to impress their own ideas on the rising generation, to model posterity according to their untried theories through their nominees, such as the Vericours of Cork, the Bruces of Belfast : in a word, when they assume the office of education to the exclusion of the Church, then they usurp the liberty of the subject—invade the domain of conscience—assume a function for which they are wholly unfit. They deprive the parent of his natural, the Church of her divine right. The unanimous testimony of all Christian people has, at all times, recognised education as a practical portion of religion, as a right inherent in the priesthood.

This inalienable right must be maintained at any cost against government usurpation. Its destruction would involve the loss of all rational liberty, and introduce the

most odious intellectual despotism, not less injurious in the end to the State, than subversive of all true faith and morality.

But it will be said, that the State having paid all the expense of erecting and endowing the Colleges, must rule supreme therein. One would imagine, on hearing this argument so often urged, that government has got some inexhaustible stock-purse of its own, out of which, through pure benevolence, it contributes to our education. It would be well if those whom God has appointed to rule, were to recollect distinctly, that when they supply the means of education, they give nothing of their own. They appropriate the people's money, not private revenue, to public purposes. They simply discharge a duty of office, the omission of which would be in them highly criminal; but they acquire thereby no new right—no right, certainly, to take education out of the hands in which God has placed it, of the parent, or the pastor whom the parent selects, and to nominate in their stead the Arian or the sceptic, or the Protestant, or the man of no creed, as the teachers of Catholic youth: "*Personne ne conteste,*" says M. Duchâtel, "*aux parents le droit d'élever eux-mêmes leur enfants comme il leur plaît: pourquoi donc leur enlever le pouvoir de choisir les maîtres dont ils doivent s'aider pour l'éducation.*" In the eloquent and touching language of Dr. Doyle, well may Ireland remonstrate with her rulers: "Do not afflict us by interposing your authority between us and our children. Do not estrange from us the mind or affection of our little ones, or teach them from their infancy to regard the stranger as entitled to their confidence; do not intimate to them that their parent and pastor are unfit to train their mind, or to introduce them to the world."

The public revenue being collected from persons of all

religions, cannot honestly or fairly be expended for the exclusive maintenance of one. The withholding, therefore, from the great majority of the Irish nation the means of education in proportion to their numbers, whilst colleges were richly endowed for the advantage of the few, is a proceeding so opposed to the simplest notions of justice, that the savage himself must wonder how any civilized power could have for centuries acted such a part.

One of those Catholic saints, whom even England's sectaries esteem and venerate, has said: "Nihil magis diligit Deus in hoc mundo quam libertatem Ecclesiæ suæ"—*Anselm, Ep. IV.* This liberty—especially in the educational department—the Church must sustain, or otherwise this world will cease to be Christian.

17.—*The Established Church affords no guarantee for a sound education for a Catholic people—none for even those of its own communion.*

It has been suggested, that the Established Church affords to all a sufficient guarantee for a Christian education. Who has recommended Mr. Hincks, the avowed impugner of the divinity of Christ, to the office of teacher of youth in the Belfast Academical Institution? He had, he says, (*Reports of Evidence, p. 82*), testimonials of character from three archbishops, two bishops, and a host of Protestant clergymen.

Protection from error in the Protestant Church! It has none for its own children. It cannot, by an exercise of authority, protect either the episcopal or sacerdotal office from Hamdenism or Gorhamism, or any other *ism* which the pruriency of an excited imagination may invent. "Heresy of the most fearful kind," says the Rev. C. Wray, Incumbent of St. Martin's, Liverpool, in a late

address, "is openly taught in our pulpits, and this unrebuked of authority. It is to the doctrines of the Church, the fundamental and clearly defined doctrines, that numbers who minister at the altar are violently and schismatically opposed. This is a damning plague-spot which scares away from her thoughtful men"—p. 9.

There is overwhelming evidence to induce the belief that the spirit of Christianity has fled for ever the Church Established. Torn by her internal divisions, she seems in this country wholly insensible to the dangers which threaten her, and only thinks of making war against the Catholic faith.

She knows the extensive and fearful ravages which the Arian heresy has made amongst those whom she once called her children; she cares not for that. She knows that myriads within the Church, and without, reject the sacrament of baptism, without which none can enter "the kingdom;" she sends no missionary to enlighten their ignorance, or to bring back the strayed sheep of Israel. With these things before her eyes, all her zeal—yea, all—is directed to detach some few famished creatures in Ireland from the Catholic Church, wherein are confessedly taught all the saving truths of holy religion. Verily this establishment is infatuated.

Oh! there is no security, none whatsoever, for the venerable and awful dogmas of Christianity, save in the bosom of the one holy Catholic Church, under the guardianship of the hierarchy to whom Heaven has committed the deposit of the faith, and who, unshackled by government influence, will keep it unimpaired until the second coming of our Lord.

18.—*Narrow views on the college question leading to error entertained by some.*

The question is often asked—will not the colleges stand, whether we oppose or sanction them? And would it not be better in that event, admitting they were dangerous, to neutralize the evil, rather than by a fruitless opposition to render them more dangerous and less Catholic? May we not derive benefits in some sense from them? and at any rate, is it not folly to contend against institutions upheld and supported by the most powerful state in the world?

Those who adhere to the colleges on the grounds indicated in these inquiries, have no just conception of the question which now engages public attention.

The states of Europe have for a long time been making every effort which human ingenuity could suggest, to take education out of the hands in which divine and natural law had placed it. Ruling supreme in matters within its proper jurisdiction, the state wished also to think for us—to believe for us—or at least to make us believe whatever theory its wisdom suggested. This despotism, under the name of social progress, and the spirit of the age, has been brought about by a variety of means, and under a variety of pretexts. At first open violence was employed. Laws the most cruel were enacted; but now it is hoped to obtain by a greater show of liberality and fairer promises, what was formerly sought through pains and penalties. The sword has long since been returned to the scabbard, and penal enactments have fallen into disuse. A more subtle policy is now adopted, and conducted with all that wisdom with which the world inspires her children. The present effort is only a continuance under a new phase, according to the altered

circumstances of the times, of that war which the world has ever waged against Christ. The battle field is coextensive with Christendom; and we are contending not for the goods of this life, but for the unimpaired transmission to our latest posterity of the inheritance of the faith.

The question, then, is, when such high interests are in the scale, which part is ever faithful Ireland expected to take? "We are made a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men." We may waive or surrender our political rights, our temporal possessions; but we are not at liberty to place the Church in chains, or to aid the state to deprive her of her divine right to educate the children of the faith. This right at every risk must be defended, if the world is to remain Christian. Any wavering in this Christian warfare, any dastardly compromise with the world, would tell against the cause of Christianity in the remotest kingdoms of Europe. Our surrender will be used as an argument in France, in Belgium—all the world over—to force others to yield. If our forefathers had not in the same cause, despising present advantage and the frowns of insatiable power, generously risked—nay, lost—all, we would not at this day be in the possession of that, which we value above all Earthly treasures.

But, will our opposition be successful? Under circumstances infinitely more unfavourable, our ancestors have triumphed. Catholicity is not a sickly exotic in the land, drooping its head before every gust of heresy or error. It would still be watered as of old, if the sacrifice were required, by the blood of many a martyr. It has withstood the storms of three centuries of persecution; and if again openly assailed, none need doubt the result.

Shall we compromise? The clergy of France at one

time sought to make, in a similar case, the best of a bad system. Priests accepted the office of professors—became chaplains, and bishops sat as members of the grand council of public instruction. What was the result? Being mixed up with a system radically defective, seeking to blend together Christian faith and philosophic scepticism—truth and error—they lost for a time the respect due to their sacred character, and with it their influence on society. The evil prevailed. The spread of irreligion and the general corruption of morals united the French hierarchy as one man in denouncing the system. But has the episcopal anathema arrested the monster evil? Alas! far otherwise. Having obtained a standing in the country—having possession, the college party set the Church at utter defiance. They claimed the right to educate. “We are,” they assert, “the state teaching. Her right to give her subjects an education agreeable to the spirit of the age, cannot be doubted. To question it, is to insult the nation and prove one’s self disaffected.” Thus they defended the position to which priests unfortunately contributed to raise them. The same arguments to the letter, borrowed from the French journals favourable to education by the State, have been employed against all the Bishops in this country whom a sense of duty obliged to condemn the Colleges.

The last French revolution, productive of so much misery and disorder, has effected at least one good, namely, the partial overthrow of this paganising system.

We respectfully solicit the means of education. To this we are entitled. It is our right, unjustly, unwisely withheld by the State for centuries. An enormous amount of restitution is due by our rulers; but we will not accept it at the dishonourable sacrifice of a far higher right—that of directing and controlling the education of

our children, without which a despotism more withering than that of Siberia would be established throughout Christendom.

Is it possible, it is often asked, that great men, such as the late Sir Robert Peel, whose premature death has been justly mourned as a national calamity, Lord John Russell, or any other enlightened statesman, would subvert the national faith, as a means of introducing infidelity? All thinking men will acquit them of any such intention. Government have nothing to gain, but much to lose, in such an event. But the system which they advocate—throwing open the college halls to professors of all religions and no religion—placing truth and error, impiety and faith, upon the same footing—will, notwithstanding the excellent intentions of our rulers, un-Christianize the nation.

The statesmen of other countries, where infidelity to a great extent unfortunately prevails, were quite as far from wishing or desiring such a result as our own government. But their systems, taking youth out of the hands of the Church, and placing them in the class rooms of the Vericours of Cork and the Cousins of Paris, have done the work effectually. “Et nunc reges intelligite; erudimini qui iudicatis terram.”—*Ps.*, ii.

19.—*The last efforts to sustain a bad system.*

After Mr. Berwick had exerted to the utmost all his powers, to prove that there is no danger lurking in the system, which he advocates with a latent consciousness about him of having failed in the argument, he in the end exhorts Catholics, most inconsistently, to brave the dangers, and frequent the New Colleges.

“Are the Protestant and Presbyterian creeds,” he

asks, "so full of truth and health and vigour, that they can stand before, and look with eagle eye upon, the beams of knowledge? and must the Catholic faith retire into darkness to maintain security? Must she now skulk in dark and covert ways to avoid destruction?"

Mr. Berwick deceives himself egregiously with the hope that Catholics will at once, to escape his eloquent taunts, rush to the halls of the Queen's Colleges, where error and truth, heresy and divine religion, are placed on the common platform of religious equality. Again he says:

"I appeal to the common sense, to the calm judgment, to the manly reason, to the honest pride of Catholics, and their implicit confidence in the truth of their own faith. Will they, by assenting to the calumnies against us, allow it to be said that their religious tenets, unlike those of others, cannot stand the test of knowledge? When I read the history and consider the position of the Catholic Church—when I see the numerous and mighty nations, teeming with the fruits of civilization and intelligence, that walk in her light, and bend at her altars—when I see communities distracted or corrupted for a while, returning to her bosom for consolation and repose—when I see the glorious names that, in bright and endless succession are coming forward to combat in her behalf—when I see in every clime her missionaries scaling the steepest ramparts of superstition, and planting on its highest citadels the triumphant banner of her faith—when I see her in this country unmoved by all the storms of persecution, and breaking into froth those waves that raged and clashed against her—when I see all this, I own I cannot help a smile when I hear that serious danger is impending over her, because a few Protestant professors in Galway and Cork are permitted to teach her students even such soul-destroying mysteries as Latin, Greek, and Arithmetic."

There is a sad falling off, both in truth and beauty, in the conclusion of this otherwise striking passage. He praises the Church and abuses the Bishops at one and the same time. Now, nobody knows better than the President of Galway, that our Church is in nowise alarmed at the spread of knowledge ; for all knowledge properly so called, must harmonize with divine truth, of which the Church is the depository, but it was necessary to manipulate his auditory by a few rhetorical flourishes—to misrepresent the Bishops, before he pointed at them the finger of scorn, as simpletons fearing the soul-destroying mysteries of Greek and Latin.

If Mr. Berwick believes what he states of the Catholic Church, why does he not, like others who have been distracted or corrupted for awhile, return to her bosom for consolation and repose? If he have sketched her character faithfully, she is undoubtedly the Church built upon the Rock, with which the Spirit has ever abided. If truth have not guided his pen, then we are forced to conclude, that the President writes to flatter, to deceive, to trepan.

The line of argument adopted by the President strongly reminds one of the speech addressed by Satan to our blessed Lord in the desert. When the Devil took Him up into the Holy City, and set Him upon the pinnacle of the temple, he besought Him to cast Himself down, quoting Scripture to show that in doing so, inasmuch as He was the Son of God, He would be exposed to no danger. How did the Lord deal with the temptation? Did He, relying on His strength, cast Himself down? No; but, turning on Satan, He said: "It is written; 'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'"

The President of Galway College will, I trust, excuse the Catholics of Ireland, if they prefer following the

divine example, in not exposing youth to danger, relying on the strength of the Church, rather than take his advice, which so entirely corresponds with the suggestions of the Evil Spirit.

20.—*The impossibility of obtaining religious security in the Colleges as now constituted.*

One word more on the extreme folly—the utter infatuation of expecting security for the faith in the New Colleges. I quote again from that parliamentary report so often already referred to in these pages. The Rev. W. Carlile, a native of Scotland, and Moderator of the Ulster Synod, with the fullest opportunity of knowing how matters stand, informs us, that tests even on oath have not prevented professors from undermining the faith of the pupils committed to their care—nay the tests screening from censure, give them full scope to inculcate their heretical and impious opinions. Speaking of Scotland, he says (p. 132):

“Professors are admitted to colleges by signing the confession of faith: the consequence is, that some are tempted to profess doctrines which it is well known they do not believe, and which they use all their influence to undermine, while yet, by submitting to the test of signature, they stop the mouths of those who would be disposed to counteract their endeavours.”

Again he says, in still stronger language :

“I do not look upon the signature of a confession of faith as at all a guard; it is rather sometimes a cloak under which men creep into such seminaries, and we dare not question them, after submitting to such a test: we are obliged to take it for granted that they are orthodox, because they have been put to their oath, and have avowed themselves so, whilst the whole of their conduct

may aim at sapping the foundations of orthodoxy"—p. 129. And so true is this, that he observes (p. 128), that, "It was when the Synod of Ulster was rigorous in requiring the signature, that Arianism was advancing most rapidly." There seems, he adds (p. 133), "from various causes, a tendency in almost all literary institutions to have teachers unsound in profession, or what is quite as bad, men who, with an orthodox profession, have no serious religion."

The testimony of Mr. Carlile, who speaks from experience, exhibits in unmistakeable language the utter absurdity of looking for religious securities in those Colleges, which are open to every heresy and every impiety. Showing in what way the professors of Greek and Hebrew may, in the explanation of words, subvert the faith of their pupils, the Rev. H. Cooke observes (p. 161), in reply to the question—

"Do you not think an Arian professor of Greek, supposing him to be a conscientious man, necessarily attributes to the words which you have mentioned the peculiar signification that favours Arianism? Yes, or he could not be an Arian. Does it not follow, if he is an honest man, that he must communicate those impressions to whomsoever he teaches, whether occurring in the Greek Testament or elsewhere? I conceive it impossible he could avoid making undue impressions, and I conceive he would do it when he did not know it. Might he not state the arguments on both sides, without stating his own opinions? Yes, that is possible. But I think that the most dangerous mode of all; for either the student, knowing the private sentiments of the learned professor, goes over to his opinion, or he settles the point by sceptically resting between two points. I should prefer any education to a system of scepticism."

Another witness, Mr. Barnett, states (p. 122), that three brothers, sons of one of the professors—the Rev. Mr. Hincks—although they had the additional advantage of paternal superintendence, profess three different creeds. “The eldest son,” he observes, “is a staunch Calvinist, as I am informed; and he has one a Socinian preacher in England, and another in the Established Church, residing at Antrim.

If, as the Apostle assures us, without faith it is impossible to please God, what an awful responsibility does the parent or pastor assume in committing the youths, who have received the gift of God in baptism, to such institutions!

Other witnesses inform us, that the Rev. Mr. Bruce, who rejects the worship of Jesus Christ, was recommended to a professor’s chair in Belfast, on the ground that his election would please all parties, and secure to the institution parliamentary aid. The Rev. Mr. M’Ewen says (p. 97):

“He [Mr. Bruce] was recommended on the contemplation of the parliamentary grant being renewed. It was stated by the Moderator [of the Ulster Synod] that this would reconcile all parties; and that he had it from high authority, that the parliamentary grant might be renewed.”

Another witness, Mr. Barnett, says (p. 123):

“The Moderator of 1821 attended the election of Mr. Bruce, and supported him with great zeal and ability; informing the electors that nothing could gratify the body he had then the honour to represent more highly than to appoint Mr. Bruce: and, at the same time, he said, he had it from a person holding a high official situation [most probably the Lord Lieutenant of the day], that the restoration of the £1,500 would soon follow his appointment.”

These testimonies exhibit beyond all doubt or contradiction the total absence of all security for the faith in institutions such as the Queen's Colleges. The government of the day is represented as being disposed to endow the establishment, immediately on the election of a professor who impugned the divinity of the Son of God, and did subsequently endow it, knowing that several of the professors were Arians.

21.—*Conclusion.*

It is unnecessary to add a word more on the subject. Priests of the living God, who have to answer with your blood for the souls committed to your charge, examine well those Colleges, wherein the State, pushing aside the Church, appoints professors; look to the universities of Halle, and Bonne, and Leipsic—look to Abbe Ronge and Czerski in Germany, and the apostate priests who, violating their sacred vows, follow in their train; look to the Arianism of Belfast, and the Pantheism in De Vericour's book of Cork; look where you will, and tell me has the world ever wielded a more fatal weapon against the Church of Christ, than the system of mixed education under State-appointed professors—a system which is now to be tried in that portion of the Lord's vineyard committed to your guardianship. Shall we be told, with the history of the present day thrown open before us, that we ought still to give the system a fair trial? When first the faithful ministers in God's house raised there voices elsewhere against the like danger, some of their own body exclaimed: Give the system a trial. The trial came; and some of those who sought it are now, alas! apostates from the Church of God. Like causes produce like effects. We of Ireland can claim no immunity from human infirmity; and if we make the

experiment, the truth of the divine maxim will be realized in our regard—"He that loveth the danger shall perish therein."

The principle of mixed education is the same everywhere—in Belfast or Cork as in Paris or Berlin—stimulated into active operation, or retarded by circumstances. If the Continental infidel had now to deal with Catholic Ireland, he would be as full of promises for the protection of the faith as Mr. Berwick; and in the selection of the professors, as anxious as Lord Clarendon to avoid alarming the piety or shocking the prejudices of the people. The Bishop of Langres, in one of his many *brochures* on the education question in France, announces the fact, that in the selection of teachers, the very best which the kingdom could afford were at first promoted.

In the measures of government we discern nothing but what we have always seen. "Princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ"—p. 2. It is the war which the world, under one guise or other, ever carries on against the Church of God. The opposition has been foretold. It was from the beginning; it will continue to the end. Nor do we, relying upon the all-powerful grace of God and the oft-tried fidelity of the Irish people, see any thing in it to excite unusual alarm, save that the system comes now approved of by some who should be amongst the first to set up a wall for the house of Israel, and who are now crying "Peace" where there is no peace. Instead of that foolish confidence, we should rather attend to the admonition of the inspired apostle: "See, therefore, brethren, how you walk circumspectly, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—*Ephesians*, v. 15.

There is one passage in Mr. Berwick's address, in

the form of a prayer, in which those who have honoured these pages with a perusal, will I doubt not, most heartily join. He prays, if there be any danger in the Queen's Colleges—and who can doubt it?—from the professors' chairs no impiety is excluded—that all his efforts, and the efforts of those who co-operate with him, may eventuate in failure and defeat: and that “speedy discomfiture, constant disappointment, and final ruin may be their portion and inheritance.”

When his prayer is heard, and its petition granted, our afflicted country and oppressed religion will have reason to rejoice.

Having brought these observations to a conclusion, I now lay down my pen with the same sentiment in which at first I took it up:

“Hæc a quovis alio quam a me,
A me potius quam a nemine scribi vellem.”

IV.

ON THE ANTI-CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

March 11th, 1851.

DEAR SIR—As the cry of “Papal Aggression,” which so long troubled our peace, has at length, thank God, begun to subside, we may reason and write on the subject now, with some chance of being heard. And whence, let me ask, proceeds this wild and uncontrollable hatred of the See of St. Peter in a Christian land? Mahommedanism would not excite the same amount of indignation. Ah, there are men more intolerant of Christians, who reject the State creed, than of those who attack the foundation of our common hope. While England

was being lashed into fury, both by the pulpit and the press, and men resolved to indulge their humour, it was useless to remonstrate: but now, on the return of reason, we may respectfully ask, do we owe nothing, or does the world owe nothing, to the Eternal City? Who so generously stood the brunt of ten persecutions which tried the Christian faith in the three first centuries? Who so lavish of the treasures of their blood in the cause of young religion? Who drew our ancestors from out the slough of Paganism? Must we not, even in our anger, admit that our deliverers were sent by the Popes of Rome—by Celestine and Gregory! Ah, it is, indeed, very bad taste, unmindful of Heaven's greatest blessings, to exhibit so much indignation, so much intolerance, against the Holy See, to whom Christendom is so deeply indebted.

The Dublin Evening Post states, in one of its late numbers, on good Protestant authority, *The Christian Observer*, that there are amid the population of England four millions who know not the Saviour. Parliamentary reports render the statement very probable. Would it be amiss to suffer Papal missionaries—some of the religious orders, for example, who converted our Pagan ancestors—to try their practised hand upon the masses of infidelity found at the present day even in the metropolis of Christian England? To these lost, forgotten, and despised creatures—although redeemed by the Saviour's blood—the Cardinal and his fellow-labourers seem principally to direct their attention. Ought not Christian charity encourage the novel project rather than assail it by the cries which would disgrace our heathen ancestors! There is, says the Cardinal, in a spirit worthy of an Apostle, “close under the Abbey of Westminster concealed labyrinths of lanes, and courts, and alleys—nests

of depravity and ignorance—whose atmosphere is typhus, whose ventilation is cholera. This (he exclaims) is the part of Westminster which alone I covet, and which I shall be glad to claim and visit as a blessed pasture in which sheep of the Holy Church are to be tended—in which a bishop's goodly work has to be done, of consoling, converting and preserving." Oh, noble Christian ambition, and what harm to encourage unpaid volunteers in this most necessary, but most uninviting service? What harm if they reclaim from vice and unbelief, some portion of the millions which the State Church has lost, and whom she seems anxious to ignore? In pursuing their pious labours in these dark corners, the Cardinal and his priests will never surely cross the path of a spiritual lord, of a Bloomfield, or a Philpotts, upon whom the State annually bestows its tens of thousands.

This unreasonable intolerance of the Apostolic See, which, even bigotry itself must allow, has given so many martyrs and saints and glorious characters to the Church of God, is one of the worst features of the age in which we live. Had our Pagan ancestors been equally as intolerant as modern Christians, had the Kings of the Heptarchy claimed a regal supremacy in religion, to the exclusion of Papal Rome, England might at this day be immersed in the worship of its ancient deities, Thor and Woden. Happy, indeed, would it be for that great country if its priesthood were, even now, penetrated with the sentiment of the Apostle, when he said—"Whether out of envy, or of good-will, whether by occasion or by truth Christ be preached: In this also I rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

The Papal Rescript appointing Catholic Bishops in England, and marking on the map the boundaries of their jurisdiction, has been charged upon us as an insult to the

independence of the nation, and an arrogant invasion of the supremacy which the laws vest in the crown.

Never were charges more utterly groundless; but the long ascendancy of a pampered party in the State, has warped the national intellect on religious subjects. Encroachments on the regal supremacy! Insults to the nation! What are they? Is it an offence under our free government, to practise our own religion without impeding others in the exercise of theirs? Do we offend by praying for their conversion? Cannot Her Majesty as usual nominate and cause her bishops to be instituted with all their rights, jurisdiction and emoluments, notwithstanding the arrival of the Papal Bull in the kingdom? Is not Dr. Bloomfield as much now a bishop of London, as fully and as securely in possession of the immense revenues of his see, as legally entitled to levy tithes upon all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, as he was before the appointment of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster? Papal aggression, indeed! With what truth and justice could the opposite cry of State Church aggression be raised! Do not the clergy of that communion levy an enormous revenue in Ireland, from the poorest people in Christendom, who receive nought in return save insult and aggression? Is it deemed an aggression on the supremacy that Catholic truth has made converts in the Universities of England, bringing over to us some of the most learned, most disinterested, and most pious of the Established clergy? This, after all, is the only aggression we have made on the territory of the church, about which, however, not a word is said. Oh, no, we never mention it. Our opponents, with whom the charges of encroachment and insult have originated, are themselves thoroughly conscious of their utter groundlessness. They felt it, however, necessary to do something—to raise some cry

in order to turn attention from the weakness, the intestine divisions, the fatal heresies, and the Erastianism of the Established Church, which circumstances of late occurrence have brought too prominently under public notice, shaking the faith of many in the soundness of Anglican teaching.

What, in heaven's name, have we, or the Dissenters, or any who are outside the pale of the Establishment, to do with regal supremacy? That Her gracious Majesty is the source and foundation of all jurisdiction, authority, honour, dignity, &c., in the Anglican Church Establishment, we Catholics most unreservedly admit. I have never met one disposed to question it.—The institution of Mr. Gorham to the vicarage of Bamford Speke, and of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford, in 1846, notwithstanding the protest of nine Bishops and a large number of the clergy, on the ground of unsound doctrine in the bishop elect, brought out the Queen's illimitable supremacy over the Anglican Church in the boldest relief. The decisions or decrees of her Bishops she rejects, confirms, modifies, or overrules as she thinks fit. We cannot, nor do we wish, to shut our eyes to the fact, that the Sovereign is supreme head within the Establishment—that the Anglican Church is in truth and in deed a department of the State, a civil institution deriving all its authority, jurisdictions, and emoluments from the Crown. All this we see and believe, and it is exactly because we see and believe it, that we have ever rejected the Establishment with all its advantages, even when penal laws hung over our head, and sought salvation in the Catholic Church, the founder of which declares that "his Kingdom is not of this world."

The only impugnors of the Royal supremacy in the Anglican Establishment, that we have heard of, are a

certain section of the clergy. The Bishop of Exeter, but a little time since, refused to join in an address to the Queen, because he could not, as he himself states, "without deeply wounding his conscience, give the title of earthly head of the church even to Her Majesty"—a title which his right reverend orthodox brethren were ready to bestow. This non-conforming prelate, and all others who adopt his opinion, although they see the Royal supremacy, within the Establishment, with their eyes, and touch it with their hands, yet they labour with all their might and ingenuity to ignore it. This will not do. If conscience is not satisfied with a secular supremacy, our free Government permits the adoption of the only honourable and effectual remedy, namely, to give up the good things of the Establishment, its thousands and tens of thousands a-year, and withdraw themselves from that supremacy whose existence they vainly repudiate.

The inveterate subjection of the dignitaries of Protestantism, as contrasted with the freedom and independence of the Catholic Hierarchy from secular interference, has been sketched by the Editor of the *Times*, in July, 1849, with his usual power and ability. The passage, although rather long, is, every line of it, at the present hour, worthy of careful perusal :—

"In this country (says the great organ of public opinion—I somewhat abridge the extract) the State nominates to all the bishoprics, nearly all the dignities, and a large portion of the parochial benefices. Its direct patronage is but a part of its power. There is a vast amount of patronage in the hands of its nominees. *It legislates for the Church and administers its laws, presiding over its courts, and, if it may be said without offence, overruling its decisions.* Her priests may be as pious as Hammond, as learned as Barrow, wise as Hooker,

eloquent as Taylor, witty as South, and subtle as Aquinas; but if they have once breathed a murmur against the Royal supremacy, or parliamentary government, they will never see promotion except to the skies. Such is the State in this country, which we have rather understated than otherwise." The *Times* afterwards adds, "There can be no doubt that if the Church of England is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, it is obliged to take from the State both its tailor and its cook, and to endure the livery and diet of an honourable servitude."

"The Irish Roman Catholic Hierarchy (continues the Editor) see all this, and deliberately, we will not say wisely, avoid the like fate for themselves. They know what is meant by an Established Church, and are resolved not to be 'established.' They do not choose that Sir R. Peel or Lord J. Russell shall nominate their bishops, and the judges in their spiritual courts. They do not choose that Lord Brougham shall decide their differences. They do not choose any part of the inveterate subjection which is now second nature of the English Church. They prefer to be popular and free. They disdain all obstacles between them and their flock on the one side, and the Court of Rome [he should have said the Apostolic See] on the other. It is not for us to canvass the propriety or the discretion of a choice which is matter of spiritual taste, and which has some undoubted recommendations." — *Times*, July, 1849.

Nothing can be more fairly, and, we need not add, more ably stated. The writer, uninfluenced by any motive either to exaggerate or misrepresent, depicts with a master's hand the exact condition of both hierarchies. We have made our choice and see no reason for regret; and if English religionists were wise, instead of forging

chains for those of the Catholic communion, and labouring by penal enactments to deprive them of religious freedom, they would rather seek to vindicate for themselves the heavenly boon.

England, for the last few months, presents to the eye of the Christian a sad picture ; agitated, convulsed, and duped with vain fears of foreign aggression on its religious liberty, it seems to be perfectly unconscious that at home its hierarchy is inexorably bound at the feet of the Prime Minister of the day, whether he be Presbyterian or Puseyite, Unitarian or Anglican. Never, in any land, was that institution, which should be free to follow the divine impulses and be guided by light from above, so manacled and enslaved by secular power.

Lord J. Russell, in his letter to the Bishop of Durham, discourses magniloquently of the "liberty of Protestantism," of the futility of any attempt "to fasten fetters upon a nation which has so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil and religious." Where is this freedom? in what does it consist? If churchmen wish to fare sumptuously every day, does not the great organ of English opinion truly tell us that they must endure the livery and diet (the terms are hard, indeed) of an honourable servitude. If we must have a supremacy, says a writer who is neither Catholic nor Protestant, "that which is claimed by the Pope through an unbroken tradition, by original ordination, by high antiquity, by ecclesiastical choice, and by separation to the office, is infinitely more respectable, consistent, venerable, and logical, than that which the Anglican priesthood thrusts upon the Queen."

As this letter has already exceeded the limit of ordinary correspondence, I shall reserve for a second, perhaps a third and fourth, some further observations on

the part which the superior clergy of the Establishment have taken in the late "No-Popery cry," and on the corruptions, divisions, fatal heresies, and fierce controversies, in matters of faith, which prevail within the sanctuary of the Anglican Church, and upon its consequent inutility to true religion or to the Government.

Finally, I shall suggest the means whereby the people of Ireland may unite with the anti-State Church Conference, which holds its sittings in London, in Birmingham, and Manchester—and counts in its ranks some of the ablest men in the empire. Already have they passed admirable resolutions on the subject of the Irish Church, to which I shall have occasion, ere long, to invite public attention.—Meantime I have the honour to be your obedient servant,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

V.

ON THE PART TAKEN BY THE ENGLISH PROTESTANT HIERARCHY IN PRO- MOTING THE ANTI-PAPAL MOVEMENT.

March 19th, 1851.

DEAR SIR—The time has not yet come to write the History of the "Papal Aggression" of 1850; we may, however, with advantage, chronicle and review some of its leading events. If I do not much mistake its character, it will shortly take its place on the page of history along with the Popish and Meal Tub Plots, the Gordon Riots of 1780, and be quoted by the future

historian as a fresh instance of that national delirium from which even the phlegmatic and philosophic people of England are not exempt.

The clergy have monopolised nearly the entire merit of this movement. Their innumerable special meetings in their deaneries, chapters, parishes vicarages, vestries ; and their attendance and speeches at all other meetings, establish their claim to that equivocal distinction. Even the most meek and moderate, and, certainly, the most dignified amongst them, have displayed a zeal in this business little in accordance with the spirit of their sacred calling. Oh ! if the same ardent zeal animated the clergy of England in the discharge of their professional duties, it could not be said with any show of truth, that millions within that land lived and died without any knowlege of the Saviour.

The Lord Bishop of London—to begin with one of the most venerable promoters of the movement—in his reply to the aristocratic inhabitants of St. George's Parish, Hanover-square, designates the Pope's Rescript as "an audacious aggression upon our constitution in Church and State"—"an arrogant assumption of authority"—"a daring, although powerless, invasion of the supremacy of the Crown." Turning his attention, for a moment, from the Rescript, he assails the character of Her Majesty's loyal subjects, as "emissaries of the Pope scattered through the kingdom, and working under ground to a degree of which they (his noble auditory) could have no conception," and then the octogenarian prelate concludes with a vigour far beyond his years: "A crisis has arrived at which WE MUST ALL take our stand ; for, we must either continue to be Protestants, or, by degrees, succumb to the secret, subtle, and continued aggression of the Papacy." Wellington never assumed a more martial tone.

The language of the address presented by the English Hierarchy to the Queen is not less remarkable. These spiritual lords have had the courage, or temerity, in the fulness or bitterness of their zeal, to designate the religion of Christendom—the religion of Her Majesty's nearest relations—as “inculcating BLASPHEMOUS FABLES AND INFAMOUS DECEITS.”

It requires, after all, no great measure of patience to endure such opprobrious language, when we suffer it in the blessed company of the Christians of the first century, whose creed, identical with our's, Tacitus, the learned and philosophic historian, described as “*exitibilis superstitio*,” and his contemporary, Suetonius, designates Christians themselves as a “*genus hominum superstitionis novæ et malificæ*.”

When aged and venerable Prelates, even at the foot of the throne, and in the presence of Majesty, adopt the foul language I have just quoted; when one of the most respectable of their body libellously, and most gratuitously presumes to charge millions of his fellow-subjects as deficient in loyalty, who are in that respect at least his lordship's equals; when such language and irritating topics have been employed in high places, and scattered amongst the masses from the episcopal bench, it is no wonder that the popular feeling on subjects of religion has found expression in blasphemies—which admit not of repetition—but to which the desecrated walls of London bear awful testimony; nor are we to feel surprise that an excited populace, after having mimicked and outraged the rites of holy religion, in the public streets, finished the mission they had received by burning in effigy at Putney, amid the execrations of wild fanaticism, the ever Blessed Virgin Mother of the God-man. Oh! if the object of the right reverend and

reverend promoters of the movement was to unchristianize England—to drive out Civilization, and give a triumph to dark infidelity, means more appropriate could not, all things considered, be devised.

The question naturally arises here—What motive prompted the sentinels upon the watch towers of Israel to throw the kingdom into such commotion? The Papal Rescript, were no other causes at work, would, certainly, have fallen as a dead letter upon the Protestant ear. Ship-loads of such documents, ignoring, as it is said, the Protestant Hierarchy, and nominating Catholic Bishops, could not, it is evident, occasion such intense excitement. Far other causes, which the movement party wish to keep in the back ground, have been in active operation. To understand the subject in all its bearings, we must take a rapid glance at the events which immediately preceded the popular commotion.

The celebrated Gorham case, which had been finally decided a little before the publication of the Papal Bull, exhibited to the thinking and religious portion of England an awful amount of dissension and heresy, of strife and unbelief in the Established Church. The opinions of that divine on the sacrament of Baptism, held by a great majority of the clergy, were declared “palpably heretical” by his Bishop, who, in consequence, refused him the care and government of souls. The Court of Arches, wherein the Archbishop of Canterbury, by his Vicar General, presides, upheld the decision of the ordinary. The Queen in Privy Council, as supreme head of the Church, aided by a few lawyers, whose creed no one knows, sustained Mr. Gorham.—Whereupon a large body of the clergy, amounting to 1,800, strongly expressed their dissatisfaction with the decision of said Council, vehemently contending that the case should have been

determined by orthodox Prelates in convocation assembled, and not by heterodox lawyers, or men of no creed, in Council. The Archbishop was soon after called upon to reverse his own decision delivered in the Court of Arches, and to give effect to the contrary decision of the Crown. Before his Grace proceeded to act, the Bishop of Exeter, upon whose diocese the palpably heretical Mr. Gorham was about to be obtruded, wrote to the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury deprecating his interference in a long letter, which he winds up in these words:—

“I (Henry, Exeter) have to protest not only against the judgment pronounced in the recent case (that of Mr. Gorham), but also against the regular consequences of that judgment. I have to protest against your Grace’s doing, what you will be speedily called upon to do, either in person, or by some other exercising your authority. I have to protest—and I do most solemnly protest—before the Church of England—before the holy Catholic Church—before HIM who is its Divine head—against your giving mission to exercise cure of souls, within my diocese, to a clergyman who proclaims himself to hold heresies which Mr. Gorham holds. I protest that any one who gives mission to him, until he retract, *is a favourer and supporter of those heresies*. I protest in conclusion, that I cannot, without sin—and by God’s grace I will not—hold communion with him, be he who he may, who shall so abuse the high commission which he bears.”—*Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury from the Bishop of Exeter, page 90.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury, notwithstanding this most solemn and most formidable protest, yielding quietly to the divine authority of the Privy Council, inducted Mr. Gorham to propagate his heresies in the Vicarage of Bamford Speke. A pause ensued. The opposing forces

—1,800 on one side and several thousands on the other—seemed greatly alarmed. Whereupon the Bishop of Exeter returned to the charge, not, indeed, to excommunicate, as one might expect, the Archbishop or the Queen, with whom he was (if Gorham was inducted) no longer to hold communion, but rather to lecture tamely the churchwardens of Bamford Speke. Writing to them he says—"Mr. Gorham was found by me, on examination, to hold *most palpably unsound doctrine* respecting the baptism of infants. Whether he holds similarly unsound doctrines on other articles of the Christian faith, I deemed it superfluous to enquire. . . . You have already too strong reason to apprehend that your Vicar may endeavour to spread the *poison of heresy* among his people by denying the efficacy of the holy sacrament of baptism to baptized infants; and therefore I now charge you, if you ever hear such false doctrines flow from him, that you note his words accurately, and report them to me, or to the Archdeacon, without delay."

Strange infatuation! The Bishop had from the lips of Mr. Gorham himself the confession of "palpable heresy," which he refused to retract. His lordship even announced the fact to the churchwardens, and yet, exhorted them to watch their Vicar, to note down his words, and report them without delay to himself, who already knew the whole case on the best possible testimony, the unretracted acknowledgment of the Vicar.

These ecclesiastical manœuvres were really too gross, too transparent for any people in their cooler moments to stand. Some began to fall off. Clergymen who, up to that moment, had laboured hard to persuade themselves that their Church was the "pillar and ground of truth," and under the guidance of the Divine spirit, were forced to see, to their utter astonishment, that it was

moved, directed, animated and controlled, simply and entirely by the Privy Council; that it neither felt nor obeyed any other influence; that Bishops might indite learned pastorals, denounce heresy, and solemnly protest before heaven and earth against its intrusion into their dioceses—that their Lordships were, after all, mere ciphers, and their decisions, decrees, judgments, and protests, nothing more than waste paper. In fact, Clergymen were compelled to see that their Church was a civil institution, a work of human policy, a state engine, wherein Her Majesty's Minister, whether believer or unbeliever, ruled as independently as he does in any other department of the State. Several forthwith left the Establishment to seek truth, salvation, and heavenly guidance elsewhere. They went forth with afflicted hearts, separating from friends, surrendering wealth and station, exclaiming, "what doth it avail a man to gain the world and lose his own soul?" Some remained behind whose motives are thus described by the *Times* of last November—"Pecuniary interests *in many cases*, and in others a genuine wish not to incur the reproach of schism, have hitherto retained them in the Church of England."

The very existence of the Establishment was thus endangered; the bickerings and deadly strife within, the infidelity, heresies, profanation, and rejection of the sacraments, but above all its thoroughly secular character, as exhibited by the lay lords of the Privy Council, were arresting the attention of the most unobservant.

About this time, too, occurred a most ominous event, which was viewed by many as the sure forerunner of the church's downfall. During Her Majesty's summer sojourn in Scotland, by and with the advice, as we must presume, of the First Minister of the Crown, who had himself coquetted for a season with Puseyism, she attended the

Presbyterian worship, and the better to mark and celebrate the astounding event, the Rev. Mr. Cumming (Apocalyptic Cumming, as the *Evening Post* properly designates him) now the most furious promoter of the Papal aggression movement, was drafted down from London to preach in the presence of Majesty. If an aggression was ever made on the Protestant Church, it was certainly when its supreme head had bowed down in the Presbyterian conventicle, and sanctioned by its presence that unepiscopal form of religious belief. How does it happen that Lord J. Russell, whilst denouncing and legislating against the Papal aggression, is not himself brought to task, for that infinitely greater aggression upon Anglican episcopacy?

From the calm considering of these startling events, it was absolutely necessary that the public attention should be diverted by any means and at every risk, hence the cry of No Popery was raised, as most likely to take with the masses of the people. Furious invectives and fierce denunciations against Papal Rome were hurled, by experienced hands from the pulpit, the platform, and the episcopal bench. The MacNeils, the Cummings, the Bloomfields, and the Russells distinguished themselves above their fellows. "Emissaries of the Pope," exclaimed the Lord Bishop of London, "are scattered throughout the country, working under ground with inconceivable success." Down with the Pope and Cardinal! respond the excited populace, and the cry spread like wildfire through the kingdom. Never before was the scene of the silver-smiths enacted with such wonderful success. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

The Ruse de Guerre prospered beyond expectation. Nobody thinks or speaks now of the Gorham case, or of the insidious approaches to Presbyterianism. The pal-

pable heresies, the infidelity, the avowed Erastianism of the Established Church are now forgotten. The fears of the Papal invasion have now taken entire possession of the public mind. The people have been thrown by adroit manipulation into that state which the historian Hume so well describes as the result of similar causes in 1670.

“Each breath of rumour (writes the historian) made the people start with anxiety—their enemies, they thought, were in their very bosom, and had got possession of their Sovereign’s confidence. Whilst in this timorous, jealous disposition, the cry of a Plot all of a sudden struck upon their ears. They were awakened from their slumber, and, like men affrightened in the dark, took every figure for a spectre. The terror of each man became the source of terror to another ; and, an universal panic being diffused, reason and argument and common sense and common humanity lost all influence over them. From this disposition of men’s minds, we are to account for the progress of the Popish Plot [another Papal aggression], and the credit given to it—an event which would otherwise appear prodigious, and altogether inexplicable.”—*Hume’s History*, A.D. 1670.

The future historian cannot employ language more truly and accurately descriptive of the conduct of our contemporaries, during the present Papal aggression, than that employed by Mr. Hume in describing the madness, wickedness, and crime of the No Popery agents in the days of Charles. But there is a tide in the affairs of men ; and when reason resumes its seat in England, and calmly considers the folly of its late fears, and the wickedness and corruption of the Established Church, which adopted such means to screen its heresies and intestine divisions from public observation : when this time comes,

as come it will as sure as the return of to-morrow's sun, the lay and spiritual lords, and other noble managers and active agents in the Papal aggression movement, will have little reason to congratulate themselves upon the partial success of their present manœuvre.

Unwilling to fatigue or exhaust the reader's attention, I must hold over some other observations on the same subject for another letter.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.,

Carlow-Graigue.

VI.

ON THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

March 23rd, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR—I am not quite sure that *The Dublin Evening Post* agrees in opinion with that portion of its readers who advocate the utility and necessity of founding a Catholic University; yet I see no good reason why they should differ. The Established Church, Mr. Editor, has its magnificent universities, exclusively Protestant; together with a large number of richly endowed schools. It commands, too, a most influential and unscrupulous portion of the public press. It has also its sweeping majorities in the Houses of Lords and Commons—its phalanx of lay defenders who will not suffer the hem of its garment to be touched by Catholics or Dissenters. But, better than all, and before all, it possesses an endowed hierarchy, episcopal million-

aires, full-handed and deeply interested advocates, some of whose predecessors have left to their heirs, after having provided on a magnificent scale for family and friends, and discharged the other duties of hospitality, sums of two, three—nay, four hundred thousand pounds, the fruits of their episcopal savings. Let the Establishment, I say, enjoy and monopolise their innumerable advantages. They are all too little to sustain a Church, for any length of time, whose origin is so very equivocal, and which has suffered its own inclosure to be overrun with sectarianism and heresy—nay, with the rank weeds of infidelity.

Every honour and advantage, you are aware, Mr. Editor, which Oxford or Cambridge have to bestow, is confined to the members of the Established Church. Subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles is required at the former seat of learning, from the young men, both at their entrance and on taking degrees. A statute was passed in Convocation, 1803, forbidding all members of the university, of whatever degree or condition, on pain of expulsion for the third offence, to have any communication whatsoever with any society (*cuilibet istorum cœtui*) of dissidents from the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England ; or, to be present at any sermon or religious service, except in places consecrated and licensed by the bishops of that church.—*Excerpta e stat.*, Dec. 6th, 1803.

This, you will admit, is sufficiently exclusive. At Cambridge, not many years since, when it was proposed to admit the President of the Linnæan Society to deliver lectures on Botany, the majority of the tutors united to oppose the scheme, and signed their names to the following declaration :—

“ We, the undersigned tutors of colleges, beg leave

respectfully to express to the vice-chancellor that we decidedly disapprove of our pupils attending the public lectures of any person who is neither a member of the university nor a member of the Church of England."

No system of either truth or heresy has ever been so amply endowed and so jealously protected. Let the Anglican Church, I repeat it, have, by all means, its universities and its other overwhelming advantages—though if it came by them more honestly so much the better. Protestantism, which still retains many Catholic truths, and the germ of many others, is infinitely preferable to Latitudinarianism, which leads directly to the *terra tenebrosa* of infidelity, but why should the Catholics upon whom has devolved in this age of Sectarianism the defence of the faith, as once delivered to the Saints—why should they not have their University, to direct and cultivate Catholic talent—to cherish, improve, strengthen, and elevate Catholic feeling—to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge, and create a thorough Catholic literature? Now, if the great dogmas of Christianity be not sustained by the churches in communion with the Holy See, by the 200,000,000 of Christians who recognise Pius as the Supreme Head of the Church, will not these saving truths in a few generations fall from the memory of man, or be remembered only as an antiquated form of belief? Remove Catholicism and what remains? Sects without name, number, or consistency must spring up and follow each other in rapid succession, until the Christian system, faith, morals, and discipline is all dissolved, and a system of infidelity prevail, differing only from Paganism by the twilight of the Gospel which is shed upon it after the Sun of Truth itself shall have set for ever: and without an university, where, I ask, are the Catholic de-

fenders of Christianity to be trained? Where are their minds to be refreshed, their strength renewed, the arguments for the faith on Catholic principles to be learned and discussed—history and all the sciences studied in a Catholic spirit? Surely, no one in his senses would send us for such purposes to Protestant institutions, no matter how excellent in other respects. The great want of the day, Mr. Editor, I respectfully submit, unless we make up our minds to fall into the ranks of the Sectaries, is a Catholic University.

But, it will be asked, where are the means to be found for its establishment? We have got the same treasury upon which our fathers drew, who engaged in erecting all the cathedrals and churches, colleges and conventual establishments, of which our poor country has some reason to be proud. I am promised on the part of the people of my parish, a mere suburb of Carlow, and certainly one of the poorest parishes in our diocese, a contribution of 2,000 shillings or £100, to be raised in subscriptions of one penny a month, or three pence a quarter, or a shilling a year, according to the convenience of the subscriber; and not having 2,000 persons in the parish able to pay one penny a month for a year, I calculated that the deficiency would be supplied by the larger contributors. The promise excited considerable misgivings amongst those best acquainted with the locality. Some hinted that it was tinged with a little gasconade, and if the truth must needs be told, although I was not without faith in my project, I yet had some apprehension that I should fail in realising the full amount. But having set about the matter spiritedly, we have already received, principally on the day of the simultaneous collection, 1,680 shillings, or £84, leaving an arrear of £16, which we have nine months to clear off.

Other districts have displayed the same, and even greater zeal in the good old cause. Some have not yet completed their arrangements ; but no one can reasonably entertain apprehensions, *if we be united*, that the means necessary for this great Catholic purpose will be forthcoming. If 1,000 parishes—and we have considerably beyond that number—contribute even on an average the one-half of what other districts have raised, it would place at the disposal of the University Committee £50,000 to begin with. Protestants, who are yet very generally opposed to our project, will, ere long, see the propriety of encouraging us to have a university—an Oxford or Cambridge, of our own—for Catholic teaching in every department of science and knowledge. Even the Government, as soon as it receives a sufficient proof of our unanimity and determination, will not trouble itself further by a fruitless and ungenerous opposition. Were the followers of Joe Smyth to undertake the erection of a Mormonite temple, opposite Lambeth Palace, on the Thames, to equal in magnificence that which has been already raised on the banks of the Mississippi, and more expensive than the contemplated Catholic University, they would, under our free institutions, experience very little, perhaps no opposition. Anglicanism is intolerant only of the old faith, which it has injured too deeply yet to forgive. But that faith flourishes and extends in the face of opposition. Silly and unmeaning divisions amongst ourselves alone retard its progress.

The great leader of the House of Commons, jealous of his power, and conscious of the extensive possession of that earthly wisdom which, according to an Apostle, “puffeth up,” cannot endure the slightest obstruction to what in his legislative capacity he deems right, even in matters of ecclesiastical concernment. The Established

Church he has at his feet. He sends Gorham to Exeter—Hampden to Hereford—to inculcate their peculiar heresies, notwithstanding episcopal reclamation. He has taught the whole hierarchy, says the *Times*, “that if they wish to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, they must endure the livery and diet of an honorable servitude;” but the moment he attempts to slip the collar about the neck of Catholic Bishops, he is told of the inflexibility of their principles. This, I am aware, is excessively provoking; but how can it be helped? Persecution will not mend matters. The fact is, we do not read in our Bible that England’s Prime Minister, whose creed nobody knows, has been appointed to rule supreme in the Church of Christ. Our Lord uses a far different instrumentality to show forth his power to his creatures. “See your vocation, brethren,” says the Apostle to the Corinthians, “that not many are wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, *not many noble*. But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the wise: and the weak things of the world hath God chosen, that he may confound the strong: and the mean things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, hath God chosen, and things that are not, that he might destroy the things that are; that no flesh should glory in his sight.”

Will you, Mr. Editor, as one very justly having great influence with those in authority, recommend the passage just quoted to the consideration of our rulers? If we must have a guide in religion, Christians will take the successor of St. Peter rather than the First Minister of any Crown in the world. “They will not long hesitate (says Dr. Whately in his late pamphlet on Papal aggressions) to choose the great patriarch of the western world, rather than a miserable little insular Pope at Lambeth

as their guide. As an authority in matters of faith, the Queen's Crown will never outweigh the Pontifical Tiara."

I have the honour to be, &c.,
JAMES MAHER, P.P."

VII.

ON THE ATTACKS MADE IN PARLIAMENT AGAINST OUR CONVENTUAL ESTABLISHMENTS.

April 19th, 1851.

"We hold the faith our fathers held to God."

SIR—The insults offered to the unobtrusive and retiring inmates of our monastic institutions, in the late parliamentary debates, as reported on the journals, have not been repelled with that calmness and spirit which the gravity of the offence demands. Mr. Lacy will soon afford, an opportunity, by the introduction of his Nunneries' Visitation Bill, to redeem the error. Intemperate language, inflated declamation, or passion of any kind, is wholly inappropriate on so grave an occasion. The voice which would have vindicated the honour of outraged innocence, and silenced or shamed our assailants, is, alas! hushed in the grave!

As Christians, and seeking to copy our divine model, we can and do forgive the reviler. We are never surprised, as if something new happened to us, when defamed by evil tongues. "If the world hate you (said our Lord to his disciples), know ye that it hath hated me before you. I have chosen you out of the world; therefore,

the world hateth you." Religious communities are not, therefore, when reviled, without their consolation ; but we owe it, notwithstanding, to them, to ourselves, to our kindred and creed, to repel the unmanly calumnies.

Mr. Lacy has brought in his bill for the profanation of convents by magisterial visitors ; and Mr. Drummond is reported to have said that convents are either prisons or——, but respect for the parties alluded to prevents me from repeating his foul language. It would pain me exceedingly to do so, for in those abodes of peace many of my own nearest relations, and many members of the most respectable families in Ireland, have long dwelt. My two sisters, and as many as fourteen of my nieces, together with a large number of other nearer relations, have, in obedience to the call of Heaven, selected the religious life. I remember well what they were under the paternal roof—I know what they are in the cloister. Would to Heaven that their revilers knew them too, and they would cease to revile.

Of the relations referred to, my eldest sister long since closed her earthly career in the practice of every Christian virtue ; the remainder are still engaged, some in America, some in England, some at home, in the Godlike service of instructing the ignorant, forming the tender mind of the children of the poor to virtue, for whose sake, and for the sake of their Father in Heaven, they most willingly surrendered, in the morning of life, all earthly prospects. The Catholic lady reads the gospel, not to acquire distinction as a controversialist, not to gratify spiritual pride, but unreservedly trusting in its glorious promises, she gives herself up to the guidance of its spirit, and renounces the world with all its pleasures. Others may invest whatever they possess in the most approved of earthly speculations, and obtain the best security they

can ; she invests her treasures, her heart, its pure affections, her worldly goods, all in the cause of charity, and takes not the bond of man, but the word of God as her security. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all that thou hast, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven : and come follow me." The faith that prompts the Christian to sacrifice all, the hope that sustains him, the charity which makes the sacrifice sweet, and the burden light, are absolutely unknown and unfelt outside the pale of the Catholic Church. Ecclesiastical history, in every age, abundantly proves the truth of the assertion.

What do Messrs. Drummond and Lacy, or their party, know of monastic institutions? With these haunts of crime, to which they have presumed to liken them, they may be intimately acquainted, but they have never crossed the threshold of the cloister—for it would not be what it is, *the secure retreat of innocence*, if the corrupt world were not rigorously excluded. Men of right minds, although not professing the Catholic religion, have yet freely recognised the great utility of these institutions. Even the cold and infidel spirit of Voltaire (but he had the inspiration of genius) was warmed into admiration by the heroic virtues of conventual life, wherein the pigmy fanatics of the day can discover nothing save sin and deformity.

"Peut-être," (I quote the Infidel Philosopher speaking of the Sisters of Charity in the hospitals,) "Peut-être n'y a-t-il rien de plus grand sur la terre que le sacrifice que fait un sexe delicat de la beauté, de la jeunesse, souvent de la haute naissance et de la fortune, pour soulager dans les hospitaux ce ramas de toutes les misères humaines, dont la vue est si humiliante pour l'orgueil humain et si revoltante pour notre delicatesses. Les peuples séparés de la communion Romaine n'ont imité qu, imperfectement une charité si gënéruse."—*Essai sur l'Histoire Générale.*

How truly and eloquently written! What an impartial testimony to the superior excellence of the Catholic communion. The Separatists, says the Philosopher, have but imperfectly imitated the heroic charity of Rome. Another author, despairing of seeing Protestantism produce the rich fruits which he had witnessed in the bosom of the Catholic Church, writes as follows:—

“It is to be lamented, that while the Papists are industriously planting nunneries and other religious societies in this kingdom, some good Protestants are not so far excited (and why are they not?) to imitate their example as to form establishments for the education and protection of young women of serious disposition, where they might enjoy at least a temporary refuge, be instructed in the principles of religion, and in all such useful and domestic arts as might qualify them who were inclined to return into the world, for a pious and laudable discharge of the duties of common life. Thus might the comfort and welfare of many individuals be promoted *to the great benefit of society at large*, and the interests of Popery, by improving on its own principles, be considerably counteracted.”—*Bates' Rural Philosophy*, p. 322.

What a display of bigotry and of reluctant eulogy in this passage! What inconsistency! One author exhorts good Protestants, by an appeal to their bigotry, to establish convents, which the next Protestant, Mr. Drummond, designates prisons or worse, but which the Philosopher, Mr. Bates, considers to be of great benefit to society at large.

Speaking of the other branch of the monastic institute, a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, December, 1811, has penned the following most beautiful passage:—

“The world has never been so indebted to any body of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine Monks.”
[What will Messrs. Drummond and Lacy say to that?]

"Tinian and Juan Fernandez (continues our author) are not more beautiful spots on the ocean than Malmsbury, Lindisfarne, and Jarrow were in the ages of our Heptarchy. A community of pious men, devoted to literature and the useful arts, as well as to religion, seems in those days like a green oasis amid the desert. Like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray."

The whole article might be quoted, for it is one of good taste and exquisite beauty. It is certainly some compensation to the defenceless inmates of the convents, when assailed by coarse vulgar calumny, to know that they have at all times won the approval, nay, the admiration of the good and virtuous of every class.

But returning to Mr. Lacy's bill, what, I beg to ask, is the meaning of occupying the House of Commons with the internal arrangements of religious communities? The motive of such legislation is either deep hypocrisy, or a strange longing after spiritual perfection. Are the general interests of morality so well secured that parliament has got time for these works of supererogation. Has the author of the bill, and his supporters, heard nothing of the public vices of the age—of the prevalence of unnatural crime—the disgrace and blot of modern civilization? Crime, I admit, exists, and will ever exist among men; but the crime of the present day is of a peculiar character, such as has been known to prevail only among Pagan nations.

Turn to the first report of the Midland Mining Commission, 1843, and you will find, at page 129, the following revolting picture of the lost condition of England's lower classes. Would to Heaven it were in the power of parliament to correct the evil. It is to such subjects, and not to the sacred homes of consecrated virgins, whom even Pagan nations have ever respected, our enlightened

legislators of the nineteenth century should devote their time and talents :—

“ I and my curate both can testify (it is the evidence of a Protestant clergyman) to the fact of finding *fearfully numerous* instances of people living together unmarried—of *wives deserting* their husbands *for other men*, whose wives had also left them (oh, what a wretched condition of things !), and desertion by husbands was, and is, *an every day occurrence*. Again, they and their forefathers have been living for a long period *in almost Heathen ignorance*.”

Do recommend the testimony of an afflicted clergyman, speaking of his own flock, to the attention of the pious Mr. Lacy ; and if he be not the vilest hypocrite in existence he will at once, aided by Mr. Drummond and Berkeley, bring in a bill upon the subject. The consequences of this unparalleled licentiousness, appear in another public document.

In the same year, that is in 1843—“ Thirteen persons were hung for murder ; of these thirteen, three were females for the murder of their husbands, two were males for the murder of their wives, one for the murder of his child, one of his father, one for the murder of a game-keeper, and the remainder for murders in connexion with burglary and robbery. Thus the majority were murders of the nearest relations of the murderers. Instances of the same description during the present year are too fresh in the recollection of the public to require mention.”—*London Law Magazine for December, 1844*.

Here, Sir, is the legitimate field for the display of Mr. Lacy's enlightened piety. The multitudes living in incestuous marriages, and bringing up their children unbaptised, might also engage his attention. Mr. Wortley stated, in his place in parliament, “ that between thirty and fifty thousand such marriages had taken place since the passing of Lord Lyndhurst's Act.”—*Times, Feb. 24, 1849*.

This state of things, which in nowise differs from Heathenism—masses of the people living in shameless, open, unrestrained concubinage—their offspring unregenerated in the waters of baptism—this last and lowest state of moral degradation does not, it appears, offend the piety, or awaken the reforming zeal, of the religious section of the House of Commons, all the zeal of these learned Pharisees is absorbed in the effort to prevent a few Catholic ladies from devoting themselves, unencumbered by earthly ties, to the care of the much-neglected poor.

The *London Morning Post*, Jan. 20th, 1848, presents its readers with a report made to Government, by the clergy of Devonport and Plymouth, on the state of morality in these districts. The document, which cannot be suspected of exaggeration, tells a sad tale. I give a few extracts from it in tabular form :—

Names of Parishes	Population	Public Houses	Houses of abandoned Characters	Observations
DEVONPORT.				
St. Paul's	-9,000	59	36	By far the greater portion of the people are in a most deplorable state of moral degradation, and the <i>greater number</i> of the children are unbaptised.
St. Mary's	-6,000	46	34	By far the greater part of the rising generation are unbaptised.
St. Stephens'	-3,000	27	21	<i>The majority of the children are unbaptised</i> , besides numerous adults. Many of the streets exhibit openly, in the day, the most shocking profligacy.
St. James's	-5,500	The 'great majority of children unbaptised—the depravity very great.
PLYMOUTH.				
St. James's	-4,000	Inhabited by the most loose and abandoned characters.

Numbers of the poor attend an adjacent building belonging to a denomination whom their followers style 'Prophets,' by whom the most unscriptural doctrines are promulgated. Such as the non-eternity of future punishments, annihilation of the wicked, &c. ; and in the school of the same their children now are receiving the like instruction.

“And this is England”! exclaimed the editor of the *London Morning Post*, when he quoted the above testimony. Yes, proud, scornful, self-righteous nation, which boasts the possession of pure religion unadulterated with Romanish corruptions, and offers herself to the world as the perfect model of all the virtues, whilst a large proportion of her children have fallen in the scale of morality as low as the unchristianised Hindoos.

But there is worse, infinitely worse, yet to be told—to which Irish representatives will have to direct the attention of our revilers.

To what extent does the unheard of iniquity prevail in England, of destroying infants, and of trafficking in their blood? poor defenceless, unconscious, unresisting victims, every day sacrificed at the shrine of mammon! The system is thus carried out. The parents, on the payment of a small sum, enrol their children in five or six mortuary societies! poisonous drugs are then procured, and administered: death ensues, and the parent, or insurer, obtains certain sums from each society, amounting in the aggregate, sometimes to five, ten, or fifteen pounds.

One could not believe the existence of such unnatural crimes in a Christian land, were it not proved by the most unquestionable evidence. Turn to Dr. Lyon Playfair’s report on the large towns in Lancashire (Appendix part 2, 1843), and you will find the following at page 62:—

“A.B., a respectable druggist in Manchester, states in his evidence—There is scarcely a single family in which this practice does not prevail. . . . Young children are often drugged three times in each day. . . . I sell in retail alone, about five gallons per week of ‘quietness,’ and half a gallon of Godfrey’s cordial, the former preparation being so strong as to contain 100 drops of laudanum in an ounce. Another druggist in the same

district says—‘Almost all the families of the poor are in the habitual use of these opiates.’”

Mr. Noble, Surgeon of the Poor Law Union, Manchester, states in his evidence (Dr. Playfair’s report, page 66):—

“A short time ago I was summoned to visit a child only a few weeks old; the mother had given the child some narcotic drug, which she had procured from a neighbouring druggist, and it died within half an hour of my visit with all the usual symptoms of poisoning by opium. Did the case go before the coroner? No, the idea never arose—(and mark the reason assigned)—sudden deaths in infants is too common a circumstance to be brought before the attention of the coroner.” Another witness, Mr. Bennett, states:—“Excessive infantile mortality is a matter of course.”

J. R. Coulthart, Esq., in his report on Ashton-under-Lyne, has the following (Appendix to first report, &c., 1844, p. 77):—

“There exists in this town, to an alarming extent, the reprehensible system of nurses drugging children with narcotic medicines; I have no hesitation in saying that this iniquitous practice *slays its hundreds*. . . . Both buyers and sellers are aware that they are doing wrong; and mystify the facts.”

The Rev. J. Clay in his report upon Preston (Appendix to first report on large towns and populous districts, 1844, p. 48):—

“There are in Preston seven societies acting only as burial clubs, but acting as such very extensively. . . . There are circumstances connected with the operation of these clubs suggesting matter for grave consideration and inquiry. The same person may be entered into every society. . . The burial clubs enrol *twelve or fifteen*

times as many members as the sick clubs : inducing the inference that the prospect to a poor person, of support and assistance in illness, is less desirable than the possession of £5, £10, or £15 on the demise of his child."

A collector of cottage rents states :—" The poor people have often told me they were unable to pay at the time ; but when a certain member of the family, generally a child, died, they would be able to pay. I have felt much shocked at this, and I have told the people it was very wrong to depend upon anything of the kind. Most of the children at the houses I visit are in burial clubs." Poor unsuspecting victims prepared for the slaughter ! The crime of Herod, in the massacre of the innocents around Bethlehem, was not marked by such atrocity.

And this is proud England, which the nations of the world are coming to see. " Sit thou silent (said the prophet), and get thee into darkness, for thou shalt no more be called the lady of kingdoms—Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, this hath deceived thee, and thou hast said in thy heart, I am, and besides me there is no other." —Isaiah, c. 47.

Dr. Lyon Playfair's testimony, which is the last I shall give on this painful subject, is in the following words (p. 64) :—

" The druggists who give this evidence (that above referred to) are respectable men—in all common dealings of life, humane men ; but custom [observe this] rendered them indifferent to the fearful consequences arising from the practice. They are not ignorant of the great evils, but they have been accustomed to view them with a business eye."

" Respectable men," " humane men," but trading freely with English parents in the blood of their murdered babes. They are well aware of the unnatural crime they

perpetrate, but custom—what a palliation !—has rendered them callous to the fearful consequences.

The legislators who, passing over this evidence, employ themselves in discussing the “Nunneries’ Visitation Bill,” exhibit an exquisite sense of pure religion and exalted morality.

The *Times* thus describes the iniquity of England, March 18, 1846 :—

“By far the most serious feature of the age is the increase of infanticide. *Not a day* passes but the disclosures of an inquest or a trial establishes the melancholy truth that human life is losing its value in England. We are relapsing into a criminal and vitiated system ; what we have been accustomed to read with horror—the indifference to infant life in Lacedemon, in Rome, and other States of heathen antiquity—in China, in India, and elsewhere—and what we have set down as the worst blot in their imperfect civilisation is becoming characteristic of England.”

And is it come to this with the haughty mistress of the seas ? Has she sunk as deep into vice as the Pagan nations of antiquity, whose unnatural crimes used to fill our youthful minds with horror ?

Why, Sir, did not our representatives, when the honour of the sainted daughters of Ireland was assailed, and their sacred homes designated b——els—why did they not unveil with a firm hand, the base hypocrisy of men legislating against the fancied evils of conventual life, whilst they can see no evil in the brutal traffic of infant blood, in the unrestrained concubinage, or incestuous unions, of the parents of England—in the Pagan education of the rising generations ?

Oh, if one, even one, case of crime could be fairly established against a convent, what a flood of hypocri-

tical invective would have been poured out in parliament, and elsewhere against our country and creed? We would have the parsons at all sorts of meetings disclaiming against the abominations of the Scarlet Lady—we might, and, in all probability, would, in these times of excitement have an exasperated Protestant mob collected from the S—— of London to re-enact the scenes of 1780, in burning chapels and Catholic houses for the suppression of Popish idolatry; but because the indictment does not lie against us, the reverend and right reverend orators, and their lay auxiliaries, are, to use scriptural language, as “dumb dogs, not able to bark, seeing vain things, sleeping and loving dreams, and most impudent dogs, they never had enough.”

You are aware Sir, of the afflicting testimony which Lord Ashley's Commission brought to light, on the state of Pagan ignorance and crime in the mining districts of England. Why has not such knowledge been employed to confound our accusers? The convent schools, Sir, the consecrated virgins who ‘have left father and mother and house and lands, for the hundred fold reward and life everlasting,’ can alone restore the lost sense of morality amongst the mothers and daughters of England, in the humble walks of life.

The *Christian Examiner* stated, not long since, that four millions in England know not the Saviour. This may be, and I hope it is, an exaggeration. The simple truth, without any colouring, is bad enough. The absence of Christian knowledge to an awful extent cannot, however, be questioned. The Bishop of London, a most impartial witness, in his last charge fully admits it. He eulogises the Church for “the efforts which have been made to bring into her bosom, and to provide with heavenly nourishment, the multitudes (I quote his lord-

ship's words) of perishing sinners called, indeed, by her name, and for the most part, it may be, made her children by Baptism, but from that moment treated as strangers and foreigners, ignorant of her maternal care, and suffered to remain *in an almost Heathen state*."—*Charge at St. Paul's Cathedral, Nov. 2, 1850.*

One other testimony on this head must not be omitted. The Committee of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, which reckons amongst its patrons the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Bishop of Llandaff, the Bishops of Chester, of Ripon, of Chichester, of Peterborough, of Norwich, and of Sodor and Man, announces the fact that there are, "thousands upon thousands (it does not give the amount in exact numbers), in this professedly Christian land, perishing for lack of knowledge, and living *in more than Heathen ignorance and vice*." When all this evidence was laid before the country—evidence of thousands upon thousands of Church of England Protestants, buried in Heathen ignorance and vice—evidence of the spread of those unnatural crimes, which indicate a return to Paganism, and a loss of all Christian faith and virtue—what remedial or preventive measure did the piety and zeal of Messrs. Lacy and Drummond suggest? What bill did those strenuous adversaries of Popery introduce? Our Churchmen, too, who have lately thrown the kingdom into a ferment, heard of the lost condition of their flocks without a move, without a prayer, without a sigh or sign of life.

Let us consider a moment the character of their zeal. A change takes place—twelve bishops are substituted for eight vicars-apostolic in England. This is what is called the Papal aggression. It is simply this, and nothing more, let parsons rave about it as they please.

Twelve Catholic bishops are created by the successor of St. Peter, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, affording to some of the "thousands upon thousands" in Heathenish ignorance a chance of hearing the truths of Christianity. In this way the Papal aggression is consummated; and forthwith the sons of Aaron, whom the moral degradation of the flock could not move, become greatly agitated and furiously alarmed.

But when the Cardinal, in his famous manifesto, declared his intention of claiming the concealed labyrinths of lanes, and courts, and alleys, close under the Abbey of Westminster—nests, he adds, of depravity and ignorance—as the field in which the sheep of holy church are to be tended, and in which a bishop's goodly work has to be done, of consoling, converting, and preserving—when this announcement was heard, the commotion at Lambeth, at St. Paul's, and all the cathedrals and rectories in the kingdom, was considerably augmented; sacerdotal indignation knew no bounds; the knowledge of the cross, it was apprehended, was about to penetrate the darkest recesses of infidelity; one would imagine that hell had broken loose for a time—that its earthly territory had been invaded—invaded, too, by a power commissioned from above to expel demons and those foul spirits which had indoctrinated the people in the traffic of human blood, and brought them back to Paganism. Oh yes, truly, an aggression on that territory was made by the Vicar of Christ, and all the evil spirits residing therein, and round about, through their proper organs, exclaimed, in the language of the man having an unclean devil—"Let us alone, what have we done to Thee Jesus of Nazareth? Art Thou come to destroy us? I know Thee, who Thou art, the Holy One of God."—*Luke*, iv.

England, intoxicated by the noxious draughts of bigotry—her infants drugged with narcotics, and their young blood already pawned: her adult population cheated out of the religion of their ancestors by the interested acts of corrupt men—England, thus degraded and debauched, has held for six months, in the face of Europe, her dreadful saturnalia. Why did not Catholic representatives, when legislators with frontless hypocrisy dared to calumniate the abodes of our sisters, remind them that charity begins at home—that they should first take the beam out of their own eye, in order to see the mote in their brother's—that they should first cleanse the Augean stable, that most corrupt of all human institutions, the English State Church, before they extended their care to those quiet enclosures, where detachment from all earthly pursuits, angelic purity, heavenly charity—all the Christian virtues—perpetually flourish?

Were you afraid of a retort? Ireland is not exempt from great infirmity, but can any one truly lay to her charge the unnatural crimes—the sale of infant blood, unrestrained concubinage, and contempt of the Baptismal rite—which characterise the sister island? We have no reason to blush at the nakedness, and misery, and poverty to which we are subjected; nor to feel mortified at the low estimate which this proud world has formed of us. The chosen people of God have been often, nay, generally in affliction and humiliation, held in contempt and detestation by their proud and prosperous neighbours. The first Christians, whose creed, the enlightened Tacitus designated *exitiabilis superstitio*, occupied, if St. Paul has not misrepresented them, the position which we fill at the present moment. “Even unto this hour (says the Apostle) we both hunger and thirst, and are naked and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode, we are reviled

and we bless (you know of our daily prayers for England's conversion), we are persecuted and we suffer it, we are blasphemed and we entreat, we are made as the refuse of the world, the off-scouring of all even until now."—I *Cor.* iv.

With what wonderful minuteness does not the Apostle depict our present state. We are, it is true, despised and condemned, viewed by a powerful nation as outcasts from modern civilisation, but, blessed be God, it cannot be said of us, that our people herd together as the beasts of the field, despising the holy state of matrimony ; or that they contract incestuous unions, or rear up their offspring unregenerated in the waters of Baptism. Our people, I emphatically assert, from long experience, are not obnoxious to such charges. It cannot be said of the poor but faithful Irish mother, that the blood of her babe is not safe in her keeping. She believes, with the fulness of faith, that her little one is made by Baptism the heir of God, and co-heir with Christ, and is therefore deserving all honour and reverence. These monstrous Pagan crimes, characteristic of England (I adopt the language of the *Times*) have had their origin in the neglect and proud contempt of Heaven's ordinances. The nunneries' schools in Ireland, and the confession of sin, have placed a check upon man's corruption, which all the might of England, and all the wealth of its Ecclesiastical Establishment, can never introduce.

Look to the statistics of suicide in your parliamentary reports. The year 1840 gives the following awful returns. I quote from *Forbes' Medical Review* of 1841 :—Males, 1,381 ; females, 614 ; total, 2,001.

Two thousand have fallen in England and Wales within a year. Some, no doubt, have been the victims of insanity, but a large proportion would have been saved to

their families had they approached, with a contrite heart, the tribunal of penance, where the truths of Christianity make the deepest impression upon the mind ; and where the burdened conscience is relieved, and its hopes of mercy, through the Saviour's blood, sustained and invigorated. Of 133 suicides in the Canton of Geneva, says the same author, where the proportion of the two religions is nearly equal, one hundred and seven were Protestants, and twenty-six were Catholics. "The result (he observes) should attract the attention of those interested in the moral and religious education of Protestants."—*Medical Review*, July, 1836.

Sir, these truths must be announced before the Senate ; but who amongst our representatives has the courage to proclaim them ? England is sinking, and will continue to sink, into the unfathomable abyss of Pagan depravity, unless saved by the inculcation of Catholic truth.

"Otez le baptême," said a far-seeing French writer—(the Privy Council in Gorham's case has very nearly completed the work)—"otez le baptême et vous verrez l'infanticide et l'exposition se multiplier, souiller, ensanglanter vos carrefours et jeter l'emouvante dans la société."

Many of the most intelligent and disinterested English Churchmen, seeing the danger, at length, to which they have been exposed, are every day, under heaven's guidance, leaving the Establishment, even at the loss of honours, station, wealth, and friends, in the hope of becoming participators in the graces which the Catholic Church, through her sacraments, alone confers.

We must view Ireland not only as legislators but as Christians. She is, I admit, as low in public estimation as the Christian communities of the first century. "We are weak (says the Apostle), but you are strong ; you are

honourable, but we without honour." The darkest picture of physical privation ever traced by human hand falls short of the reality at home. The philanthropist, S. G. Osborne, whose exertions to save Ireland are beyond all praise, thus describes her misery, in his letter dated Ballinasloe :—"One disease had printed itself in a type readable to every eye—on three-fourths of their countenances STARVATION; hunger borne with, fought with, and only yielded to when the workhouse or the grave had become the sole option ; till I witnessed it, I could not have believed how famine could clothe childhood with all the physical appearance of old age." He afterwards adds—"No groan of impatience did I hear ; nay, not a cry of pain. They were pictures of sad, silent suffering, which would have wrung the hardest heart." For a people in these extremities what remedy has British wisdom discovered ? England, led on by Her Majesty's Prime Minister, has spent six months madly abusing the religion of its forefathers, and is now, through her statesmen, preparing a bill for the suppression of the Catholic hierarchy, and the profanation of convents by magisterial visitors. This is the wisdom and the benevolence of the great nation. But to resume our subject :

In the depth of Ireland's sufferings have not her patience and resignation challenged the admiration of the world ? Look to the returns of the coroners' inquests : tens of thousands have preferred death rather than life prolonged by theft or crime. What restrained them in the last sad extremity from violating the laws of God and man ? What nation on the globe can boast a higher sense of conjugal fidelity, or greater purity of life ? Well do they understand that "what God has joined together no man ought to put asunder." Have they ever abandoned the faith once delivered to the Saints, or have

they suffered themselves to be carried away by every wind of doctrine? Surrounded on all sides by churchmen, whose chief business is to seduce them from the faith, have they ever proved recreants? What generous fidelity—what noble constancy—what inestimable virtue!

Look to Ireland in her physical misery, and you see her the poor, despised, wretched province which England, ruling at her pleasure, has made her. Consider for a moment her virtues, her patience amid the severest trials, her deep reverence for the matrimonial contract—"the great sacrament," as the Apostle designates it—and for baptismal initiation, the basis of Christian civilization and the safeguard of infant life; contemplate her invincible attachment to the faith of her fathers, tried by centuries of persecution—her exemption from the Pagan vices of suicide, infanticide, and those other unnatural crimes which indicate a loss of Christian belief. Look at her in this point of view, and you see what religion, under the most adverse circumstances, has preserved to Ireland: you see a community of Christians, despised of men, the off-scouring of all, but walking, notwithstanding, in the foot-steps of the divine model, "the Man of Sorrows."

Turn, now, your attention to the ruling country. Her wealth, her power, trade, commerce, excite our surprise. The sun never sets on her empire. She has no equal in material interests. But, looking to her as the nursery wherein the children, *not of mammon*, but of God, are to be brought up, nurtured, and perfected—is her condition such as to satisfy the Christian heart?

Have her people remained in the one fold—have they retained the one faith, one baptism? Does not every man make and follow his own religion—no one holding the faith his fathers held to God? Have not myriads

lost all knowledge of the Redeemer, all respect for the matrimonial vow, all faith in baptismal regeneration, without which neither the philosophy nor the wealth of the world can ever preserve a nation from lapsing into Pagan barbarity? Admire, as long and as much as you please, England's physical greatness—in all that you have nothing but what human legislation may effect; but look to her innumerable sects, her unsettled belief, her unrestrained concubinage, and incestuous marriages, her unbaptised progeny, her infanticides and suicides, and you behold what the want of Catholic faith has wrought amid that powerful and intellectual people.

Ireland, Sir, must be defended as a Catholic nation, and on Catholic principles. All other advocacy will prove ineffectual.

“I have the honour to be, yours truly,
JAMES MAHER.”

VIII.

ON PROSELYTISM.

October 9th, 1851.

DEAR SIR—I have just read in the *Times*, an address to the people of England, signed by Charles Frewen, M.P., for East Sussex; by four Clergymen, C. Lighton, Vicar of Ellastone; A Hill, Vicar of Morebath; F. Seymour, Curate of Huntsham; Jeffery Lefroy, Rector of Loughbrickland, and Anthony Lefroy.

In the document they state that they visited West Galway, and are anxious to bear testimony to the truth

of the published reports as to the progress of proselytism in that quarter or, as they term it, "that dark and priest-ridden district."

The amount of Scriptural knowledge introduced by the Irish Church Missions into these dark regions quite surprised our visitors; and they have no hesitation in saying, that the schools in Connemara will bear comparison with the best conducted schools in England.

Notwithstanding these favourable circumstances, it is added—I abridge the passage—"that an opportunity is now afforded, which calls for public support, to enable the Society to carry on its work, as well as to extend it to other districts which are earnestly calling for its aid, and if not immediately taken advantage of, it may never occur again." They conclude by assuring the public, that a want of funds is the only obstacle to the evangelization of Ireland.

Money! money! more money! They have great faith in mammon. They feel that Christ can never prevail over the world unless mammon take him by the hand.

The hypocrisy of these men has had no parallel since the days of the ancient Pharisees, if even then. They come out of their own country—from amongst their own people, where ignorance, "Pagan Ignorance," and fearful immorality prevail to an awful extent, to buy up a few poor starving creatures in the far west, in order to be able to boast of services in the Church of England, and as a set-off against the conversions to the Catholic faith of the most disinterested, single-minded, and learned of their own body. They make no effort to win back the Unitarians or Socinians, to help their own out of the slough of infidelity—their only anxiety is to withdraw *true believers in Christ*. (for such our poor people are),

from the ancient church which has preached, and will ever continue to preach, His divinity to the uttermost ends of the earth; and, coming from the bosom of an establishment (the mother and mistress of all heresies and errors), corrupted to its very core by its riches, they modestly ask for more money.

The *Christian Observer*, a good Protestant authority, calculates that there are amid the population of England "four millions"—does he exaggerate?—who know not the Saviour.

The *Times* itself, about two months since, described, with unaffected alarm, the wretched education which is being communicated to the masses in England through the medium of immoral and infidel publications; and that his fears were not ill founded is pretty evident, as well from the communications of Mr. Mayhew to the *Morning Chronicle*, as from the report of Mr. Francis Bishop, secretary to the Domestic Mission Society. The principal bookseller in Manchester in this branch of trade informed me, says Mr. F. Bishop, that his sale of a penny weekly periodical, recognised as the organ of unbelievers, edited with tact and power, and made up of short and taking articles, was 290 a week, and the sale of exciting and pestilent weekly romances of the *poison and dagger school*, such as "Captain Hawk," "Death Grasp," "Gentleman Jack," was 4,000 weekly of each; and numerous other similar publications in the same proportion.

Even the Bishop of London, in his very last charge, speaks of "multitudes of perishing sinners (I quote his words) who are suffered to remain in an almost worse than Heathen state."

The clergy of Devon and Plymouth in a report on the immorality of their districts, observe—"That in the

parish of St. Paul, amid a population of 9,000 there are 59 public houses, and 36 brothels. By far the greater portion of the people are in a most deplorable state of moral degradation ; and the *greater number of the children are unbaptized.*" "In St. Mary's parish, population 6,000, public houses 46, brothels 34 ; by far the greater part of the rising generation are unbaptized." "In St. Stephen's, the majority of the children are unbaptized, *besides numerous adults.*" "Many of the streets exhibited openly in the day the most shocking profligacy." "St. James's, Plymouth, inhabited by the most loose and abandoned characters. Numbers of the poor attend an adjacent building, belonging to a denomination whom their followers style Prophets, by whom the most unscriptural doctrines are promulgated ; such as the non-eternity of future punishments, annihilation of the wicked, &c., and in the school of the same, their children now are receiving the like instruction."

Has the Honourable Member for East Sussex, or have his reverend colleagues, seen anything like this in their visit to the dark and priest-ridden district of west Galway ?

The Committee of the Church Pastoral-aid Society, which reckons among its registered patrons nine bishops, announces the fact, that "thousands upon thousands (it does not give the amount in exact numbers) in this professedly Christian land, are perishing for lack of knowledge, and living *in worse than Heathen ignorance and vice.*"—The parliamentary reports from the Midland Mining Commission, containing the evidence of doctors and clergymen on the subject of "burial clubs," poisoning of infants, &c., presents a picture of crime and ignorance which has never been surpassed even in the worst stages of Pagan antiquity. The *Times* speaks of it thus, March 18, 1846 :—

“By far the most serious feature of the age is the increase of infanticide. Not a day passes but the disclosures of an inquest or a trial establish the melancholy truth that human life is losing its value in England. We are relapsing into a criminal and vitiated system. What we were accustomed to read of with horror—the indifference to infant life in Lacedemon, in Rome, and other states of Heathen antiquity—in China, in India, and elsewhere—and what we have set down as the worst blot in their imperfect civilization, is becoming the characteristic of England.”

Would it not be well if the Member for East Sussex and his travelling chaplains would take the beam out of their own eye, in order to see more clearly the mote in their neighbour's. Ireland, like every other country, is not exempt from great infirmity ; but can any one truly lay to her charge the unnatural crimes, the sale of infant blood, and unrestrained concubinage, which characterises the haughty sister island ? We have no reason to blush at the nakedness, and misery and poverty to which we are subjected ; nor to feel mortified at the low estimate which the proud world has formed of us. The chosen people of God have been generally in affliction and humiliation, and have been held in contempt and detestation by their proud and prosperous, and Pagan neighbours. The early Christians are thus described by St. Paul—“Even unto this hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffeted, and have no fixed abode (how like the poor every day leaving our shores). We are reviled, and we bless ; we are persecuted, and we suffer it. We are blasphemed, and we entreat ; we are made the refuse of the world, the off-scouring of all, even until now”—*I Cor. iv.* Poor Ireland cannot be more accurately described.

The itinerant parsons and the member for East Sussex announce in their address, that the influence of the priests from *various circumstances* is greatly impaired in West Galway. What a pity that they have not been more explicit! Whether the change, supposing it to exist, has been brought about by the circulation of slander, calumny, lying reports, or by bribery, we are not told. The manner of converting the Irish Papists, and of impairing the influence of the Catholic Priest is more boldly stated in another document, which now lies before me. It is the second report of the "General Irish Reformation Society," printed at Kirby Lonsdale, 1848. The committee, which reckons amongst its members, three earls, five lords, knights, baronets, members of parliament, and parsons innumerable, appeals to the public for money to carry on proselytism in Ireland. "If ever there was a time for England," they exclaim, "to make a great effort for the evangelizing of Ireland it is the present—the poor are ready—the great distress has softened the heart of the poor. A famine shows the poor Romanist the incapacity and tyranny of their priest, and the humanity and integrity of the Protestant clergy."

Whether this theology is from Heaven or Hell, I shall leave it to you, Mr. Editor, to decide. Was there ever such an exhibition of hypocrisy? These sanctimonious lords, earls, and parsons absolutely gloat with infinite satisfaction over the wretchedness of the poor, as affording them a hope of subverting their faith.

"Great distress (say these apostolic men) has softened the heart of the poor." Would to heaven we possessed the secret of softening the corrupted heart of the rich; and of purifying it from that pharisaical hypocrisy and lying, which have aggravated the sufferings of our poor people to an inconceivable degree.

The expenditure, from which we shall quote a few items, exhibits in bold relief the object of the society :—

The Rev. J. Alcock, for Cork Converts	...	£50	0	0
Miss St. George, for Orphan Converts	...	5	0	0
The Bishop of Meath's Daughter, for Converts at Kingscourt	10	0	0
Rev. T. O'Grady, Converts	10	0	0
Rev. T. O'Grady, for employing Converts at Kilcatherine Church	20	0	0
Ditto, for Ditto	10	0	0
Ditto, for Ditto	10	0	0
Mr. P. D. Hardy, for Mr. Miley, a Convert		10	0	0

"Many converts from Popery," they say at page 5, "have been kept from the grave, and very many sincere inquirers after the truth have been enabled to come out of Babylon through our protection." "Converts kept from the grave!" aye, the merciful missionaries gave them their choice, either to die of hunger or to apostatise for a little food. This is the grand work which the fanaticism and cruelty of England are now applauding in the *Times*, and all its other vile organs in the empire.

One of the agents of the party, who is styled the Rev. J. O'Callaghan, announced, the other day, in the *London Standard*, that he has now on hands forty starved converts.—"He keeps them back," he says, "on account of their dwarfish appearance, caused by famine and exposure to cold, which made them appear only ten or twelve years of age, when in reality they were fifteen or sixteen."

Whoever reads these reports with a heart in his bosom will at once resolve to aid the Defence Association, one of whose objects is to counteract this cruel system of proselytism. The fanaticism of the Established Church,

which, to its eternal disgrace, has suffered the name through which alone there is salvation to be unknown to millions of Englishmen, will, unless resolutely and zealously withstood, drive Christianity from the shores of Ireland.—I have the honour to be, yours,

JAMES MAHER, P.P., Carlow.

October 7, 1851.

P.S.—What has prompted the hon. member from East Sussex, Mr. Frewen, and his party of vicars and curates, to visit Galway?

In the report of the Ecclesiastical Commission for Ireland, printed by order of the House of Commons, April, 1851, it is stated that—

“The Commissioners have agreed to sell the advowson or right of presentation to the four benefices into which the Wardenship of Galway has been divided, to Thomas Frewen, Esq., for the sum of 2,000*l.* Considerable expense has been incurred in bringing these advowsons to sale.”

Knowing nothing whatsoever of this transaction, I cannot help, however, asking whether the purchaser is of the family of the member for East Sussex?—and whether the English vicars and curates are to have any share in the benefices which this Frewen has purchased?

What are we to say to this shameless merchandise of souls in Galway? The 35th Canon of the Church of England declares the sin of simony to be the buying and selling of promotions, dignities, and livings—a sin “detestable and execrable before God.”

Will the dark and priest-ridden districts of West Galway be enlightened and purified by the introduction of this soul-destroying traffic?

J. M.

IX.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

October 28th, 1851.

DEAR SIR—Your correspondent, who signs himself "C." in the *Dublin Evening Post*, has exercised his right to comment on my public letter of the 9th. I am glad that he has done so, as I am thus afforded an opportunity of exposing a second time the proceedings of those whom he designates "Protestant Missionaries."

He begins by complaining of what he calls my "intemperate and uncandid language." He should have recollected that I was dealing with societies, one party of whom announced, in their opening address, that they had reached the "dark and priest-ridden district of Galway," and the other informed their readers that the late famine had shown "the poor Romanists the incapacity and tyranny of their priests, and the humanity and integrity of the Protestant clergy." If such language, *mutatis mutandis*, was employed by Catholic Missionaries on visiting England—if they announced in their programme that they had come to that dark and parson-ridden country, and that the calamities of the times had shown the poor heretics the stupidity and tyranny of their parsons, and, at the same time, the meekness and honour of the new-comers—I should like to know in what words your correspondent would refute such insolence.

Englishmen, we all know, have a great reverence for the laws, yet, under such provocation, they would, I should think, feel it rather difficult to keep their hands off such visitors.

"My first objection (says your correspondent) to the

Missionary work and its supporters is, that a call has been made on the public for more money." "It is hard (he adds) to believe Mr. Maher serious in urging this." Not serious! I beg to assure your correspondent that I am quite so. Let us see how stands the case:

It will not be denied that millions, tens of millions, nay, hundreds of millions, have been already expended in preaching Protestantism in Ireland, and in seeking to subvert the ancient faith of the people. Now, with this fact in our recollection, may not one seriously object to the propriety of granting more money for such purposes?

The incorporated Protestant Charter Schools have been employed in the work of proselytism for more than a century. They were originally established at the suggestion of Primate Boulter, who, in his letter to the Bishop of London, 1730, observed, "that the great number of Papists in this kingdom, and the obstinacy with which they adhere to their religion, occasions our trying what can be done with their children, *to bring them over to our church*, * * * for, instead of converting those that are adult (he adds) we are daily losing many of our meaner people who go off to Popery." All this happened before they began to buy them up.

The expenditure of these schools up to 1823 (the date of the latest report I have seen), had been £1,612,138, of which sum £1,027,715 was derived from parliamentary grants, and the chief produce of the institution has been described by Mr. O'Driscoll in two words—"Prostitutes and Orangemen." The Rev. Mr. Lee, who inspected the school officially in 1819, describes the children as "*frequently stunted in body, mind, and heart.*" The brutal treatment to which these poor children were exposed, whilst passing through these proselytising factories, was almost incredible.

But, besides these incorporated schools, we have others of Royal and private foundation, possessing large estates. We have had the Society "for Discountenancing Vice," enriched with immense parliamentary grants—the Hibernian Bible Society, the Church Education Society, the income of which, on last year, was £38,258 os. 7½*d.*; the Irish Society, which is just now greatly in vogue, and London auxiliaries of every description, besides numerous other organisations for proselytising purposes.

But over and above all, we have a Protestant Church which has been established in the country for three centuries—the richest in the world, amid the poorest people—endowed with estates to the extent of 1,937,837 statute acres; together with a rent-charge which has been accepted as an equivalent for the tenth of the produce of the whole island. And to render this Establishment more efficient for the propagation of the Protestant creed, the Parliament of the United Kingdom granted, and continued to grant for sixteen years, £100,000 annually for the poor clergy of said Establishment; besides grants and loans of upwards of a million of money for the erection of Protestant churches and building of parsons' houses.

Now, with all those various agencies so long in full operation, and with such an unlimited command of funds for the spread of Protestantism, Protestant missionaries have the modesty to announce in 1851 that the want of money is the only obstacle to the evangelization of all Ireland. We have, I think, been justified in exclaiming that "the hypocrisy of these men has had no parallel since the days of the ancient Pharisees—if even then."

Would it not be well to ask what has this church or its missionaries, who now demand more money, ever done to indemnify the State, or the people, for the millions so

prodigally squandered upon it already? Its pride and avarice—its shameful neglect of the few duties which it had to perform, and the spirit of persecution which has ever dwelt within it, have caused six-sevenths of the people of this country always to repudiate it, as the administratrix of Christ's merciful dispensation to man. It has been known to us only as a huge, unscrupulous, money-making corporation, and nothing else, "signaling itself (as the *Times* once said) by more than concurrence with the tyrannical spirit of the civil government." It has taught neither religion nor morality, and instead of promoting peace, it is acknowledged upon all hands that the Establishment has been the perpetual source of hatred, injustice, oppression, and not unfrequently of sanguinary riots. The Rev. Sidney Smith states, in the *Edinburgh Review*, 1824, that the collection of tithe in Ireland cost, in all probability, one million of lives: and *he* wrote before the slaughter of the people at Newtownbarry, Carrickshock, Castlepollard, and Rathcormac.

The Church has also made the gentry what they are—unkind, heartless, spendthrifts—neglectful of all their duties to their oppressed and now ruined tenantry, whom, as "Papists," they were taught remorselessly to spurn and trample upon: I speak of the landlords as a body, for amongst them there were some who, in the worst of times, nobly did their duty. Their extortions and vices have at length recoiled upon themselves, by driving out in myriads the people to seek a resting-place in foreign lands. The prophetic spirit of Grattan, more than half a century since, saw these evils, and others which, in due time, it is to be feared, will be realised. "Do you not see in America (exclaimed the great man) that range of territory, cheapness of living, variety of climate, and

simplicity of life—the drain of Europe? Whatever is bold and disconsolate, the oppressed, the outraged, the harassed, in every country, all, all, to that point will precipitate; and what you trample on at home, will sting you in America.” Sir, it will surprise no man that we question the propriety of granting additional funds to the missionaries of the Church which has, in a great measure, contributed to bring about this state of things. Let your correspondent tell the world at once what amount of treasure is required to Protestantise Ireland. How many hundreds of millions will do? Is a sum equal to the national debt needed? Countless thousands have been already expended, and the work has not yet well begun. It might be well to ask whether the improved chances of gaining Heaven, by the adoption of any of the modern heresies of Protestantism, be worth, after all, such an expenditure of blood and treasure—such a loss of peace, in a word—whether it ought to be purchased by the destruction of an ancient and faithful nation? If justice and mercy ever obtain a complete ascendancy over prejudice and the lust of power in the United Kingdom, this question will be calmly examined and decided.

Lord Melbourne, in 1835, on the second reading of the Irish Church Bill, thus described the establishment from data furnished by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—

“There are,” said his lordship (I quote from the *Mirror of Parliament*), “155 parishes in Ireland with an income of £12,000 a-year, which do not contain one protestant. There are 173 parishes, of which the income is £19,000 a-year, and in each of which the number of Protestants is under ten. There are 406 parishes, of which the joint income is £54,000 a-year, and in which

the Protestant population seldom exceeds fifteen, and never exceeds fifty. There are 975 single parishes, in each of which there are less than fifty Protestants, but of which the united income is £170,000 a-year."

At the head of this Establishment is Primate Beresford, whose see is endowed with 104,000 acres, although his income is rated only at £17,670. Would not the odd hundreds form a very proper income, if the incumbent was satisfied to live as a Christian bishop?

Now, with this picture before us, sketched by one of the Prime Ministers of England, one cannot help asking on what principle of justice, of religion, of decency, has such an Establishment been kept up amid a Catholic people?

Mr. Macaulay, who is no mean authority upon such a question, has expressed an opinion which will, ere long, force itself on the attention of Statesmen:—

"If there were (says this distinguished writer), in any part of the world a National Church, regarded as Heretical by four-fifths of the nation committed to its care; a Church established and maintained by the sword; a Church producing twice as many riots as conversions; a Church which, though possessing great wealth and power, and though long backed by persecuting laws, had, in the course of many generations, been found unable to propagate its doctrines, and barely able to maintain its ground; a Church so odious, that fraud and violence, when used against its clear rights of property, were generally regarded as fair play; a Church whose ministers were preaching to desolate walls, and with difficulty obtaining their lawful subsistence by the help of bayonets. Such a Church on our principles, could not, we must own, be defended. We should say, that the State which allied itself with such a Church post-

poned the primary end of Government to the secondary ; and the consequence had been such as any sagacious observer would have predicted. Neither the primary nor the secondary end is attained. The temporal and spiritual interests of the people suffer alike. The minds of men instead of being drawn to the Church are alienated from the State !”

Sir, there is not an unprejudiced mind in the country who does not agree with Mr. Macaulay, that for such an Establishment there is no defence—that it is a monster grievance without parallel in the history of the world—that it is sustained in bold defiance of the clearest principles of justice, of policy, of humanity. Sir, there are thousands in England, some even amongst its foremost men, who feel the full force and truth of what Mr. Macaulay has so eloquently stated. Archdeacon Paley, long since, laid down the rule that, “if Dissenters from the Establishment became the majority of the people, the Establishment itself ought to be altered and qualified.” Warburton, in his “Alliance between Church and State,” taught the same doctrine ; and The Bishop of Cloyne (Woodward), in quoting Paley’s opinion, considers it “decisive against the Protestant Church in Ireland.”

Instead, therefore, of granting additional funds to the agents of this Establishment, under whatever name they assume, the Church itself should be called upon, in the language of Scripture, to render an account of its stewardship.

Your correspondent states that I have not established the charge of bribery against the Protestant Missionary Societies. Does he deem it necessary to prove, what candid and honest men of every class in the country have not the slightest doubt about ? But a very few

days since, a Protestant gentleman in my parish told me that he had almost made up his mind not to go to church, being so utterly disgusted with this discreditable traffic in converts. I do not give the gentleman's name, because I have not his express permission, although I have no reason to think he would hesitate to state before the world what he stated to me. The Protestant converts, on renouncing the faith of their fathers, obtain better dress, better covering, better food, than they had before. This, Sir, is a public, notorious fact; and it is equally certain that they obtained these things on the express condition of publicly abandoning the religion in which they had lived, and hoped to die. Is this mere conjecture? Sir, we arrive at the knowledge of these facts from the confession of the delinquents themselves, who come publicly to express their sorrow for their crime, and to plead starvation as the apology for their fall. Take, for instance, the late accounts of conversion in the diocese of Cashel, as given in the *Hull Advertiser*.

"The converts, we learn, are all poor people, in the receipt of weekly relief from funds provided by the proselytising zeal of persons in *this* country (England); and as it was apprehended that few of them would be found to stand the test of confirmation by the Protestant Bishop, new clothes were promised them in the event of their going through such an ordeal with becoming gravity. The Right Rev. Dr. Daly found the Church of Drumkeen filled with converts, sighing for the imposition of episcopal hands; and after the confirmation, the Rev. Dr. Darby, whose fold they professed to join, distributed among them plenty of warm clothing for the winter, not omitting some rather gay dresses for the females, brands snatched from the burning. But now begins the really painful part of the affair. On the following Sunday the

greatest portion of the converts, well-clad at the expense of their proselytising friends, presented themselves in the Roman Catholic chapels of Doon, Cappamore, and Necker, all chapels in the vicinity of Drumkeen Church, and solemnly declared before the assembled congregations that they only yielded to the pressure of cold and hunger, in feigning to be converted. Now (continues the Editor), this is altogether very lamentable. We greatly fear that many of our so-called Missionaries are about the most unscrupulous persons under the sun. If they can only make such a show of success as will enable them to extract money out of the pockets of a credulous people to support themselves in luxuries and ease, they are marvellously indifferent to the conditions of mind required in those to whom they give the name of converts."

These scenes, Sir, are really horrible, and would not be endured in any country in Europe but our own. They are calculated to degrade, to demoralize, to render utterly worthless, to ruin here and hereafter, the poor people upon whom such experiments are tried. The voice of every honest man in the country, Protestant and Catholic, ought to be raised against such iniquity.

If truth reside in Protestantism, and works conversions without a bribe, how does it happen that it is successful only amongst those who, on the very verge of starvation, are most exposed to such temptations. Protestantism, like the miasma of the "*grotto del Cane*," acts only to a certain distance from the ground; those who stand erect are in little danger, and the prostrate in the depths of poverty alone take the infection fully. Mark, on the other hand, the glorious progress of Catholic truth. It makes converts in every class, but especially amongst the learned, the thoughtful, and the

self-sacrificing ; amongst men whose sincerity is well tested by the surrender of wealth and honours. Arch-deacon Manning, and Oakley, and Maskell, and Faber, and Newman, and Smith, and Law, the brother of Lord Ellenborough ; Wilberforce and Rider, and Allies, and scores of others, have each resigned several hundreds a year, some of them even thousands, to be admitted to the communion of the Catholic Church. Catholicism achieves its victories where the Catholic missionary is never heard, in the universities of England, and amongst the dignitaries and members of the ancient cathedrals which, since the reformation, have been in Protestant hands.—“ *Magna est veritas,*” it may be truly said, “ *et prevalebit.*”

If your correspondent, on carefully considering the opinion of Mr. Macaulay, still thinks that the Protestant Establishment in this country, or its missionaries, admit of a defence, we shall be glad to hear from him again. There may be reasons, but we confess we cannot see them, for asking money to Protestantise Ireland ; a project upon which millions have been hitherto unsuccessfully expended.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER.

X.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

December 4th, 1851.

SIR—Your masked Correspondent, under the signature “C.,” begins his last letter by asserting, that Mr. Maher has left several points of his former communication un-

answered. You are aware, Mr. Editor, that there is a class of writers who are such oracles in their own sphere, and withal so pertinacious, that they suppose every observation of theirs—no matter how unmeaning, silly, and impertinent—requires a distinct reply. Many of the topics and arguments of “C.’s” letters falling into this category, must, in deference to public opinion, be passed over unnoticed ; although such a course may wound the vanity of the author.

He feels annoyed because I have denounced the proselytizers as hypocrites, without a parallel since the days of the Pharisees of old, if even then. He must bear with the expression of my honest indignation against these miscreants. Truth will not permit me to modify it in the slightest degree.

Here is a body of men who come to disturb the faith, to which we have clung with admirable fidelity through centuries of persecution—collecting money, by an appeal to the credulity and fanaticism of England, to sustain them whilst engaged in thus waging war upon us. Who authorised them to meddle with our religious convictions, to tamper with our spiritual concerns, to obtrude themselves upon our peace ? Who sent them ?—and if they be not sent how can they preach ? To what form of belief are we to be converted ? Giving up the faith of our sainted and persecuted ancestors, what novelties are we to get in its stead ? Have the missionaries fixed upon this necessary point ? And if they have not, as everybody knows, then, are they not only hypocrites, but jugglers, deceivers, enemies of the peace of our country ? Who, I ask again, sent the motley crew—the advocates of every heresy—amongst us : who could send such but the spirit of lying, of error, and the demon of intolerance ? Lord Shaftesbury, a few days since, at a gathering of

these mischief-makers, announced that it was "their solemn duty to destroy the Roman Catholic religion." He or they never deem it a duty to uproot infidelity, which has taken a fast hold upon the public mind in England ; but the Catholic Church, wherein alone the awful dogmas of Christianity are safe, must be supplanted.

To what creed, again I ask, are we to be converted, if we abandon that which we now possess ? Are Catholics to embrace Socianism or Unitarianism, involving a denial of the divinity of the Saviour ? Must we renounce spiritual regeneration with Mr. Gorham, or episcopal ordination with the Archbishop of Canterbury, or apostolic descent with Dr. Whately of Dublin ; or must we embrace the impiety of Calvinism, which makes God the author of sin, and dooms man to inevitable damnation ; or are we to be taught, with other Protestant sects, that faith, without good works, is sufficient, and that "murder and adultery will only make us better on earth and merrier in Heaven ;" or are we to fall down and worship Johanna Southcott ?

"We have seen an old woman," says Macaulay, "with no talents beyond the cunning of a fortune teller, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, and surrounded by *tens of thousands* of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors ; and all this in the nineteenth century ; and all this in London."

Is it from amongst these, from London, the Irish missionaries are to come ? What phase of Protestantism—every section of which is so leavened with infidelity and fanaticism—is now to be presented to the Irish Roman Catholics ? In a word, if we are to give up the faith of our forefathers, for which we have bled for centuries—the faith in which all the Saints of the Calendar have

been nurtured and perfected—the holy Catholic faith, which we have been taught in the Apostles' Creed—if we give up this, our only and best inheritance (for Protestantism has plundered us of everything else), pray what substitute are we to get in its place?

It would be well for these proselytisers—who have been long since denounced “as hypocrites, who compass land and sea, to make one proselyte”—to be reminded of the salutary warning of Edmund Burke. “Depend upon it (said that great man), it is as true as nature is true, that if you force them out of the religion of habit, education, or opinion, it is not to your's they will go. Shaken in their mind, they will go to that where the dogmas are fewest, where they are most uncertain, where they lead them least to a consideration of what they have abandoned.”—*Letter to Sir H. Langrishe.*

It may, perhaps, be said that the proselytisers are true churchmen, coming to inculcate a belief in the Thirty-nine Articles; but, in reply I ask, how can churchmen, with the unemployed wealth of the Establishment in their hands, ask for more money for the Irish missions? Such a proceeding, wears in my mind, very much the appearance of a swindling transaction—of an attempt to raise money under false pretences.

How stands the case. The Commissioners “on ecclesiastical revenue and patronage” state, that there are 155 parishes in Ireland, with an income of £12,000 a year, which do not contain one Protestant. There are 173 parishes of which the income is £19,000, and in each of which the number of Protestants is under 10. The gross annual income of 284 dignitaries, prebendaries, and canons belonging to the chapters of the Church of Ireland was £152,606 16s. 8½*d.*—of these dignitaries 75 have no duties attached to their dignity, and many

more have only to preach occasionally, some two or three times a year in the Cathedral Churches"—See Ed. Rev., *State of the Irish Church*, July, 1835.

With these facts, and other crying abuses, under our eyes, what are we to say to a call for more money, for the Irish mission? Is it not a gross attempt to raise money fraudulently?

Your correspondent admits that "the Protestant clergy were long negligent of the duty of bringing the truth before their Roman Catholic countrymen, and are even now performing it only to a small extent. If the Establishment (he continues) be as corrupt and full of sinecures as its assailants would have us believe, there is the more necessity that sincere and zealous men should exert themselves to supply its defects." Very true; but how are sincere men to supply its defects? By trading on the credulity of England, and raising more money? Sincerity or honour would never dictate such a course. If a family of minors entitled to large possessions were oppressed and defrauded by unjust guardians, what course, I ask, would the friends of justice and innocence pursue? Would they undertake to collect alms for the oppressed? No, but they would come to close quarters with the unjust stewards, and cause the rightful possessions of the injured to be fully restored. In like manner, sincere and honest men in religion would raise their voice against a sinecure establishment, the richest in the world amid the poorest people. They would go to England, not to beg alms for the Irish missions, but to ask for justice—for the proper application of their resources to their own necessities—for the abolition of an enormous ecclesiastical nuisance. They would say, slightly paraphrasing the words of Scripture—Behold for these three centuries, we come to seek fruit on this barren establish-

ment, and we can find none. Cut it down therefore. Why cumbereth it the ground? Such a course would have Scripture, common sense, and honesty to recommend it.

Hear how men, fully as honest and as Protestant as your correspondent, speak of this Establishment:—"I am thoroughly impressed (says Mr. Beverley, in a letter to the Archbishop of York) with this truth, as paramount to all other truths, excepting the high mysteries of our religion, that the Church of England, as it is now constituted, greatly surpasses in the grossness of its abuses, all other jobs or systems of corruption that ever afflicted the kingdom: and so much mischief has it done religion, besides all the political enormities with which it may be charged, that all pious persons should hail with shouts of joy that high and holy day, now not far distant, when the Church of England will be abolished by Act of Parliament, deprived of all its revenues, and put on an equality with the other Christian sects in the country."

Instead of seeking, like your correspondent "C.," to prop up this tottering Establishment, by bribing the starving peasantry to fill its deserted churches, we must all call upon England, whence we shall have a hearty response, for its complete and final removal.

Your correspondent writes a paragraph or two on the charge of bribing converts to Protestantism, which he idly attempts to disprove. It is, and the country knows, a fact of the utmost notoriety, but I must hold over a few observations on the subject for another occasion.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XI.

REPLY TO THE LETTER OF THE REV. W. B.
AGAINST CATHOLICS AND THEIR
RELIGION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CARLOW SENTINEL."

SIR—The Rev. W. B. has addressed a letter to the *Carlow Sentinel*, in which he professes to give the history of the Gunpowder Plot of 1605. The object of the letter is simply this—and it would be hard to imagine a design more mischievous—to persuade the public that Catholics, by the teaching of their church, believe it a duty to enter into plots and conspiracies to murder Protestants. "The Romish system," says the reverend letter-writer, "makes such a crime a virtue, when it promotes the interests of a superstition which they call the Christian religion."

I must, at the outset, pray my readers to bear patiently with the reverend gentleman's nomenclature. He invariably calls us "Romanists" and "Papists," and our holy religion "superstition" and "idolatry." Our title is "Catholic,"—our rightful, inalienable, imprescriptible title. It has descended to us through a long line of sainted ancestors, who have suffered more for Catholicity than any other people on the face of the earth. We have been known by it at all times, and throughout the whole world; but the Rev. W. B. unwisely supposes that he would compromise his stern orthodoxy were he for a moment to practise good manners. We must, therefore, hold him excused.

We come now to graver matter. He charges us, one and all, with holding the doctrine that it is lawful to murder Protestants, when the interests of our "super-

stition" require it. A more reckless charge against a Christian community cannot well be imagined. No honest or honourable mind would hazard it without the highest degree of evidence: the Rev. W. B. prefers it without any evidence at all. Making every good-natured allowance for the Rev. W. B.'s want of knowledge, as we did already for his want of good breeding, there are some things which, I fancy, he cannot but know. He must know that in the oath of allegiance this clause occurs:—

"I, A. B., do swear that I do reject and detest, as an unchristian and impious position, that it is lawful to murder or destroy any person or persons whatsoever, under pretence of their being heretics. And I do solemnly declare, in the presence of God, that I do make this declaration, and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words of the oath, and without thinking that I am, or can be, acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration, or any part hereof."

In the face of this oath, which the nation has repeatedly taken—which perfectly satisfied the authorities, whom God has appointed to rule the kingdom, and which no individual amongst us has ever violated—this man, the Rev. W. B., has the uncommon hardihood—the shamelessness—to charge a whole people with doctrines and practices which have been thus solemnly disclaimed and condemned. Our disclaimer has satisfied even the worst bigotry of past ages. It satisfies every fair and well-constituted mind, whether Presbyterian or Protestant; but it has not yet satisfied the wild, fanatic, unreasoning prejudices of the Rev. W. B.

"It is lamentable to notice," exclaims a Protestant clergyman, of sound mind, the Rev. J. Nightingale, in his well-known work, "*The Religion of all Nations*,"—"the eagerness with which *most Protestant* writers quote

distorted representations, professedly at enmity with the church and people they attempt to delineate. Thus many wicked tenets have been palmed upon our brethren of the Catholic church; that which *they* deny, we have insisted they religiously hold; that which they utterly abhor, we hold up as the guide of their faith and the rule of their actions, to the detestation of mankind. This is not fair." How strikingly the truth and candour of this Protestant clergyman contrasts with the bigotry and foul insinuations of his reverend brother, W. B.

Charges of a similar nature were preferred against Catholics in past times, by the Rev. Titus Oates, Dr. Tongue, and Bedloe—the most infamous names on the page of history; and having then succeeded in awakening the bigotry of those in power, some of the best and most innocent blood of the country was spilled. "Criminal courts," says the historian,* "became places of human sacrifices, not sanctuaries of justice." The same results might again follow, if the Rev. W. B. had the talent or address of Titus Oates or his abandoned associates to impress the public mind with his own morbid fancies. To his weakness of intellect, therefore, and confusion of mind—to the want of even that low capacity for *extensive* mischief which Oates so eminently possessed—we owe our safety. It is most fortunate for the peace of society that, in our days, no gentleman or Christian is reckless enough to charge Christianity with such a crime. No gentleman or Christian will believe it. To the Rev. W. B. I shall only say, what old Cobbett said to an addled-pated preacher in New York, who, by referring to ancient feuds, hoped to sow the seeds of fresh dissensions, "Sir, you ought to have been born two hundred years ago."

The Rev. W. B. comes out on the public with his

* "Mackintosh's England," vol. iv.

straggling, confused, one-sided narrative of the Gunpowder Plot, stuffed, of course, with all manner of falsehood and hypocrisy. Why, in heaven's name, has this subject been dragged before the public? What good purpose is to be served by it? Has the existence of the plot, or the guilt of a few Catholic conspirators, or the truth of history been questioned or denied? By no means. Wherefore, then, are the columns of a newspaper loaded with the Rev. W. B.'s stupid, heavy account of ancient feuds and misdeeds, in which the crime of one party is elaborately told, whilst the provocation of the other is wholly suppressed? Ah! the design is too apparent. No amount of hypocrisy can screen the mischievous intent.

The history of the transaction, which occupies so much space in the *Sentinel*, might, were it deemed necessary, be fairly given in a few words. Hallam's account is at once concise and comprehensive:—"The Catholics," he says, "were disappointed by an Act inflicting new penalties on recusants (£20 a month, or two-thirds of their lands, for non-attendance on Protestant worship), and debarring them from educating their children according to their consciences." Could anything be more cruel or provocative? "The prisons were filled, the penalties exacted, several were put to death, and the general helplessness of their condition impelled *a few persons* to the Gunpowder Conspiracy, unjustly imputed to the majority of Catholics."* Would Protestants have suffered their children to be dragged from them and educated in a faith which they detested—would they have endured fine and imprisonment for non-attendance at Catholic worship—without a desire of revenge? Of what do we complain

* "The Constitutional History of England," by Henry Hallam, vol. i. p. 399.

in the Rev. W. B's narrative? Of the injustice of suppressing all mention of the atrocious provocation which the conspirators received, and the grievous injustice (which the learned historian just cited most emphatically condemns) of attributing to Catholics the crime of a few persons—"a few bigots," as Southey designates them. Whilst restless vulgar fanaticism delights to inculcate the millions, is it not consoling to us, as belonging to the great human family, to know that the scholar and the gentleman confine the charge to the few?

After quoting a speech from Catesby, the Rev. W. B. proceeds to say—"It is particularly to be observed that the men engaged in this conspiracy were not atrocious characters, as would be expected of persons guilty of such crimes: quite the reverse." Describing them as good men, the Rev. W. B. wishes to insinuate the charge that the best Catholics are capable of the worst iniquity. In this, as in almost every other passage of his letter, the reverend gentleman displays a most unreasonable amount of ignorance of history. Catesby, who devised the plot, is represented by impartial history as "a gentleman who led a strange life of dissipation, turbulence, intrigue, and fanaticism." (This is the good Catholic! Leaving out the dissipation, he is infinitely more like the Rev. W. B. himself.) "He conceived, and cherished for some time within his bosom, the stupendous wickedness of the Gunpowder Plot. Most of his associates," adds the historian, "were military adventurers, of the rank of gentlemen, but without fortune."* The conspirators then, it appears, were of that class where one least expects to find a strong sense of religion. As gentlemen, they could not brook the tyranny of being forced by enor-

* Sir James Mackintosh's "History of England" Continued, vol. iv., p. 185 (abridged).

mous penalties, imprisonment, or the scaffold, to profess Protestantism ; and as Catholics, it is to be regretted that they had not the high Roman virtue to suffer patiently for justice sake. Hence they had, in despair—in their general helplessness, as Hallam expresses it—sought relief in crime. What is there in this history, when told honestly and fairly, by a Mackintosh or a Hallam, that makes against Catholicity ? Ah ! it must pass through the alembic of some sour untutored fanatic to extract offence out of it.

At one time, the Rev. W. B. seeks to represent the conspirators as good Catholics ; at another he describes them as monsters of iniquity. "On the scaffold," he says, "they regretted that they had not succeeded in destroying the heretics, as they called Protestants." On both occasions he violates truth. Some people, from habit, are so turned away from it, that they will not employ it, even when it would not injure their cause. The Rev. W. B. had before his eyes Hume's history ; and in the very page from which he quotes we find these words, speaking of the conspirators :—Piercy and Catesby were killed ; Digby, Rookwood, Winter, and others, being taken prisoners, were tried, confessed their guilt, and died by the hand of the executioner." In assailing Catholicity, there are some who hold that slander and falsehood are legitimate weapons. It was misrepresentations of this nature which wrung from the respectable Protestant historian—the gentleman and the scholar—the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, the following indignant reproof :—"Forgery (I blush for the honour of Protestantism while I write it) seems to have been peculiar to the reformed. I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition amongst the disciples of Popery."*

* Vindication of Queen Mary, vol. iii. p. 2.

Passing from the Rev. W. B. as an historian, his unrivalled labours as a logician come under our consideration. Though it is universally admitted that only a few persons were concerned in the Gunpowder Conspiracy, yet the Rev. W. B. undertakes, in his blind hatred of what he calls "the Romish system," to prove that not only all the Catholics of England at that day, but the whole Catholic church—the numberless generations who were then unborn—were all accomplices. To what an extreme of folly do bigotry and fanaticism lead such characters as the Rev. W. B. ! "As Romanists now say"—I quote his words, and mind, he never by chance speaks courteously—"As Romanists now say there is no evidence to justify our attributing *this plot to their church*, it behoves Protestants to inquire into facts. First, it has been stated three Jesuits were concerned ; and Jesuits are one of the orders of the church." Therefore, the whole church is concerned. I am quite satisfied that Dr. White has under his care subjects who would be ashamed of such reasoning.

To test this logic, let us apply it with scrupulous exactitude to another subject. Three reformers—Luther, Bucer, and Melancton—granted to their protector, Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, an indulgence to keep a concubine, in the lifetime of his wife. "*Si nolit domina*," exclaimed Luther, "*veniat ancilla*." But the above-named reformers were heads of the Protestant continental churches ; therefore these churches have sanctioned adulterous intercourse. But to come nearer home : three reverend parsons—Rawling Mallock, James Chazalet, and John St. Aubyn—have been tried and convicted of *crim. con.* : the record of their conviction lies before me. But parsons are one of the orders of our Established Church ; therefore the Established Church—I leave it to others to draw the

conclusion : and how can the Rev. W. B. evade its force? The logic is his, not mine ; but I have wrested it out of his hand, as I was justified in doing, to scourge him with it. If the Rev. W. B. were under my jurisdiction, instead of sending him to the pulpit, or to write for the press, he should most assuredly take his place in the logic class, under the care of the Rev. John Dunne, of our college.

A lengthened refutation of the other calumnies and misrepresentations of the Rev. W. B. would answer no useful purpose. I shall, however, give a catalogue, *raisonné*, of them, to guard the public against such gross imposition.

First, then, the assertion of the Rev. W. B. that "the church of Rome has given her direct sanction to the scheme of the Gunpowder Plot," is false, defamatory, insulting, and uncharitable, in the last degree. "These accursed outrages of imposition are," as the Rev. Mr. Whitaker has observed, "peculiar to Protestantism, and looked for in vain amongst the disciples of Popery." The reverse of what the Rev. W. B. states is the fact. Rome and all Catholics have invariably condemned the wicked plot. Pope Paul V. addressed a letter to King James, in which he expressed the strongest condemnation of the conspiracy: and the heads of the English Catholic church immediately circulated a pastoral letter, in which they denounced the plot as "detestable and damnable," and assured the people that "the Pope had always condemned such unlawful practices."*

Secondly, it is false to assert, with the Rev. W. B., that "Rome canonized Garnet the Jesuit, or enrolled him in the Calendar of Saints."

Thirdly, it is untrue that the three Jesuits—Garnet, Greenway, and Gerard—were, as the Rev. W. B. asserts,

* Butler's Historical Memoirs, vol. ii.

concerned in the plot. The two former, who most zealously exerted themselves to prevent it, had no other knowledge of it than what they had heard in the way of sacramental confession. Gerard was, immediately after the discovery of the plot, apprehended, and imprisoned in the Tower. He was there threatened with the severest tortures unless he made the expected discoveries. After a short time elapsed without making any communication, his hands were screwed into two iron rings, and by these he was fastened to a column, at a height which did not allow his feet to touch the ground. He was kept in this excruciating torture one hour; a block was then placed under his feet, and he remained in that state during five hours more. On the next day the same torture was inflicted. He fainted under it, and was recalled to sense by the pouring of vinegar down his throat; but the torture was continued. May Heaven forgive his calumniators! On the following day he was ordered to the rack for the third time; but the governor of the Tower interfered and prevented it. And at the end of twenty days, the use of his limbs being in some degree restored, he was permitted to escape; and having buried himself in obscurity, he continued to exercise, as far as he was able, his missionary duties. Twenty-seven years after this time he was accused, in a published libel, of having boasted that he had taken an active part in the plot. He affirmed upon oath before God and his angels, that the story of his having taken any part in the conspiracy was absolutely false.* Would Gerard, if he were concerned in the plot, have escaped from the hands of his tyrants, who tore him almost limb from limb, to extort even from his own lips evidence of his guilt.

Fourthly, it is false to assert or insinuate that Bellar-

* Butler's Historical Memoirs (abridged), vol. ii. p. 162.

mine, Maldonatus, or Reiffenstuel—authors whom the Rev. W. B. in all probability has never seen nor read, and whom, notwithstanding, he ventures to quote—have ever sanctioned the doctrine that it is lawful or a duty to enter into plots or conspiracies to destroy heretics, as Protestants are called.

Introducing a passage from Maldonatus, the Rev. W. B. in his own peculiar style, writes thus:—"Maldonatus, a Romish Standard Interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures; also a Standard of Maynooth, now or lately in the press at Mayence, sold in Ireland, says." I quote this passage as a fair specimen of his style in writing. He evidently deals largely in the use of that figure of speech which rhetoricians designate rhodomontade. The Rev. W. B. might have known, if he knew anything, that the church, and not any individual commentator, is the authorised interpreter, the judge, and depository of the Scriptures. That Maldonatus is not only a standard of Scripture, but also a standard of Maynooth, now or lately (Maynooth, of course) in the press at Mayence, and sold in Ireland, is something which, I suppose, the reverend gentleman himself understands, but which far surpasses any ordinary powers of comprehension.

Fifthly, it is false and calumnious to assert or insinuate that the Catholic bishops in 1818, "with" (to use the elegant phraseology of the Rev. W. B.) "the present Dr. Murray among them," ever sanctioned the odious doctrine which we repudiate in the oath of allegiance. It is wonderful how any man of sane mind can be so base and bewildered as to insinuate such charges. The Catholic prelates knew no more of the annexation of the Rhemish notes to the Bible, by a foolish printer, than the Most Rev. Dr. Whately knows of the foolish letters of the Rev. W. B. in the *Sentinel*.

It is, however, perfectly true that both Catholic and Protestant states have barbarously put to death their subjects for religious opinions, and that bigotted men of the stamp and calibre of the Rev. W. B. have written much in favour of such unchristian policy. What has been the whole penal code under which our Catholic ancestors groaned for centuries, but the most barbarous system of persecution which the nations of the earth have ever beheld? "No country," said Edmund Burke, and he is no mean authority, "since the world began, suffered so much on account of religion."* Another great authority asserts that "there is no instance, even in the ten persecutions, of such severity as that which has been exercised over the Catholics of Ireland."† The state persecuted all who chanced to dissent from the established creed. Dissenters of every class, as well as Catholics, were put to death. Against the latter, as Dr. Johnson observed, the laws were most inhumanly executed. After being hanged, they were cut down alive, dismembered, ripped up, and their bowels literally burned before their faces. After which they were beheaded and quartered. The time employed in the butchery was very considerable, and in one instance lasted half an hour."‡

When some of the penal laws were about to be relaxed, the Primate (Usher) invited to his house all the archbishops and bishops, where they unanimously drew up, agreed to, and subscribed with their own hands, the following protestation, in 1626:—"That to give Papists a *toleration*, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin. It is to make ourselves accessory to their superstitions, idolatries, and heresies; in a word, to all

* Vol. v. p. 213. † See Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson.

‡ Milner's Letters to a Prebendary: Letter IV.

the abominations of Popery." What was then to be done, unless either to force them to apostatize, or to exterminate them by the sword?

This is not the private opinion of any individual theologian or commentator of Scriptures. It is the authentic document of the Irish Protestant church, entitled "The Judgment of Divers of the "Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland Concerning Toleration in Religion," and it bears the signatures of the Archbishops of Armagh and Cashel, and of the Bishops of Meath, Ferns and Leighlin, Down and Connor, Derry; Cork, Cloyne, and Ross; Killala and Achonry; Kilmore and Ardagh; Dromore; Waterford and Lismore; and Limerick."*

It is the strangest of all strange things to hear the Rev. W. B., with this document under his eyes, and the history of a persecuted Catholic country—persecuted by Protestantism—before him, charging Catholics with holding persecuting doctrines! Where must the reverend gentleman have passed his days? Did he suppose that the whole world forgot,—or, perhaps, like himself, never learned—the history of this country? We, who have been the victims of persecution for three centuries, have been denounced as the abettors thereof! We who have been plundered of all earthly goods, because of our fidelity to the faith of our fathers—we, who have suffered more and longer than any people on the face of the earth—are charged by one who holds the faith of those by whom we were extended on the rack, with holding persecuting opinions! How debased, and awfully blinded by prejudices, must be the Protestant intellect which ventures upon such charges. In fact, nothing less than a *delirium tremens*, arising from undiluted and continuous draughts

* See Bishop Mant's History of the Church of Ireland, vol. i., p. 423.

of intoxicating bigotry, can satisfactorily account for such infatuation. From my inmost soul do I pity those who look up to such a man for spiritual guidance.

It is our boast—the proud and singular boast of Catholic Ireland—that we never persecuted for religious opinions. Protestantism can boast of nothing of the kind ; nor can the Catholics of any other state give such a practical proof of Christian liberality. Protestant historians have done us ample justice on this head. Read Parnell's *Historical Apology* and Taylor's *History of the Civil Wars of Ireland*. The latter—a modern writer, Fellow of Trinity College, and of very considerable merit and discrimination—speaking of the reign of Mary, has the following passage :—“ *The restoration of the old religion was effected without violence : no persecution of the Protestants was attempted : and SEVERAL OF THE ENGLISH, WHO FLED FROM THE FURIOUS ZEAL OF MARY'S INQUISITORS, FOUND A SAFE RETREAT AMONG THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND. It is but justice to this maligned body to add, that on the three occasions of their obtaining the upper hand, THEY NEVER INJURED A SINGLE PERSON IN LIFE OR LIMB FOR PROFESSING A RELIGION DIFFERENT TO THEIR OWN. They had suffered persecution and learned mercy, as they showed in the reign of Mary, in the wars from 1641 to 1648, and during the brief triumph of James the Second.*”* William Parnell, brother to the late Sir Henry, speaking of Irish Catholics in the same reign, says :—“ *How ought these perverse and superficial men to blush, who have said that the Irish Roman Catholics must be bigots and rebels from the very nature of their religion, and who have advanced this falsehood in the very teeth of fact, and contrary to the most distinct evidence of history ? The Irish Roman Catholics*

* Taylor's *History of the Civil Wars of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 169.

bigots? THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLICS ARE THE ONLY SECT THAT EVER RESUMED POWER WITHOUT EXERCISING VENGEANCE! *Show a brighter instance, if you can, in the whole page of history. Was this the conduct of Knox or Calvin? or of the brutal council of Edward VI., who signed its bloody warrants with tears? Has this been the conduct of the Irish Protestants?"* *

Towards the close of his letter, after misrepresenting to the best of his ability the Catholic religion, the Rev. W. B. indignantly asks—"Is this the system the nation is about to be called upon to pay men to teach?"

The fear, then, of an endowment for the Church of the people, and of a proportionate loss of income to the sinecure establishment, is, after all, the mainspring of that hurly burly zeal which characterises all the assaults of the Rev. W. B. on Catholicity. The great Diana of the Ephesians is endangered! The truth has incautiously slipped out. The fear of losing pelf has great influence on weak minds and strong passions. It is at the bottom of all the revilings, the misrepresentations, the incivilities, the calumnies, and blasphemies we are yearly, and every year, condemned to endure. It is the source of all the waters of bitterness which inundate the compositions and ministrations of pious fanaticism. Hence the ancient religion of Christendom is constantly designated by modern ranters as "idolatry," "superstition," or worse; and ourselves represented as something odious to God and man. Hence the simulated piety in the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot, tending, as a Protestant clergyman (Dr. Sturges) acknowledges, "to perpetuate ancient animosities."

Do Protestants, who are ever hearing these revilings, ask themselves, in a moment of reflection, was it idolatry

* Parnell's Historical Apology, pp., 35—37.

or superstition which attracted to our communion the Newmans, the Wards, the Oakleys, and the other innumerable bright and shining lights of Oxford and Cambridge, who have lately sacrificed all—rank, and fortune, and friends, and station—for the Catholic truth, which is reviled, and has ever been reviled, in this world? Is it not awfully presumptuous in the Rev. W. B. to venture to pronounce this worship idolatrous, which has captivated the understanding of men, as far his superiors in learning, talent, virtue, and genius, as it is possible for one man to soar above another? Is it not infinitely more probable that these noble souls, with their high powers for the investigation of truth, have discovered it, rather than he, whose powers are evidently of the meanest and lowest description? But here let me administer a word of consolation, to quiet the fears of his reverence. Neither clergy nor laity of the Catholic communion have sought the pay of the nation. We who serve at the altar, are satisfied to live by the altar; and if our flock be poor, we would prefer to share their poverty, rather than wear the gilded livery of the state. The rewards for which we labour are not of this transitory world.

November 29th.

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XII.

STRICTURES ON DR. WHATELY'S ATTACK
ON CONVENTS, 14TH MAY, 1853.

TO THE MOST REV. DR. WHATELY.

“The Earl of Shaftesbury presented a petition for the registration and inspection of nunneries.

“The Archbishop of Dublin said in reference to the petition just presented, he wished to express his hearty concurrence in the general prayer of the petition. It was his conviction that there was wanted some additional legislation for the personal protection of individuals. Several accusations had been brought against him of ultra-Liberalism, and perhaps other isms. He wished not to advocate any restrictions upon the liberty of Christians of any denominations. He, however, thought that Parliament was called upon to interfere, and to pass a law not to abridge, but to secure the liberty of individuals. He called upon their lordships to consider the serious grievance of any of our fellow subjects being condemned, without a hearing, for the commission of any crime, to perpetual imprisonment or transportation for life, and also to consider whether it was not possible that those penalties might be inflicted on some of our fellow subjects without its coming to the knowledge of any person capable of affording redress. (Hear.) Now, suppose a young woman was received as a novice in some institution, and was placed under coercion. Her friends might have some suspicion about her, but on inquiry her existence was denied. They were told that nothing was known about her—or, if the novice were in the house, they were told she was too unwell to see such and such a person, or wished to have nothing more to do with them. And there were institutions in this island which were affiliated with similar institutions on the Continent. Therefore, as he had said, persons might be sentenced to undergo the illegal penalty, not only of imprisonment, but of transportation for life; and it was no such impossible a thing for a person to be spirited away to some foreign institution, and there for ever to be kept out of the sight or knowledge of his or her friends. (Hear, hear.) He would mention, as an example, the following cases that came under his own knowledge:—A young boy, in the service of a certain institution in Dublin, was in the habit of visiting his parents every week. Having been missed for some time by his parents, they made many inquiries about him, and at length discovered that he was concealed in one of those religious institutions in the neighbourhood referred to in the petitions. Their inquiries were met for some time by evasive answers;

at length the boy was produced, but presented so frightful an appearance from wounds on his person as to make their blood curdle. It was stated that a punishment had been inflicted on the boy for what after all turned out to be a trifling affair, and he was incarcerated with a view to the healing of his wounds before he was seen by his parents. If this boy had had no parents, it was probable that there would not have been any chance of this discovery. There was another case which also came lately under his own knowledge :—A Protestant lady in Dublin, most of whose relations were of the Roman Catholic persuasion, was now missing under very peculiar circumstances. She was formerly a Roman Catholic herself, but for the last few years was a member of the Established Church, and brought her children up as Protestants. Her Protestant friends had procured for her a situation in England, but she suddenly disappeared, and was never seen since. Anxious inquiries were made after her; and at length it was ascertained that she had been inhabiting one of those religious houses; and it was stated that she had returned back to the Church of Rome, and wished not to have any further intercourse with her Protestant friends. This, no doubt, might be true; but it would be much more satisfactory if such a declaration had been heard from her own mouth. Inquiries were persevered in; and at last letters were produced which purported to be in her handwriting, but which her best friends declared not to have been written by the lady in question. Those letters went to state that the lady had, of her own free will, returned to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. He submitted it would be more creditable to the religious institution itself, that the lady should have been produced to declare her own opinions, rather than that such a suspicion as this circumstance was calculated to cast upon the institution should have existed. This fact occurred but a few months ago, since which her friends had been unable to learn anything of the lady in question. (Hear.) That really showed what every one must feel might possibly take place, and surely some redress might be devised such as the law did not now afford. They had been told that if it could be ascertained that a person was confined illegally, the law afforded a remedy, but it was the most difficult thing to ascertain whether a person was illegally confined, and in most cases if there was any such unfair procedure, it might be so conducted as to make it impossible satisfactorily to prove that it had taken place. For the credit, then, of the institutions themselves, it was desirable that some legalised mode of inquiry should be established. If he were prepared to do so, he should not upon that occasion go into the details of such a measure as he thought desirable: but so far from being an encroachment on domestic privacy, or freedom, civil or religious, he was convinced that a measure of this kind was called for, for the better security of the freedom of his fellow-countrymen.

May 14th, 1853.

MY LORD—I have not for a long time either from the pulpit, the platform, or the press—from even the lowest and most fanatic conventicle of dissent—read or heard anything so mischievously calculated, as the above extracts, to arouse and call into furious action the worst passions of the people of England against their fellow-subjects professing the Catholic religion. The celebrated Durham letter was not half so malignant; and if the speech fail to set in motion as virulent and truculent a crusade against religion as the letter did, the failure must arise from the utter disgust and abhorrence with which just and moderate men still remember the bedlamite exhibitions of 1851, which made England the laughing-stock of Europe for twelve months.

As the charges have been published against us, under the sanction of your lordship's name, we are compelled reluctantly (and, indeed, it is the most unpleasant portion of our task), to use the same respected name to repel them.

Every line—nay, almost every word—in the above extract, contains a bitter and uncharitable accusation, instinct with an unchristian and unmanly spirit. The charges, too, are directed principally against ladies—against those who have by solemn vows devoted themselves to the service of their Creator. Rome, in Pagan times, scarcely ever produced a monster to assail the character of her vestal virgins. The charges, again, are vague and undefined, but the more bitter and ungenerous on that account; and circulated everywhere by the leading journals of England, without affording the accused the slightest opportunity of being heard in their defence. The concoctors of the charges were, my lord, fully aware of these advantages. They said, we may assail innocence,

blacken the brightest names, assassinate character, and pour a flood of slander upon the ancient religion of the land ; we may say and insinuate whatever we please against monastic institutions. The strong prejudices of the nation are with us ; we may, therefore, defame them with perfect impunity. Our work will be done and over before the refutation comes ; and, if it come at all, we may depend upon the bigotry of the popular press to suppress it, or give it a very limited circulation.

The writers of the speech speak “ of the possibility—nay, the probability—of great oppression being exercised in secret matters, not by the Government, but by other individuals ;” and the House of Lords is invited to consider “ whether it is not possible that such a thing as imprisonment or transportation for life might be inflicted upon persons.....without any means of redress.” A case is then supposed of “ a young woman being received as a novice, in some institution, and placed under coercion. Her friends might have suspicions about her ; but, on inquiry, her existence is denied—nothing is known about her ; and as those houses are affiliated with similar institutions on the Continent, might not persons be sentenced to undergo the illegal penalty not only of imprisonment but of transportation for life ?” And then it is added, “ that it was no such impossible a thing for a person to be spirited away to some foreign institution, and there for ever to be kept out of sight.” Then comes the story about the boy, for the accuracy of which your lordship is made to vouch, but it is not said in what way, or in what capacity, he becomes connected with a convent, or by whom he had been savagely treated ; but it is carefully set down, knowing well the effect it would have on the fanaticism of England, “ that he was in so dreadfully mangled and lacerated a condition as to make one’s

blood curdle at the thoughts of the cruelties that had been inflicted." The reader is left to collect from the context, that nuns or priests were the agents in these deeds of blood. Next comes the story of a young lady in which it is hinted that villainy and foul play of every kind had been practised ; but afterwards your lordship is made to declare that you were "wholly unable to prove that any unfair means were resorted to." And then we have the most logical of conclusions, that the last case "really showed what every one must feel might possibly take place, and, surely, some redress might be devised, such as the law did not now afford."

If this report, attributing to your lordship such malignant folly, be not libellous, and if your lordship do not repudiate it and deal with it as such, you must, indeed, be considered henceforward the most patient and humblest of men.

It is excessively difficult, my lord, to deal with shapeless accusations of this character, made up of all kinds of insinuations, dark hints of persons being spirited away, irrelevant facts, supposed cases, the working of a prurient and morbid imagination—vague and unproved assertions ; the usual resource of debilitated minds, prone to uncharitableness, when excited—but taken as a whole, calculated to leave the impression behind, that the monastic enclosure will not bear the light of day—that the consecrated virgins are involved in deeds of darkness, plotting probably against the liberty of their own sex and their own creed ; and that, therefore, Protestant virtue and honour are summoned to the rescue.

Now, my lord, to meet all this, it may as well be said at once, and calmly, that no man would make such charges against religious communities, upon such grounds, who was not only entirely lost to every feeling of honour and

generous sentiment, but who was one, moreover, in whom pride and infidelity had extinguished all sense of future responsibility.

Neither your lordship nor any sane man in the empire believes, or can believe, that the liberty of the subject is endangered by our conventual establishments. It is a sham. A mere pretext affording an opportunity of arousing the prejudices and fanaticism of England against our religion, which the aristocracy and government of the country in the days of our grandfathers injured and robbed, and which, therefore, they never can forgive, although we sincerely forgive them.

No one whose mind is not deficient in clear views can believe such charges, no matter how disposed by prejudice to believe, without sufficient evidence—and the best proof that none such exists, is the speech attributed to your lordship in the *Times*.

What would be thought of the justness and fairness of a motion in Parliament made by a Catholic member, to inspect all the parsonages of the country, grounded upon the single fact, that a parson, the other day, was charged in open court, by a Miss Marden, with having seduced her, and afterwards to screen her guilt, suggested the abominable offences of infanticide and a certain nameless crime? or to inspect episcopal residences, because once upon a time, within our own day, the mitred chief of Clogher had offended, far beyond the ordinary measure of human depravity, and had in consequence absconded? "This case" (to adopt the conclusion attributed to your lordship) "really shows what everyone must feel *might possibly take place*, and surely some redress might be devised, such as the law did not now provide," against episcopal delinquents.

Your lordship, I take it, would be one of the last in

society to defame the religious orders. You have the most abundant proof, as Commissioner of National Education, of the invaluable services of nuns, in that one department. The worth, the purity, the simplicity of manners, the unwearied zeal, the devotedness, the angelic lives of cloistered virgins, whilst they excite the hatred of low, grovelling, impure minds—of misanthropes who doubt the existence of all virtue—have ever won the admiration of the good and generous of every creed; nay, they have extorted praise from the very enemies of the Christian name. Even the cold and infidel spirit of Voltaire (but he had the inspiration of genius) was warmed into admiration by the unaffected display of the heroic virtues of conventual life:—

“Peut-etre (he exclaimed) ny a-t-il rien de plus grand sur la terre que le sacrifice que fait un sexe delicat de la beauté, de la jeunesse, souvent de la haute naissance et de la fortune, pour soulager, dans les hospitaux ce ramas de tous les misères humaines, dont la vue est si humiliante pour l’orgueil humain et si revoltante pour notre delicatessse. Les peuples separés de la communion Romaine n’ont imité qu’ imparfaitement une charité si genereuse.”

Your Grace is reported to have said, “that for the credit of the institutions themselves, it was desirable that some legal inquiry should be established.” I utterly deny, my lord, the right of Government to inspect the houses of nuns rather than those of any other private families in the empire. What do they owe the State, save obedience to the laws, which they always yield? What endowments, what public funds, what grants, what privileges, has the State ever conferred upon them? They are simply allowed to live in their native land, but this does not seem to be in any way a peculiar boon. Your Grace, as Archbishop

of Dublin, Primate of Ireland, Bishop of Glendalough, and Bishop of Kildare, has received from this poor country £200,000 for spiritual services—together with enormous patronage. Pray, what have the nuns of Ireland, who spend their lives in unceasing works of mercy and piety, received, that Government should investigate their accounts, and superintend their domestic arrangements? The repairing of the see-house in Stephen's-green has cost the country more than all the religious orders in Ireland. Is the country thoroughly satisfied with your Grace's stewardship? The majority of the nation, certainly, deem it of no value; and your own flock, it is said, do not prize it very highly. If the Government, therefore, were to audit your lordship's accounts, and investigate the services you have rendered, it would, indeed, seem employed in its proper business.

Admit official inspectors to convents, and they will carefully cater for the public taste, and supply the diseased appetite of the Protestant world with the most exquisite tales of horrors, and tortured maniacs—of dungeons, and skeleton remains—of rack and gibbets. Who has not heard of the forgeries and atrocious calumnies of Maria Monk? Her book, which exhausted twenty editions in a little time, would have fallen still-born from the press, had she not seen the interior of a convent, having been admitted as a pauper into an hospital connected with such an establishment.

The "Narrative of six years' captivity and sufferings among the Monks of St. Bernard, at Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire," by William F. Jeffryes, was nearly as successful, and from the same cause, the author having obtained, by fraud and falsehood, hospitality for two days in the convent. He understood well, and consulted for the public taste, when he wrote in his book that the

moment he entered the monastery gate he felt that he was a prisoner, "like a bird shut up in a cage;" that he was baptised against his will, under the strange name of St. Ceil; was allowed no communication with friends; was twice bled—had his body punctured with sharp instruments; that during his stay, several made their escape; that some were overtaken, and brought back, with mouths muffled and arms tied; but how they were afterwards disposed of, he never could learn."

The very existence of the Abbey was endangered by these calumnies. It happened, however, that the vile conspiracy prematurely exploded; and the publishers of Jeffryes' book published subsequently its condemnation—the concluding passage of which is in the following words:—

"We, therefore, the undersigned, do hereby declare our deep and solemn conviction that the narrative of the said William F. Jeffryes is a tissue of the grossest and most unwarrantable falsehoods; and we feel it our bounden duty to publish this statement to the world, as some little reparation for the injury we have been the innocent means of inflicting on the Community of Mount St. Bernard.

"(Signed)

"W. S. NAYLER.

"THOMAS RAGG."

The author—the reviler of monks and nuns for the gratification of Protestant tastes—was committed as a rogue and a vagabond to Stafford gaol for three months, with hard labour, the 30th June, 1849.

We can, my lord, as Christians, forgive our revilers, and, seeking to copy the divine model set before us, we do so sincerely; but we owe it, notwithstanding, to our dearest kindred—to our nearest relations—to ourselves—to our country, and our creed, indignantly to repel, now

and then, unmerited obloquy, especially when attempted to be fixed upon us under the sanction of venerable names.

I have myself two sisters, *and eighteen nieces*, who, following the call of heaven, have selected the religious life. Some of them are in convents in England, some in Ireland, some in America ; all engaged in the noble service of forming the tender mind of the children of the poor to virtue, for whose sake, and the sake of their Father in heaven, they most willingly surrendered, in the morning of life, all earthly prospects. I well remember what they were under the paternal roof. I know what they are in the cloister. I have never lost sight of them ; and as to their happiness, to which I could not be indifferent, I have only to affirm, which I do most solemnly, that I have never known people more happy, more joyous, more light-hearted, or with such buoyant hopes, as good *religieuses*.

Their character, my lord, is unknown, and will remain a mystery to that world for which Christ refused to pray. The Catholic lady reads the Gospel, not to acquire distinction as a controversialist—not to gratify a spiritual vanity—nor to prepare herself to deliver scriptural lectures in public schools. She is not an enthusiast, but a full and perfect believer, and trusting unreservedly in the glorious promises of eternal life, she gives herself up to the guidance of the spirit of God, and renounces, at once, and for ever, without a qualm, the world with all its pleasures. The Gospel is to her not a dead letter, not a thing to be argued about, but “the power of God unto salvation.” The words addressed to the rich man, “If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come follow Me,” have a meaning for her.

The strong faith, my lord, that prompts the Christian to this sacrifice, the hope that sustains, and the unfailing charity which makes the sacrifice sweet, and the burden light, are absolutely unknown and unfelt except within the pale of the Catholic Church. Hence, my lord, we are assailed by the world, to use the words of the Apostle, "as deceivers, yet true—as unknown, and yet known—as needy, yet enriching many—as having nothing, and possessing all things." We are now, as well as in the days of St. Paul, a mystery to this wicked world, and we shall remain so to the end.

But, my lord, are the general interests of morality so well secured in every other condition of life, that the spiritual lords of Protestantism have now time to attend to the internal arrangements of religious communities in the Catholic Church? Has the supporter of the bill for the inspection of nunneries heard nothing of the vices of the age, of the prevalence of unnatural crimes, of the brutal traffic in infant blood in burial clubs and mortuary societies, of the unrestrained concubinage and incestuous unions of the parents of England—of the suicides, and total disregard amongst numerous classes of the matrimonial tie, and of the Pagan education of millions? The Blue Books of Parliament furnish, under all these heads, the most shocking and almost incredible statistics.

The *Times* thus describes the iniquity of Protestant England—"By far the most serious feature of the age is the increase of infanticide. *Not a day* passes but the disclosures of an *inquest* or a *trial* establish the melancholy truth that human life is losing its value in England. We are relapsing into a criminal and vitiated system. What we have been accustomed to read of with horror—the indifference to infant life in Lacedemon, and other heathen states of antiquity—in China, in India, and else-

where—and what we have set down as the worst blot in their imperfect civilisation, is becoming characteristic of England!” With one’s own house, my lord, in this condition, is it not the deepest hypocrisy, beyond even that of the Pharisees of old, to talk of introducing reforms amongst others. “Wo to you, hypocrites, because you make clean the outside of the cup and of the dish, but within you are full of rapine and uncleanness.”

Catholic Ireland is, indeed, not free from great infirmity, but no one can truly lay to her charge the unnatural crimes which, to a great extent, we are told characterise Protestant England. No one can say of the poor Irish Catholic mother, that the blood of her infant is not safe in her keeping ; she believes, with the fulness of faith, that her little one is made by baptism the “heir of God” and “co-heir with Christ,” and is therefore deserving of all honour and reverence. We are like the Christians in the days of St. Paul, despised, and viewed by a powerful nation as outcasts from modern civilisation ; but, blessed be God, it cannot be said that our poor people herd together like the beasts of the field, despising the holy state of matrimony.

Look to Ireland, my lord, in her physical misery, and you see her, the poor, despised, wretched province, which England, ruling at her pleasure, has made her. Consider for a moment her virtues, her patience amid the severest trials, her deep reverence for the solemn contract, “the great sacrament,” as the apostle designates it, and for baptismal initiation, the basis of Christian civilisation and the safeguard of infant life ; contemplate her invincible attachment to the faith of her fathers, tried by centuries of persecution, her exemption from the Pagan vices of suicide, infanticide, and those other unnatural crimes which indicate a loss of Christian belief ; look at

her from this point of view, with her monastic institutions, and you see what religion, under the most adverse circumstances, has preserved for Ireland ; you see a whole nation pretty much in the condition of the first Christians, despised of men, the off-scouring of all, but walking, notwithstanding, in the footsteps of the Divine Model, the " Man of Sorrows."

Turn now your attention to the ruling country ; her wealth, her power, trade, commerce, activity and enterprise, excite our admiration. The sun never sets on her empire, she has no equal on the globe, in material interests. But look to her, my lord, as the nursery wherein the children, not of mammon, but of God, the heirs of the Heavenly Kingdom, are to be brought up, nurtured, and perfected—is her condition such as to satisfy the Christian heart ? Have her people remained in the one fold, or retained the one faith, one baptism ? Does not every man make and follow his own religion—no one holding the faith his fathers held to God ? Ask Lord Shaftesbury whether millions have not lost, in the mining districts, all knowledge of the Redeemer, all respect for the matrimonial vow, all faith in baptismal regeneration, without which, neither the philosophy of England, nor its unbounded wealth, nor its parliamentary omnipotence, can preserve the nation from lapsing into heathen barbarity. Admire, as long and as much as you please, Britain's physical greatness. In all that, there is nothing but what human legislation can effect ; but look to her innumerable sects, her unsettled belief, her unrestrained concubinage, her incestuous marriages, unbaptized progeny, infanticides and suicides, and you behold what the want of Catholic faith has wrought amid that powerful and intellectual people.

The nunnery schools in Ireland, and the confessional,

have placed a check upon man's corruption, which all the might of England, all the laws of Parliament, and all the wealth of its ecclesiastical establishment can never introduce. England is sinking, and will continue to sink, into the unfathomable abyss of Pagan depravity, unless saved by the inculcation and reception of Catholic truth.

I have addressed this letter to your Grace, because we have been assailed in your name. I have but one wish on the subject—to protect innocence—to vindicate the cause of virtue—to repel calumny—to promote the cause of true religion—but, above all, to keep out dark infidelity, and its precursor, sectarianism, with its horrid train of vices—to do good to all—to give glory to God. All else is vanity.

I have the honor to be,

Your Grace's most obedient humble servant,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XIII.

ON DR. WHATELY'S DENIAL OF THE HOLY
TRINITY, AUGUST 7TH, 1853.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ST. GERMAN, LORD
LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, &c., &c.

MY LORD—The retirement or dismissal of Dr. Whately from the Board of National Education—the fact being now used as an argument to discredit the government—becomes a legitimate subject of discussion. His Grace,

although, perhaps, not entitled to the exaggerated eulogy of his present admirers, is, I am free to confess, a man of great talent, various erudition, and, indeed, many striking points of character, somewhat, however, obscured by natural eccentricities, and a dogmatising turn. There is a freshness, an originality, depth of thought, and richness of illustration in his writings which render them very attractive. We well recollect, my lord, with what honest indignation his Grace reprobated the unworthy schemes of proselytisers in 1847, and how firmly and consistently he set himself, almost alone, against the clerical movement of 1851; when England, driven onward by her unreasoning prejudices, seemed for a season almost beside herself. Of all this, and much more, so highly creditable to his Grace's character, we retain a grateful remembrance; but, my lord, we have a few weighty things against him, very weighty, indeed, and sadly unfitting him for the office, which the country very much rejoices to hear he has now abandoned.

The specific formal charges which, with a due sense of my own responsibility, I presume to urge against so distinguished a dignitary, are, firstly, that of rejecting the faith and doctrine of the Church in the mystery of the Blessed Trinity; and, secondly, that of receiving, in violation of the principle of justice, the pay of the Establishment whilst he repudiates its teaching. Christianity, it is to be observed, is not a collection of isolated and unrelated dogmas. They all hang together in mutual dependence; an harmonious combination; strike out one, and the others go. The rejection of the Trinity involves a denial of the Incarnation, and all the divine truth derived therefrom—"Whosoever offends in one point becomes guilty of all." The charge, therefore, is of the utmost gravity. With vague and undefined charges I have no sympathy.

They are unjust to an opponent, as seldom admitting of a satisfactory reply. They serve only to irritate the friends of the accused, and to mislead the public. The grounds upon which the present impeachment rests, collected not from idle rumour, malignant suspicion, or false witnesses, but from the published works of his Grace, shall be calmly submitted to your lordship's consideration, without any effort to sway your judgment or that of the public. If the proofs which the episcopal pen has supplied do not fully bear out the indictment, it falls, of course, to the ground, and the suspicions under which his Grace labours will be effaced from the public mind.

It is a principle of British law, that no one should bring a charge against another, without being under the obligation of supporting it. I fully accept, my lord, this principle. I have had to complain of its violation, in strong terms, by Dr. Whately himself. He has, on a late occasion, deeply wounded the feelings of every Catholic in the empire—speaking, and meanly insinuating evil against their saintly sisters and nearest relations, who have sought what the Scriptures call “the better part.” He, more than any man living, contributed to raise the furious storm of slander with which their homes have been visited, and which has not yet quite blown over. And although months have passed away since he awakened the spirit of wickedness, he has not yet pointed to one single fact which would justify the course he has adopted. In good truth, he never intended to sustain, by proof, any of his odious accusations. He simply meant to get up the cry to the disadvantage of Catholicity, and succeeded with a vengeance. It was keenly felt, even Dr. Whately himself admits it, in his last charge, that the old religion was progressing rapidly, gathering into the one fold the good and disinterested, especially from

among the Protestant clergy and gentry of England. It became, therefore, necessary to do something to check it—to blacken, to misrepresent and malign it—to put it down and reduce it to silence by evoking the bigotry of the nation against it—to trample it under foot and beat the breath out of it—to speak all manner of evil of it untruly, no matter what, or how improbable, with the view to make it hateful in the eyes of all men. This, my lord, is the usual course of dealing with the ancient religion; and believing that the Conventual System, the "*optimam partem*," was a sore point with Catholics, and rather defenceless, it was therefore selected, and resolved to indulge the irreligious in a raid on that quarter. Accordingly, a cry was got up against nuns, and, sanctioned by the Archbishop, it spread throughout the country with railway rapidity, and was accepted unhesitatingly by the prejudices of the multitude. His Grace's story of the anonymous Protestant lady who so mysteriously disappeared—the name was respectfully and formally asked and refused—was just the thing needed to lend an air of authenticity to the slanderous rumours. No evidence, it has been well remarked, is too little against us, no infliction too great upon us. Statements in the last degree improbable, and without a shadow of proof, inadmissible in any case, are all fair when the character of Romanists is to be ruined. This offence, which the Christian utterly detests, and which I strongly reprobate in our opponents, I shall not commit myself. Now, then, to specific charges and proofs.

Men seduced by "philosophy and vain deceit," as the Apostle observes, and ambitious, too, of the character of original thinkers—being unable to reconcile the Christian doctrine of the Trinity with their notion of the unity of God, and unwilling to accept it as revealed truth, relieve

themselves of the difficulty by interpreting the Scripture, where the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are named, as signifying nothing more than a threefold manifestation of God, under various characters, assumed at different times for peculiar purposes. Heretics of this class and their system are thus described by the Rev. R. Adams, in his learned, but very Protestant work, "The Religious World Displayed." vol. I, p. 50:—

"Their hypothesis may be thus briefly stated:—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, are different names for the same being, the only living and true God, who, as Maker and Governor of the world, is called *Father*; as dwelling in the man Jesus Christ, to authenticate his mission, and to perform his miracles, takes the name of *Son*; and as the Inspirer of the Apostles, is called the Holy Spirit. In this way the distinction of persons in the Godhead is denied—the *mystery of the Trinity is removed*: but then, I ask, what becomes of the divine revelation itself?"

The doctrine of the Church upon this head, "that sound form of words," from which no Christian is at liberty to depart, is most accurately and unmistakeably declared in her creeds. Philosophers who stumble at the Trinity complain bitterly of the rigour and precision of her formulas, and of the imposition of a mystery where a little more philosophy would, they fancy, have shown that none exists. The Church, however, speaking with authority, declares:—

"The Catholic faith is this, that we should worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the persons, nor dividing the substance. For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost; but the Godhead of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost is all one, the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal. . . . This is the

Catholic doctrine, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved."

We come now, my lord, to bring under your notice the views of Dr. Whately on this fundamental mystery, as developed in his most celebrated treatises. In this book, "Errors of Romanism," dedicated to Blanco White, whom he addresses as "his dear friend"—[This Mr. White, my lord, was first a priest of the Catholic Church, afterwards an infidel, then a parson of the Church of England, again an infidel, and, finally, he died, it is said, without any fixed belief at all either in God, or the immortality of the soul; he was, in a word, the Achilli of his day]—in the book very properly dedicated to this wretched Spanish apostate, Dr. Whately writes as follows:—After stating that he cannot bring himself to transcribe what he found in dissertations on the mysterious doctrines of the Christian faith, and what he designates "as absurd, unprofitable, presumptuous, and profane speculation," which he cannot even think of without shuddering, he proceeds to say—"To select one instance out of many, no point in these systems of speculative theology has so much exercised the perverted powers of divines of this stamp, as the mystery of the Trinity, or, as they might with more propriety have called it, the mystery of the Divine Unity: for, though in itself the doctrine so sedulously inculcated throughout the Scriptures, that there is but one God, seems to present no revolting difficulty; yet, on rising from the disquisitions of many scholastic divines on the inherent distinctions of the Three Divine Persons, a candid reader cannot but feel that they have made the Unity of God the great and difficult mystery." Note on the above: "It is however, important to remark, that though the Unity of the Deity is not in itself a doctrine of very mysterious difficulty, it is one which is the more earnestly dwelt

on in Scriptures ; besides other reasons, for one resulting from the tone of the Scriptures themselves. For they would, but for these express declarations, naturally lead the reader either to believe in three Gods, or, at least, to be in doubt on the question. The doctrine of the Trinity is not so much declared as a distinct article of faith, as it is implied by the whole history recorded, and views everywhere taken in the Scripture, of God's threefold manifestation of Himself, which are such as would present to our minds nothing inconsistent with the agency of Three Divine Beings acting in concert, were it not that such sedulous care is taken to assure us of the numerical Unity of the God thus manifested to us."

In penning these pages it is quite evident that the author had no intention of stating undisguisedly what he had then in his mind. It was not, perhaps, quite safe at that time to do so. Society was not sufficiently advanced for a formal denial of the Trinity. Existing prejudices in favour of Christianity, would have been too rudely shocked. One thing, however, is quite clear, that the writer was very wroth with the divines, who admit the inherent distinction of Persons, characterising their speculations with a whole broadside of epithets "as unprofitable, absurd," &c., &c. The nascent theory of "a threefold manifestation" is judiciously brought out in a note, with the remark that it is the view everywhere taken in Scripture ; and other views would naturally lead the reader either to believe in three Gods, or at least to be in doubt on the question. But the subject is stated with such involutions in phraseology, and studied obscurity, that it is hard to catch his meaning.

In the appendix to his well known Treatise on Logic, Dr. Whately compiles twelve pages on the word Person, A page, or at the most two, would have been quite suffi-

cient; but the *chiaro-oscuro*, when the author cannot speak out, requires shades and lights, touching and re-touching, which accounts for the long yarn. His object throughout is to show that the word "Person" has two meanings. The first, that in which it is generally used, and known to all. The other, its peculiar theological sense as applied to the Trinity. In the latter signification, the word means a character or part, and thus "the same man (observes the Bishop, who quotes Wallis) may be said to sustain divers persons." In confirmation of this view he gives the following passage:—" *Tres personas, unus sustineo: meam, adversarii, judicis.*" He thinks it is to be regretted that divines ever adopted the word Person in speaking of the Trinity, as being likely to lead to an erroneous belief of Three Persons, in the usual sense of the word, in the Godhead or to Tritheism.

The Bishop's theory, involving a departure from "the sound form of words," so obscurely brought out in his early works, is set forth, in bold relief, and with great distinctness, in his late treatise. The experience of more than twenty years, having satisfied him that the enunciation of any heresy, no matter how impious, from the episcopal chair, was a perfectly safe experiment; hence, in his Sequel to the "Lessons on Christian Evidences," for the enlightenment of youth, he writes:—

"When Jesus departed from the earth, he sent to his disciples the promised Comforter to abide with them for ever, even the Holy Spirit, whose temple is the whole body of Christians throughout the world. . . . But our Lord takes care to make his disciples understand that it is not a different being they are to look for, and who is to be their new master, but a different manifestation of the same God—a return of their master to them under a new character.

“The same God, then, who to the Israelites was made known only as Creator and Governor, God the Father, was afterwards manifested to Christians as being also the Redeemer, God the Son, and the Sanctifier, God the Holy Ghost ; and he is to be acknowledged by them in this threefold manifestation, according to our Saviour’s injunctions, to baptise in the name of the Father, &c.

“There have been, therefore, in all, three temples of the one God ; 1st, under the old dispensation, the temple at Jerusalem ; 2ndly, during the abode on earth of the Lord Jesus, the temple of His body ; and 3rdly, that which is also often called Christ’s body, the holy Catholic Church, comprising all believers throughout the world.

“This third and final manifestation of the one God plainly belongs to a dispensation characterised by universality.”—*Second London Ed. pp. 104-5.*

Can your lordship, or the country, hesitate one moment, on reading these extracts, to decide to which class of teachers your Archbishop belongs ? Can it be pretended that he holds “the sound form of words” with the Church, “that there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost : Neither confounding the persons : nor dividing the substance ? Is it not as clear as the sun at noon, that with the school of infidelity, he sinks the distinction of Persons, and introduces a novel theory, which could be well characterised in his own words, as “absurd, unprofitable, presumptuous, and profane.” Is there no danger for Christian youth in such vain and fanciful speculations ? Is Ireland to be cheated out of its Christianity by this imported Divinity ? What dogma of faith is safe if the adorable mystery of the Trinity may be reduced to a myth after this fashion ? Let us suppose a child at

catechism—the most learned doctor being present—and the question asked, “What means the Trinity?” Answer—“One God in three Divine Persons.” Archbishop Whately—One God in “three temples,” or “three divine manifestations.” Modern philosophy (we may suppose the doctor to continue), discarding antiquated notions, informs us, that the Deity has favoured us with a three-fold manifestation, appearing first as Father to create all things; secondly, assuming a new character to redeem mankind; and lastly, under another phase as Holy Ghost, to enlighten his Disciples. The vulgar notion of three distinct Persons in Unity, is a profane absurdity, and unprofitable speculation. It naturally leads to a belief in three Gods; or to be in doubt on the question,—(See by my book on Romanism.) Q. “What means the incarnation?” A. “That God the Son, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, became Man.” Archbishop (with impatience)—Child, there is no Second Person in the Trinity—none such, consequently, became man, nor was born of the Virgin, nor suffered for our Redemption, nor died on the cross, nor rose on the third day. The common notions on these subjects are all radically wrong. The creeds must be reformed, and remodelled—even that of the Apostles—and Christianity reconstructed on a philosophical basis. My beautiful theory, inculcated in all my works, solves and clears away all those old mysteries. When, therefore, you recite the Doxology, *Gloria Patri et Filio*, &c., or read in the Nicene or Athanasian Creed, that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son, do not fall into the vulgar error of believing in three Persons. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, and substituted “three manifestations, or three temples,” The procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son, simply means that

a *third and final manifestation* succeeded to two earlier exhibitions (see my Sequel) ; and when Christ promised to send the Paraclete, He meant nothing of the kind, for He and the Comforter were not two distinct Persons, that one could send the other ; what He meant was that He Himself, their Master, would return to them, under a new character. How hard it is to get out of people's heads this exploded doctrine of the Trinity. This is the work of Romanism—the foe of progress. It has been well said in the celebrated Durham letter—"It confines the intellect, and enslaves the soul." Were it not for the unchangeableness of its character, we would have long since emancipated the human mind, by the Divine light of philosophy, from these Christian mysteries.

There is not a miracle or mystery in the entire Testament which may not be explained away by this mode of interpretation. The German divines—Dr. Whately's equals in piety, and his superiors in learning—had already done the work. Christ's walking on the sea, according to them, means, "to walk through the waves as far as the shoals reached, and then to swim." When Christ is said to have ascended into Heaven, the disciples lost sight of him in a fog. When he said to Peter, thou shalt catch a fish and find in its mouth a piece of money ; the meaning is, before you sell it for money, you must open his mouth to take out the hook. Ananias falling down dead before Peter means, according to Professor Theis (a translator of the New Testament), that he was frightened, swooned away, and was carried out and buried alive. Professor Heinrichs says that Peter stabbed him. At Cana, Christ gave a nuptial present of wine with which, for a joke, he filled the waterpots.—(See Wegscheider, Paulus, De Wette, of

Berlin, &c., as quoted by Haldane and Adams, in his "Real World," p. 377).

With what ease, my lord, has the genius of German theology smoothed away all the difficulties of the Sacred Volume, and scattered to the winds the divine mysteries and truths of holy religion ! Would anyone who values Christianity commit his children to such teaching ? Has not Ireland especially—not that fractional portion which lacks the guidance of the Catholic Church—reason, with uplifted hands, to thank Heaven that the author of the "three manifestations" is no longer in connection with the education of the country ? But how will the matter end ? What will Protestant orthodoxy say to the Archbishop's Hermeneutics ? Will the clergy announce to their congregations that the Mystery of the Trinity, before which their ancestors bowed in adoration, is now reduced to a mere myth—a fable ? Will they proclaim from their pulpits what the bishop has published in his works ? Will they remodel their catechism, put down the Trinity, and initiate their children in this German Rationalism ? What will they do ? Will they convene meetings to denounce the new teaching of the Archbishop, or to offer up prayers for his conversion ? or will they advise the Scotch battalion of preachers who have lately reached our shores to make their first mission on his Grace of Dublin ? Will they assemble in Chapter, and, having taken counsel together, issue forth at the head of their flocks, resolved to uphold the standard of orthodoxy, the "sound form of words," at the peril of their *places*, against all gainsayers, of whatever rank, pre-eminence, or dignity ? What struggle will they make for the faith once delivered to the Saints ? Or, have they themselves abandoned it, as well as the Angel of the Church of Dublin.

Would it not be better in 'that case, to turn men's thoughts from the subject, to take again to their Bibles, and swear over and over that the doctrines of the Christian Church are damnable and idolatrous, yea, blasphemous fables, to create a diversion—to raise a terrific cry against nuns, who consecrate their youth and virgin souls to live and labour only for heaven? What have they done these last twenty years? A low murmur of disapprobation was sometimes on the gale. A sigh was heard that all was not sound in Dublin. This novelty, said one, will ruin us with the people. They will suspect our good faith—they will say we are no longer Christians. I seldom quote Rousseau. He greatly abused the gifts of heaven, but he has described a case so much in point, that I cannot refrain from giving him in the original:—

“ Les Reformés de nos jours, de moins le Ministres, ne connaissent ou n'aiment plus leur religion. Un philosophe les penetre, les voit Ariens, Sociniens : il leur dit et pense leur faire honneur ; mais il ne voit pas qu'il expose leur intérêt personnel, la seule chose qui généralement decide ici bas de la bonne foi des hommes. Aussitot alarmés éffrayés, ils s'assemblent, ils discutent, ils agitent ; ils ne savent a quel saint se vouer : et apres force de consultation, de deliberations, de conferences, le tout aboutit à un amphigouri, où l'on de dit ni oui ni non. O Genevois ! ce sont de singulières gens que vos Ministres. On ne sait ce qu'ils croient ni ce qu'ils croient pas. On ne sait pas même ce qu'ils font semblant de croire. Leur seule manière d'etablir leur foi est d'attaquer celle des autres.”*

TRANSLATION.—The Reformers of our day, at least the Parsons, no longer know nor love their religion. A philosopher understands them ; he sees that they are Arians, Socinians. He announces it, and thinks to do

I have before me a letter forwarded to Archbishop Whately, by an English Protestant clergyman, a down-right opponent of Catholicity, in which I find the following passage. It cannot have escaped his Grace's recollection. "It is my conviction (says the writer) my sorrowful and at once indignant conviction, that there is not one single *Christian* Minister belonging to that Church," the Protestant Church of Ireland.

We come now to my second charge, but observations on this point shall be held over for another letter. In this, although the writings under consideration abound in error, I have strictly confined myself to the subject proposed. As well to avoid overloading my page, as for the sake of great distinctness and facility of proof, in conducting the argument, I scrupulously eschewed the use of language inconsistent with the respect due to high official rank. In truth, the gravity of the charge against an Archbishop was of itself sufficient to check any tendency to indulge in angry feeling, and the cogency and strength of the evidence needed not the factitious aid of high colouring.

I have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

them honour; but he is not aware that he exposes their personal interest, which alone decides here below the good faith of men. Immediately alarmed and terrified, they assemble, discuss, and agitate. They know not to what saint to offer up their vows; and, after consultations, deliberations, and conferences, the matter ends in a farce, where one says neither yes nor no. Oh! men of Geneva! your Ministers are a singular people. One cannot know what they believe or what they do not believe. One cannot even know what they pretend to believe. Their only mode of establishing their faith is attacking that of others.

XIV.

ON THE VISIT OF THE ITINERANT
PREACHERS TO CARLOW.

Aug. 24th, 1853.

DEAR SIR—The Hundred Gospellers who have come to put down the religion of this country, without formally announcing what we are to get in its place, cannot reasonably object to a very searching investigation into their claim on our attention. What I have to offer on the subject as one concerned, shall be arranged for the sake of order under the following heads :—1st.—What are these gospellers? 2nd.—What the professed, and what the real object of their mission? 3rd.—Who are their aiders and abettors in this town? of what class are they? what position do they hold in society? And, finally—What is the religious and moral state of the country which sends them? This question covers the whole ground, and affords me an opportunity of bringing out clearly the opinions I have been enabled to form of the merits of these men. To persons of a decidedly equivocal character, the public owe no allegiance; and truth, honour, and a due respect for honesty and virtue, demand that we exhibit none. The magistrate and peace officer who arrests and sends the swell-mob gentry to the tread-mill, the accomplished burglar to the hulk, or the drunkard to the lock-up, and the public censor who exhibits religious hypocrisy and quackery, are all, as ministers of justice, equally entitled to support and praise.

Who then are these Gospellers? By whom are they accredited to the Irish nation? We would not admit

the humblest menial to our kitchen without proper testimonials, much less the unknown missionary to the house of God. Who then speaks to their character? Are they London Irvingites, or Jumpers from Wales? Dunkers or Shakers? Have they brought a large assortment of the newest creeds? Are they of the sects of Unitarians, Socinians, or Arians, abounding in England and Scotland, who, one and all, blaspheme and deny the divinity of the Saviour whom we worship? Do they come fresh from the school of infidelity, graduates under Carlyle, Emerson, and Tom Paine? Perhaps they are latter-day Saints, preachers of Mormonism, now in high repute beyond the seas. Have they broken loose from the Agapemone of the Rev. Mr. Prince? or be they followers of Tom of Canterbury, or old Johanna Southcott, whom Macaulay describes as a prophetess, a London divinity of the 19th century, with the cunning of a fortune-teller and the education of a scullion, worshipped by tens of thousands of educated people! Have the men lot and part in the service of this prophetic old lady, the mother of a future Messiah? Do they, in one word, come with any sanction, human or divine? Has any bishop in the empire given them authority to preach?—No, not one. How then is Ireland to discover, I ask without meaning offence, whether these great unknown, from London and the Land-o'-Cakes are not the itinerant section of the Socialists or swell-mob, amongst whom there are many well read scholars and bible-readers who have been brought up at Oxford or Cambridge? The want of proper authorisation on the part of men coming as ambassadors to address Ireland upon the most important of all subjects, is admissible evidence, nay, overwhelming evidence of deep scheming and duplicity, with which no man, either in Carlow or elsewhere, can

identify himself without dishonour. The old maxim conveys an important truth—*noscitur a sociis*. What do these non-commissioned gospellers say they have come about? what do they profess to do? They have crossed the channel with some new-fangled religion of English manufacture, not for the Protestant, which would have some meaning in it, but for the Catholic, who received his faith more than a thousand years ago, and has never for a moment swerved from it since. There is not, on the other hand, a truth, a mystery, a dogma, a sacrament in Christianity, which some sect or other of Protestants has not denied, all of which Catholics have ever held with surprising and supernatural unanimity. Indeed the charge against us is not want of faith, but too much of faith; it is admitted by all—at least I never heard it questioned—that we hold with unswerving fidelity all the truths necessary to be believed for salvation; a large section of Protestants, especially the Presbyterian sect, deny the divinity of the Saviour, deny the grace of baptism, deny with the archbishop of Canterbury, the necessity of episcopal ordination; whilst Dr. Whately, the head of Protestantism in this province, denies in his own works the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead, and all the truths of Christianity derived therefrom; others deny confirmation, indeed they reject all the sacraments, ignore original sin, the eternity of torments, the inspiration of the Scriptures—reject the Athanasian creed. Protestants universally hold that Christ failed in his promises to his church, that the gates of hell prevailed against it, that it is not the pillar nor the ground of truth; all Catholics, it is needless to say, reject all these bold blasphemies. Protestantism, boasting of its glorious reformation, indulges in a most scandalous disgusting traffic in church livings. Its dealings in this

department are utterly abominable. I shall probably return to this topic at another time.

Again, contrast Protestantism with Catholicity under another point of view—"Religious practices." Attendance at Protestant worship is, in a great measure, regulated by the state of the weather, or the fashions of the day. If the sun shine gaily out, if dress *à la mode* be at hand, the carriage in order and the stoves of the church in repair, Protestantism will say its prayers in public, otherwise it will read its bible and newspaper, and take care of its soul at home, leaving the police, the parson, and the clerk, who are paid for it, to worship God. On the other hand, Catholicity worships in all weathers, is never absent, unless detained by infirmity, old age, or absolute nudity ; the house of prayer is ever open, sacrifice is offered daily, and from morning dawn till dusky eve, every hour sees the pious worshipper within its gates.

Protestantism never erects at its own expense—although possessing the wealth of the land—a temple to the living God. It has not even kept in repair the churches which our Catholic ancestors built. No, it will not purchase even the bread and wine for sacramental purposes—it has no heart for religion, never had ! Catholicism, on the other hand, robbed of its ecclesiastical property, supports unaided, in the midst of oppression, its priests and bishops, the ancient hierarchy, and has covered the country with beautiful structures—colleges, chapels and convents, which already excite the cupidity of the sects. In truth, the evidence of religious life in the Catholic body, of fervent disinterested piety, such evidence as no where else exists, cannot be shut out from the mind, unless by the darkest bigotry, or the gloomiest fanaticism. If this, then, be on the whole a fair statement of the case,

and I defy any man of character to deny it, what encouragement does the project merit of putting down Catholicity, the only religion in the land? Do not the gossellers, their aiders and abettors, one and all, if it be a fair rule to judge men by their acts, exhibit themselves as conscienceless hypocrites and degraded dupes? Does the occasion warrant this severity of language? How, I beg to ask, would common sense designate a band of physicians, boasting a special knowledge of the prognostics of cholera, who had abandoned their friends among whom it was making the greatest ravages, and had gone forth to heal men where the disease had never broken out? Would not our common sense teach us to spurn the knaves, and, lest men should be infected by them, would they not by every legitimate means and with as little delay as possible, seek to rid themselves quietly of the schemers, and their no less fraudulent aiders and abettors? Since the coming of the gossellers to Carlow, they have been exclusively in the hands of what I have heard designated in homely language, the filthy Fag-end of Protestantism—men whose fathers were as little known in Carlow as the ranters of Wales or the Cannie Scot, and who, having picked up their crumbs in this town, have now the folly, bad taste, and excessive bigotry to stand shoulder by shoulder with these unknown gossellers in the open streets, whilst they revile the religion of the people among whom they lived. The Fags, it is said, are greatly grieved at the departure of their spiritual guides, and cannot live after them, their hunger and thirst for spiritual things have never been thoroughly satisfied by the resident parsons. Let us hope that the old inhabitants, Catholic and Protestant, will do well in their absence. Knowing the party of sympathisers, I am glad to observe that they had not one

Protestant of character and standing among them, nor one who could at all claim to be considered as a gentleman.

The reformers at first proceeded with a bold and cruel blasphemy to put down the religion of Christ, by declaring it a felony to offer sacrifice (the enactment is on the statute book); they prohibited Catholics under pains and penalties from hearing mass, from teaching their own children. They legislated not against crime or criminals, but against dogmas of faith, mysteries of holy religion—the dogmas, however, have survived, and live in the hearts of the people. In one object, Protestantism was thoroughly successful—having once seized upon the property of the poor and the house of God, it never lost or relaxed its hold. Here its triumph was complete. Sacrilegious avarice (says the Protestant historian Camden) ravenously invaded church livings, colleges, hospitals, and places dedicated to the poor, as superfluous things. Nothing can be more painful to any one who owes a large debt which he never intends to pay than the sight of his creditor; rather than meet him he turns out of his way; to hear that he had been transported, or had emigrated, leaving not an heir behind, would be joyful tidings. Now, with some such feeling the parson in a greater or lesser degree regards the priests and people of the ancient religion. The thing cannot reasonably be accounted for on any other principle, than that men never forgive those whom they have injured. Practically the Protestant says to his Catholic neighbour: I have a right to think as I please, and you have a right to think as I do; and if you do not, I will, for I have the power, trample upon you, confiscate your goods, fine and imprison you, deprive you of all offices, even the lowest in a workhouse,

and if I can do nothing else I will destroy your good name, caluminate you, as opposed to the Word of God; and at all events I will swear and make others swear that your religion is damnable and idolatrous, until I make you and it hateful in the eyes of all who will listen to me. This is Protestantism in act. It is a religion in which no doubt people will live, but in which they will have little fancy to die, if they retain a belief in hell and judgment to come.

I have the honor to be, &c.,
JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XV.

PRESBYTERIANISM AND THE DIVINITY OF
CHRIST.

September 15th, 1853.

SIR—It appears to me that the time has arrived for announcing a most important fact to the people of Carlow. It ought to be emphatically and repeatedly told in every town and hamlet in Ireland, where Presbyterianism has obtained a footing. The fact is this, (Protestants especially should know it): that a very large portion of the Presbyterian body of this country have renounced all belief in the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and in all the Christian doctrines dependent upon that fundamental truth; and that infidelity had made the most rapid progress amongst them when they were most noisy and emphatic in making a sworn profession of orthodox faith.

This Presbyterian impiety having originated with Arius, is in consequence designated Arianism ; and those who adopted it are called Arians. It was introduced into this country some sixty years since, by Scotch and English teaching, and became in Ulster the fashionable doctrine of the day, to such an extent, that all those who admitted the divinity of the Saviour were looked upon as men of little science and weak minds. In fact it was very generally embraced, especially by men of talent, of high education, of name, such as the Montgomeries, the Bruces, the Hinks, &c., &c.

Knowing as I did that the corruption of Christian faith obtained an entrance into this country through the medium of Presbyterianism, from Scotland and England, I was not a little shocked at the apathy of the Protestant clergy, when we beheld on a late occasion, the Presbyterians and Wesleyan Methodists in this town receiving with open arms the Gospellers from that very quarter whence the denial of the divinity of the Saviour first made its way into Ireland.

The evidence of their rejection of Christian doctrine rests upon the sworn testimony of Presbyterian ministers themselves ; which cannot either by indignant denial or noisy declamation be got rid of. I have frequently published that evidence, and although every act of mine is watched, and every word criticised, I have never heard that the correctness of my statements on that subject has been either questioned or denied. Now if Presbyterians who are wholly unacquainted with the history of unbelief, but who hope for salvation through the merits of Christ, choose to remain in connection with a body infected with infidelity or Arianism, we cannot prevent them ; but it is at least a charitable thing, in these times, to warn them of the dangers to which they are exposed.

The extent to which Arianism, or the denial of Christ's divinity, has spread in Ulster can be shown by the most abundant and unexceptionable evidence ; but within the narrow limits of a letter, nothing more can be done than briefly refer to one or two testimonies.

The following Presbyterian ministers were examined on oath before a Parliamentary Commission, appointed in 1825, to inquire into the state of religion in the Belfast Academical Institution, wherein the Presbyterian clergy are principally educated, and trained for the ministry.

The evidence of the Rev. Thomas Dix Hinks.

"Do you consider Jesus Christ to be God ?—*I do not.*"

"You consider him a created being ?—Yes."

"What meaning do you attach to the expression the Holy Spirit ?—I have not really clear ideas upon that subject. He is *almost the same* as God. I have, however, no definite ideas on this subject."

"Are you a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church ?—

"Yes."

"Describe the situation you hold in the Belfast Institution ?—I am Professor of Hebrew."

"Were you personally acquainted with the Electors before your appointment ?—With some of them."

"In what manner did you become recommended to them ?—I had a very great number of testimonials. I had testimonials from the present Primate, then Archbishop of Dublin ; from the present Archbishop of Dublin ; from the late Archbishop of Cashel ; the present Bishop of Cork on an acquaintance of twenty or thirty years ; and from the present Bishop of Limerick ; and from other clergymen of the Established Church."

He is afterwards asked if his opinions were known to those dignitaries who recommended him, he replied yes,

that his opinions were a matter of public notoriety: "I never (he adds) attempted to conceal them."

Observe that this professor, who thus boldly rejects the divinity of the Redeemer, and knows not what to think of the Holy Ghost, was recommended by no less than five Protestant bishops, nearly the one-half in number of the present episcopal bench; and by clergymen of the Established Church. This, if I mistake not, is a most important fact for the consideration of Christian men. Now, if the gentleman had been guilty of wearing a surplice in the pulpit, he would at once be cashiered by Protestant and Presbyterian; but the distinct denial of the Saviour's divinity, and the rejection of the Blessed Trinity, together with all Christian truth, make nothing against him. I have often said it, and it cannot be denied, that Protestantism harmonises most wonderfully with the worst kind of infidelity. "Year after year, frequently without one dissenting voice, we have voted," said the late Sir Robert Peel, in his famous Tamworth manifesto of 1847, "the sum required for the support of Presbyterian ministers in Ireland, there being included among the number *many professing and teaching Unitarian doctrines.*" To the maintenance of infidelity, none of the very zealous Protestant party who annually assail the Maynooth grant have the slightest objection.

Evidence of the Rev. H. Montgomery.

His rejection of the fundamental dogma of Christianity is announced in these emphatic words: "I do not profess to believe in the doctrine of the Trinity; I wish to state that distinctly." He then proceeds to tell what doctrines Presbyterians hold, and what they reject. Some reject "the worship of Christ;" some reject "original sin;" whilst others "believe that a person

may be saved out of the pale of the Christian Church," such as "a good heathen;" some are High Arians; some Low Arians; some Old Lights; some New Lights. He finds it hard to tell which are most numerous. Being asked if he was a High Arian himself, he replies, "I am rather inclined to High Arianism, in some points, and in others not."

"Are you a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church?"
—"Yes, I am."

"In what university did you receive your degree?"—
"In Glasgow."

Evidence of the Rev. W. Bruce.

"Do you feel at liberty to address direct worship to our Saviour Jesus Christ?"—"We do not. We think we have no precedent for direct worship to Christ *in the Scripture*. This is our view."

"Have you the cure of souls?"—"Yes."

"Where?"—"In this town."

Another witness, Mr. John Barnett, manager of the Belfast Institution, stated that "the moderator of 1821 attended the election of Mr. Bruce, and supported him with great zeal and ability, informing the electors that nothing would gratify *the body* he had then the honour to represent, more highly than to appoint Mr. Bruce."

It will, perhaps, be said that the Presbyterian confession of faith, which admits the divinity of the Saviour, is a sufficient guaranty against the spread of infidelity. Upon that point the following evidence is most important:—

Examination of the Rev. James Carlyle.

"Are you a Presbyterian Clergyman?"—"Yes; and moderator for the Synod of Ulster for the year (1825)."

“Should you be perfectly at ease if a person possessed at once of the abilities and religious sentiments of David Hume (the infidel historian), were now filling the chair of moral philosophy in this Institution?”—“I should not.”

“If the persons who have the power of election in their hands were likely to choose a person of the sentiments of David Hume, would you suppose such institution calculated for the education of *your* young men?”—“There have, for example, been persons understood to hold *those sentiments* elected in the University of Edinburgh.”

“Although they are obliged to sign a confession of faith?—Yes; I do not look upon the signature of a confession of faith *as at all a guard*. It is rather sometimes a cloak under which men creep into such seminaries, and we dare not question them. After submitting to such a test, we are obliged to take it for granted that they are orthodox, because they have been put to their oath and have avowed themselves so, whilst *the whole of their conduct may aim at sapping the foundations of orthodoxy*.”

“Is it possible for the seceding synod to become Arian while they continue signing the confession of faith?”—“Yes; quite so. It was when the Synod of Ulster was rigorous in requiring the signatures that Arianism was advancing most rapidly amongst its members.” He afterwards adds, that “there were many Arians who were strenuous supporters of the Bible Society,” and “many Arian ministers have obtained congregations by keeping their sentiments out of view; but having increased to a considerable number, and feeling their own strength, they were encouraged to bring forward their sentiments more prominently; and then they began to decline, and to be looked upon with suspicion.” “Arianism,” he

continues, "when first introduced, was the fashionable philosophy of the day. It came into Scotland from Dr. Clarke and his party in England; and from Scotland into Ireland, from some of the professors there. It became fashionable for a time in this country also, and those who held orthodox sentiments (that is believers in the divinity of Christ) were looked upon as men of little science or talent."

The Commissioners conclude their report by observing "that the extent to which Arian principles are understood at present to exist in the several Presbyterian bodies in Ireland may be stated as follows: In the Synod of Ulster, it has been stated to us, that there are thirty-four or thirty-five ministers who hold Arian doctrines. In the seceding synod, there is no minister of Arian principles. The Presbytery of Antrim and Synod of Munster contains nineteen or twenty ministers, of whom seventeen are reputed Arians." Again the report says, "that one of the four vice-presidents, and several of the gentlemen appointed as managers or visitors of the institution professed Arian principles." The managers and visitors are thirty in number, a majority of whom are stated to be Arians in the report, page 27.

If that be a fair picture of the synod, and who can deny it? Christians ought certainly to look to themselves, when Presbyterian street preachers come to town. They cannot at all be trusted. They are zealous members of Bible societies, whilst they impugn the divinity of the Son of God. "Even a profession on oath of Christian faith," says the moderator, "cannot be depended upon." It rather serves as a cloak to conceal the poison of infidelity; for, whilst they swear their sentiments are most Christian, the whole of their conduct may aim at sapping the foundation of orthodoxy. Another moderator

strongly recommends an avowed unbeliever, Mr. Bruce, to train up youth for the ministry, as a person, of all others, whose appointment would give the greatest pleasure to the Presbyterian body. One knows not what to make of them. They are infidels and Arians; High and Low, New Lights and Old Lights, and No Lights. Some deny original sin; and some hold that Christianity is not necessary; for a virtuous heathen may be saved. There is no form of error, which they are not prepared to adopt. The description of the sects, by that learned Protestant divine, Dr. Walton, quoted in my last letter, seems not at all overwrought. "The bottomless pit," he observes, "seems to have been set open, and the locusts have come out with stings, a numerous race of sectaries and heretics, who have renewed all the ancient heresies, and invented many monstrous opinions of their own; they have filled our cities, villages, camps, houses, nay, our churches and pulpits too, and lead the poor deluded people with them to the pit of perdition." This is the end no doubt of all heresy and infidelity.

In reviewing these extracts we cannot fail of coming to the conclusion, that the first step in separating from the ancient Church, is the first into infidelity. There is no security whatsoever for the venerable and awful dogmas of Christianity, save in the bosom of the one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, under the guardianship of the hierarchy in communion with the See of St. Peter, to whom the deposit of the faith has been committed. With what truth and exquisite beauty does "Moore," terminate his "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a religion," when, after having led him through all the dark windings of sectarianism under the false light of private judgment, he makes the searcher for religion

exclaim, "Hail then to thee, thou one and only true church, which art alone the way of life, and in whose tabernacle alone there is shelter from all this confusion of tongues. In all the shadows of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who would verily pry into their recesses."

I remain, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XVI.

THE BIBLE-READERS IN CARLOW.

TO R. CLAYTON BROWNE, ESQ.

December 31st, 1856.

SIR—Permit me respectfully to call your attention, and, through you, the attention of the Magistracy of Carlow, to an intolerable nuisance amongst us which ought to be abated.

Last August, Sir Benjamin Hall, Chief Commissioner, suppressed Bible reading and preaching in the royal parks at London. This practice, as it is now understood, consists in denouncing, with Bible in hand, some or all the doctrines of Christianity, in such language as is most likely to wound the religious feelings of believers. Her Majesty's Commissioners dealt with the offence in a summary way, amid the indignant reclamations of all the Biblicals. The press, in the interest of that party, raised a great clamour; but the work was done. It would be well, indeed, if the evil which exists in this country to

a far greater extent, was met with the same cool determined spirit.

Sir, it is not necessary to inform you of the existence of this monster evil amongst us. The Bible-readers are in all our towns and villages ; they constitute a large body of ignorant, uneducated, and characterless men. Who they are, or who sent them, or where they come from, what are their antecedents, what doctrines they hold, what creed they profess, nobody knows nor cares. They are generally hired at very low wages—a shilling or two a day ; and their business is to go through their district assailing, in season and out of season, Catholics and Catholicity. They set to work during the day principally in the outskirts and back lanes of towns where poverty and distress press most heavily on the people ; and in the evening they prepare the reports of the progress they have made, which they forward weekly or monthly to their paymasters. They manage not unfrequently to get up a Biblical riot. They irritate the people almost beyond endurance ; they dare them ; designate them “ idolaters ;” and from angry words the parties sometimes come to blows. This result is always gratifying to the Bible-readers, as affording important matter for their report, proving also that they suffer persecution for justice sake, and therefore highly deserve their pay.

In this hasty sketch, I think, Sir, you will admit that the character and motives of these men, judging from their public acts as they come before us, are in nowise misrepresented. They cannot possibly do any good ; they generally do great harm ; they create bickerings, dissensions, and all manner of uncharitableness. They ought therefore, to be discountenanced by the magistracy, or summarily put down, as they have been in London. It is said and perhaps believed, that they make

converts. No, Sir, not one; and if you permit me, I shall show you most satisfactorily, in a plain uncontroversial way, the impossibility of such a result. The subject is to me as clear as that two and two make four; and I think I can, if you do me the honour to read this letter, communicate to your fair and unprejudiced mind my convictions. Bible-readers can make no converts, simply because Protestantism, when fairly and fully examined, has nothing in it, as a religion, to induce Catholics to accept it.

First—Protestantism, or the Protestant religion, has evidently suffered to fall into disuse all the sacraments, the fountains whence we draw the waters of salvation. The grace of regeneration in baptism is denied by the majority of the clergy, or, at most, is left an open question. The great sacrament of confirmation, conferred solely by episcopal hands, it considers as a venerable ceremony—nothing more. It has closed the sacred tribunal of penance, where sin, through the blood of the Redeemer, is remitted. The anointing of the sick it has long since laid aside as useless and dangerous, especially in infectious diseases, notwithstanding the testimony of St. James in its favour (chap. v. 14).

Orders and matrimony, in the Protestant ritual, are no longer sacraments. They confer no peculiar grace. The former is simply an appointment to a spiritual dignity, like the appointments to secular offices, by letters patent from the Queen. The latter is a civil contract, nothing more, before the parish registrar. The presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, under the sacramental veil, it ignores. His being in the midst of us, declared by himself to be his delight, was felt by Protestantism to be simply an inconvenience. It cannot realise what it is to have the blessed sacrament, and to believe in it

and love, as Catholics believe and love. The daily sacrifice—the renewal and commemoration of that in Calvary—it has given up. Hence the church doors are closed from Sunday to Sunday ; and even then how few attend, because they can read their Bible and pray at home, and nothing more is done at Church. With angels or saints Protestantism holds no communion. It has nothing of loving reverence or affection for the ever blessed Virgin Mary. Although she is a woman clothed with the sun, with the moon beneath her feet, it fears to do her homage. It hesitates to give her the glorious title of *Deipara*. It is angry with us for making so much of them. We do them, in Protestant opinion, too much honor. Even the cross, the sign of the Son of Man, finds little favour in its eyes. In one word, Protestantism having, in its ritual, left out whatever of holiness, of grace, of heavenly gifts, whatever unites us closely with God, and brings us nearer to the Saviour ; having left all these things out, it calls what remains by the appropriate, but unsatisfactory name of Protestantism. It creates a great void. The Tabernacle is deserted. The Holy of Holies is not there. The victim of Calvary is gone. Some scraps of doctrine, it is true, from the old Church, are still retained ; but the great mysteries, the sacraments and the sacrifice, are done away with. The Church is reduced to the condition of an assembly-room or prayer-hall. All its sanctity disappears. It is laid spiritually desolate ; and this very desolation in the holy places is properly called Protestantism. These truths, although stated inoffensively, are disagreeable to some, and the more disagreeable because they are simply the truth, and cannot be denied. Is there any sophistry, any rhetorical artifice and misrepresentation in this simple statement ? Pro-

testantism is, I freely admit, a respectable, gentlemanly sort of religion, made and ordered by the State for the comfort and convenience of the higher classes. The head of the State—the king or queen, as the case may be—being always, of course, head of the religion. It has dispensed with fasting, mortification, clerical celibacy, and all monastic and religious vows ; and to put matters on a still more comfortable footing, you are, Sir, at liberty to believe just as much as you please, and nothing more. The faith of others, be they bishops, or archbishops, nowise influences your belief. In a word, Sir, it is a form of worship without sacraments, without sacrifice, without graces or a priesthood ; but it has State-appointed dignitaries, nobly endowed with rich benefices and enormous episcopal incomes. This is not, I trust, stating the case unfairly. What then, I respectfully ask, has Protestantism, as a religion, to offer, which Catholics can accept ? To confess Protestantism, as it appears to us, would be to give up the religion we have—rich in grace and spiritual power—and to live without any. We cannot consent to do this. If you ask us to give up the holy sacraments and dread sacrifice once offered on Calvary, and now renewed daily on our altars—the great pledge of God's eternal love for man—you ought to offer something heavenly in its place—something besides the mere negation or rejection of Catholic doctrines, which is properly enough signified by the term Protestantism. A Catholic may for some temporal advantage, to improve, for example, his chance of obtaining some of those minor situations in the gift of the gentry, go to the Established Church on Sunday, or he may give up Christianity altogether, but he never can become a believer in Protestantism ; for this simple reason, that there is nothing in it—no dogmas, no fixed

creed, no sacraments to believe in. This opinion was held by Dr. Johnson, one of the greatest scholars that Protestantism has to boast of. He says :—

“A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere. He parts with nothing ; he is only superadding to what he already had. But to convert from Popery to Protestantism, a man gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything he retains—there is such a laceration of mind, in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere or lasting.”

The Doctor saw the matter precisely in the light in which we view it, and had the courage and honesty to state the truth openly.

Protestantism, so far from having power to gain over Catholics, cannot even retain those who were brought up in its communion. It has no hold, never had any, on the masses of the people. What is their condition in England, where Protestantism has had things all its own way for three centuries ? Every account, whether from Parliament, or the Episcopate, concurs in stating that the artisan and working classes have given up religion altogether, and live without a God in the world. Her Majesty's Commissioners, in their report on the last census, have made awful revelations on that subject ; they announce, p. 97, “that myriads of our labouring population are really as ignorant of Christianity as were the heathen Saxons at Augustine's landing.” “If a gentleman will go,” says the *Times*, January, 1854, “to his church, he will discover that the working people are not there. If he goes to the next parish church, and the nearest chapel of ease, and the proprietary chapels about him, and the dissenting chapels, and to every place where God is worshipped *in any manner whatsoever, he will still find the working classes are not there.*” All this

comes of Protestantism. It evidently cannot retain, or win back the poor ; but the most striking evidence of its insufficiency to satisfy the inquiring mind is, the great fact, that it has been unable to retain its own most distinguished scholars who have lately left it. Men of the first order of mind, of deep research ; distinguished amongst their fellows in every walk of science, to whom the succession to the rich benefices in the world was no distant prospect. They have been nursed in the lap of Protestantism—instructed in all its traditions—they have studied its philosophy—mastered its theology—and knew its history. They walked within its sanctuary : obtained distinction in its pulpits, and the halls of the universities. They were second to none in the various departments of science and literature ; they partook of the good things which Protestantism had to bestow ; they were bound to it by a thousand ties ; enjoyed its dignities ; obtained position and wealth in its high places.—Why did they not remain ? Simply because they knew, and who could know better ? that Protestantism had none of the aids, the heavenly gifts, the spiritual consolations which the Christian soul feels it wants. It has learning, refinement, cultivated taste, wealth in abundance, elegance of manners, but it wants the sacraments and sacrifice—the characteristics of religion—which brings to the soul the merits of the Saviour, the all-sanctifying blood of Calvary.

Can it then be reasonably hoped that Catholics will take up Protestantism as a religion (they may, one or other, embrace it as a means of saving themselves and families from the pangs of hunger) when they see that the people, born and baptised in that communion, have *in millions* abandoned it ; and that the most learned and virtuous of its doctors and divines, after much prayer and

diligent search, have renounced it, and all its advantages, for ever. As well might you expect to see the strange phenomenon in nature of the sun withholding its light, or the stream flowing back to its source. Catholics have reason to know Protestantism well. It never came to our doors as a blessing; it came to insult, declaring us, on oath, who adore alone the one eternal living God, to be "idolaters." It never brought us anything but sorrow, and never left us without taking the fruits of our labour, for which it made us no return. It inflicted upon us the penal code, which Dr. Johnson describes as exceeding in cruelty, intensity, and duration, the early persecutions of Christianity. It seized upon, and retains the provision of the poor, and the revenues destined for those who ministered to them in religion, although the people have ever rejected its ministrations, holding with unparalleled fidelity to the faith of their fathers. Catholics know very well that every heresy, every error in religion, is tolerated within its bosom by Protestantism. No form of opinion, save the ancient faith, comes amiss. It stands well with Arianism, Sabellianism, with those who deny the Divinity of Christ—the Trinity of Persons. Even some of its bishops reject these dogmas, and still retain high places. But it never ceases to hate, to oppose the ancient Church, whose income it enjoys. For that it came into the world, for that it continues to exist; and whenever it succeeds in any country in trampling out Catholicity, it falls itself at once into infidelity. Opposition to, and hatred of, the Catholic religion being the breath of its nostrils. The *Times*, May, 1856, represents the friends of Protestantism, when its endowments came last under discussion in the House of Commons, on Mr. Mial's motion, as hanging back from its defence. "Nobody," says this journal, "could speak an affectionate

or enthusiastic word for it. There was nothing in its history to appeal to—no great work to point to. Nobody could say that it had diminished Romanism, or done any remarkable service of any kind. Everybody felt, in short, that the Irish Establishment, was an anomaly in theory, as representing so small a part of the population, and had been a feeble, an ineffective, and a corrupt institution in practice.”

If Protestants can remain with a safe conscience in this institution, be it so. It is their own affair; but to ask Catholics to join it is infatuation, we cannot unless we give up all idea of religion. Having, I trust, convinced you of this important truth, have I not a right to call upon you, and the magistrates of Carlow, to discountenance the fraternity of proselytisers, who disturb our peace, and tease and insult, in a thousand ways, our poor people? The religion of a Sir Thomas More, a Fenelon, a St. Francis Xavier, a St. Vincent de Paul, in a word, of all the saints of the calendar, and of one hundred thousand living Sisters of Mercy and Charity besides, as devoted to the duties of relieving suffering humanity as Miss Florence Nightingale—so eulogised and celebrated, solely because she shines almost alone (purely and brightly I admit), in the firmament of Protestantism; such a religion, I say ought to be spared the vulgar gibes and coarse abuse of hired ignorance and unscrupulous slander. The employment of such agency is infinitely discreditable to the Protestant ministry. Well may friends denounce it as a “corrupt institution in practice.”

Wishing you, Sir, many happy returns of this holy season,

I have the honour to be, yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XVII.

REV. MR. MASSEY AND PROSELYTISM.

Jan. 15th, 1857.

TO MRS. COLONEL INGLIS, CARLINGWARK HOUSE,
CASTLE DOUGLAS, SCOTLAND, HONORARY SECRETARY
AND TREASURER OF THE IRISH REFORMATION
SOCIETY, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF THE VENERABLE
EARL OF RODEN.

The Rev. Dawson Massey writes :—

1. "MY DEAR MRS. INGLIS—While forwarding to you the reports of Killeshin schools for the two quarters, ending 30th ult., and soliciting your half-yearly grant of £5 towards the support of our schools, I cannot refrain from telling you some facts, as cheering indications of progress in our glorious Reformation work.

2. "Notwithstanding the continued crafty and powerful opposition of the priests, you will perceive the attendance of Roman Catholic children is steadily increasing. We are forced to keep the iron gate of our school-house yard always bolted, to keep out THOSE TERRIBLE WOLVES FROM OUR LAMBS. What think you of a party of them patrolling for half an hour up and down before our locked gate?

3. "We have sewed muslin work now in our female school, and already the girls have earned something, and their progress is so astonishingly quick that we have solicited orders from a Manchester house. The boys—not to be outdone, are learning basket work, from an old Roman Catholic inquirer, who was STABBED while coming from a controversial sermon. We have by your grant, been enabled to engage a first-class schoolmaster—one who was ten years under the instruction of my happy brother Godfrey. Begging your prayers, and assuring you of mine.

"I remain most gratefully,

"DAWSON MASSEY."

MADAM—Your large contribution—£10 a-year—to the proselytising school of Killeshin, and your correspondence with its reverend patron, in which allusion is made to me, fully justify the liberty I take in addressing

you. I have already said a few words upon this awkward and, I may add, most inconvenient correspondence, and I have still one word more to say, by way of postscript. Consulting brevity in my former letters, some points of importance were passed over, which now demand attention.

Your grant to Killeshin, it is said, enabled the patron to engage a first-class schoolmaster, one who was ten years under the instruction of the happy Godfrey Massey. This first-class schoolmaster was, I beg to add, first-class in everything—a very distinguished youth, possessing great versatility of talent ; and you, Madam, as having been the means of introducing him among us, should be made acquainted with all his merits. His last lecture in this district was on the mysteries of poaching, whereby he acquired, after sitting so long at the feet of the happy Godfrey, no very enviable distinction. He induced two boys of the village, the son of John Wall, “the old Roman Catholic inquirer,” and another, to accompany him in hunting game by asserting that he had a written permission to do so, which he pretended to exhibit ; and having thus entrapped them into a violation of the law, he forthwith gave information against the party. The truth, however, came out on the trial, and proceedings being about to be taken against the incomparable schoolmaster, the pupil of the happy Godfrey Massey, he immediately absconded, to the great grief of all the proselytisers and soupers of the district, and has not been heard of since. Some of his creditors in Carlow, report says, are most anxious to learn his whereabouts. If bonnie Scotland be his home, your ladyship may still command his pious services.

The opposition of the priests to the system adopted in the Killeshin school is, as your correspondent complains, and as I freely concede, “very powerful,” because it has

truth and justice on its side against unprincipled proselytism by bribes of food and clothes to starving children, and by furtive lectures within closed doors. Without the aid of truth, *our* opposition would be powerless indeed. We have none of the mammon of this world with which to fight our battles ; we raise no subscriptions in England or Scotland to win proselytes. We are truly poor, but the people of the parish are with us, all but a few. They accept our ministry with gratitude ; they adhere with high-toned fidelity to the ancient faith ; they kneel with us at the altars before which their fathers knelt to God ; but the large income of the parish, originally destined by Catholic piety for the support of the pastor, of the poor, and of the church in which the people worship, we touch not. It has been transferred by law to other hands ; the duties attached thereunto remain to be discharged by us. Our opposition notwithstanding, based as it is on truth, justice, and religion, is admitted to be powerful, and I may add for your ladyship's information, completely successful.

Whether the Protestant clergy, where their ministry is rejected by all but a mere fraction of the people can, *in justice*, receive and retain the property of the Church, is a question upon which a conscientious man may entertain very strong doubts. It will be a troublesome question with many men at the hour of death. Protestant clergymen of great respectability hold that parsons so circumstanced cannot, in conscience, receive it. The Rev. Maurice James, Rector of Pembroke, advocates this view of the case at great length, and with solid reasoning, in letters addressed to Dr. Wheatly and the Bishops of England. He calls on their lordships to show satisfactory grounds, if any exist, which would justify the exaction of parochial income by a Protestant clergy from a Catholic

laity ; and he adds with the solemnity of an oath—"that before God I am persuaded that they cannot show any such—and would venture my eternal salvation on the position, that they cannot ; that the system is not only not Christian, but most un-Christian and anti-Christian, so as to desecrate, to separate, and alienate from Christ, and set in absolute opposition to Christ, the Church and the Churchmen holding it."—See letters p. 122. To what extent the Reformation Societies are involved in the offence which Parson James describes as separating and alienating from Christ, it is not for me to say.

Your correspondent, in soliciting aid for his proselytising nursery, displayed very bad taste in describing it as beset with "HORRIBLE WOLVES" who were prowling about, whilst his tender lambs within were trembling with fear—"What think you, Madam," he exclaims with affright, "of a party of them (the aforesaid wolves) patrolling, like the night watch, for half an hour up and down before our locked gate?" Such a picture, I apprehend, must have been too much for the sensitive nerves of a lady, whose heart is on fire in the cause of proselytism, and might have been productive of the most serious consequence. But let the colonel look to that. The whole passage was written in bad taste, and more especially so as there was not a particle of truth in it. The writer is given to the marvellous—gifted perhaps with the faculty of clairvoyance—or, rather, with that of seeing things in spirit, which do not exist in reality. The apparition of the wolves is decisive on this point.

Upon another subject your correspondent observes a remarkable and suspicious reticence. He never says a word about converts. Allow us, Madam, to supply the deficiency, but in doing so we must go back several years

The only converts of whom we have heard were Catherine Tomlinson, Mary M'Evoy, John Moran, Pat Byrne, and John White. Their history is written on the annals of the bridewells, penitentiaries, and gaols of the country.—The following record is found on the Carlow Prison Calendar:—Catherine Tomlinson, tried for stealing a shirt the property of Wm. Foster, July 25, 1851.—Acquitted. The same Catherine, tried for stealing the clothes of Mary M'Evoy, Oct. 13, '51.—Sentence 5 weeks' hard labour, two weeks solitary. Mary M'Evoy, tried and convicted of theft, March 8, '51.—Sentence 3 months' hard labour." Moran suffered 12 months in Maryborough gaol for sheep stealing. White, six months' imprisonment. Byrne was committed and confined for petty larceny.

These precious converts are the only fruits of the pious labours of all the proselytising societies in this district within the last twenty years. The above-named party, after their conversion, were gathered into this village and placed in a house of refuge to attract others, under the spiritual superintendence of the most ignorant and officious of bible-readers and proselytising parsons. In this mansion it was, that the reformed girls at the head of the above list, after having robbed their neighbours, robbed each other. The rumour of their misdeeds being noised abroad, the infant Protestant colony, raised with such pious care and at so great expense to the Reformation Society, was forthwith dispersed, to the inexpressible grief of all religious hypocrites. The party left this district, to which they were attached by bribes, as soon as their character became fully known, and have since been most probably converted half a dozen of times to Protestantism in other localities, where the demand for such conversion brought the highest price. How far the Irish

Reformation Societies may be considered as participating in these truly disgusting and demoralizing scenes of religious profanations I shall leave it to officials and dignitaries to decide.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

January 15th, 1857.

P.S.—The bible-reader of Graigue, the parson's help-mate, a very busy and most ignorant little man, has, I rejoice to say, turned author. He writes a diary, which has fortunately fallen into my hands. It is decidedly more interesting than the letter to Mrs. Colonel Inglis or the subscription list of Miss Massey. He is positively more biblically inclined than the parson, and beats him hollow in scriptural quotation. His notes and comments, which I shall publish in full, will astonish the natives, and open the eyes of Protestants, if anything can do it, to the enormous hoax of Proselytizing Associations.

XVIII.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

January 29th, 1857.

SIR—The frequent introduction of my name, in the letter signed "Dawson Massey, rector and vicar of Killeshin," addressed to the *Carlow Sentinel*, January 24, abundantly justifies my noticing it. It is a long article; but, for my purpose, quite invaluable. In no sense can it be considered a reply to anything I have written. On the

contrary, it is, on the most important point, a clear confirmation of the charge of corrupt proselytism which I have preferred against the Killeshin schools.

Mr. Massey's letter, so unsuited for publication in Carlow—it would have done very well in Scotland—is, in great part, untrue; and what *is* true is nothing to the purpose, and the remainder is of that species of "*erratic roaming*"—(I borrow the phrase from Mr. Massey)—decked out in biblical twaddle, as unlike discreet, unaffected piety, as the hoarse screaming of the vulgar ballad-singer is unlike the soul-elevating melody of a Madame Grisi.

The rector and vicar of Killeshin, I am glad to perceive, throws a doubt upon the authenticity of the celebrated letter addressed to Mrs. Colonel Inglis. To admit the authorship of so discreditable a document requires considerable nerve. People began to ask, on reading it, how did the meek and mild gentleman, who talks so much of his love to Catholics—who has received so many favours at their hands—being honoured by them with a testimonial of character, when the rectory of Killeshin was vacant—how did he, they ask, venture to describe the priests of his own town as "terrible wolves;" and to state, moreover, what is notoriously untrue, that a party of the said sacerdotal wolves patrolled for half an hour (how accurate in detail), up and down before our locked gates?

But, is the letter authentic? "If mine," says the rector of Killeshin (observe, he does not admit it), it must have been written years since." It is clear he quite forgets it. The famine of '47 put it out of his mind. Well, we shall generously give Mr. Massey the benefit of whatever doubt the subject admits of, and I hope he will be able to prove it a forgery; but, in that case, we shall

hold Mrs. Inglis accountable for the fraud—or the colonel, himself, perhaps. Now, as to the disputed date : the letter has been lately written, but, evidently, not intended for circulation in Carlow. It was first published in the Irish Reformation Society Report, in 1855, and written a few months previously. Last September it fell into my hands by mere accident ; and had I not seen it, the writer might have continued to caricature us as terrible wolves—belie and calumniate us with impunity ; he might have passed off, without notice, his misplaced eulogy on the first-class schoolmaster who had sat for ten years at the feet of the happy Godfrey Massey ; and even carried on the ingenious trick of representing the old basketmaker, John Wall—a Protestant since his birth—as a “ Roman Catholic inquirer.” On the whole, however, I rejoice that a doubt exists as to its authenticity, and I hope Mr. Massey will satisfy the people of Carlow that he had nothing to do with it.

The letter of last week in the *Sentinel*, signed Dawson Massey, may, I suppose, be taken as really authentic. It is worse in conception and more reckless in statement than the former. We are favoured with a long story about the horrors of the famine of 1847, in which truth and falsehood are so oddly interwoven, that it requires a little time and patience to unravel it. The vicar thus begins ; I abridge the narrative :—

“ Mr. Maher claimed £50 for the relief of the children of the convent school, when the famine of '47 was at its height, and, *unopposed* by Mr. Massey, obtained it. Afterwards the vicar became a claimant for £25, for the Killeslin school, and, *opposed* by Mr. Maher, it was refused.”

What an amount of the suppression of truth and the suggestion of falsehood is in this one statement ! Now, the facts fairly stated are simply these : The Govern-

ment recommended, in 1847, the formation of Voluntary Relief Committees, of which the clergymen—Catholic and Protestant—were to be *ex-officio* members ; and to encourage private subscriptions, promised to give a sum equal in amount to the sums subscribed in the several localities. Availing myself of the promised liberality of Government, I contributed £50, all I possessed, and the Graigue Relief Committee, almost exclusively Protestant, applied to the Secretary of State for the equivalent. The amount was granted, on condition—with which we at once and freely complied—of returning the names of the parties receiving relief, to the Committee. Without this check it was impossible to know whether the money intrusted to us was properly expended, or employed in proselytism or other base purposes, or made away with altogether. Mr. Massey might have had the grant upon the same terms, but, refusing to account for the expenditure, or to return the names of the persons relieved, the Protestant committee and not Father Maher alone declared their unwillingness to entertain his claim. Having thus so unfairly stated his case, the vicar then adds, “so I declined giving him (Mr. Maher) the school-rolls unless he would pledge himself neither himself to persecute any of the children, nor to permit others to do so ; and unless he produced *solvent security* for keeping his pledge.” He puts in *italic solvent security*.

To any intelligent person it is unnecessary to observe that there is no truth whatsoever in this statement—not a particle. The extract is false, utterly false, from first to last. It is quite incredible that Mr. Massey, or any other gentleman, would call upon a clergyman “to pledge himself not to persecute or destroy little children, and to give solvent security that he would keep his pledge.” No one in his proper senses ever dreamt of such a proposal.

Who has ever heard of the like? And if any enthusiastic visionary, in a moment of mental aberration, ventured upon it, the only answer which a gentleman who respected himself could give would be, to take the proposer by the shoulder and send him out of his presence, or to withdraw himself.

The next paragraph of Mr. Massey's letter is still more strange. I shall give it in *extenso*:—

"As Mr. Maher's coadjutor then spoke very scornfully of Biblical education, I (the rector of Killeshin) quietly offered to prove to him and his employer, *in a public discussion*, the duty and blessedness of feeding the Redeemer's lambs on the sincere milk of the word. Mr. Maher shrunk from the offered discussion, and did not bind himself to forbear persecuting those who obey God rather than man, by searching the Scriptures according to His divine command."

I am beginning—I really am beginning to doubt the authenticity of this letter. Some wag or other has imposed on the *Carlow Sentinel*. The extract affords evidence of a decided hallucination; but whosoever wrote it I beg to say that Mr. Massey never sent to me, or any clergyman associated with me, a challenge to a public discussion on the obligation of feeding with proper nurture the flock committed to our care; or, in the writer's own inflated Biblical phraseology, "of feeding the Redeemer's lambs on the sincere milk of the word." There is no difference of opinion on this subject, and consequently no room for discussion. I cannot conceive anything more ridiculous than the proposal of such a thesis. The remainder of the extract is a fair specimen of that sanctimonious twaddle, half sense—half nonsense, which characterise all the writings which I have met with, under the signature of Dawson Massey.

The vicar continues the narrative of his griefs and his miraculous preservation, quoting Scripture at random *suo more*. "It is true (he says) that I lost the £25 (I rather thought he did not get it); but He whose is the silver and the gold raised up aid to me from other quarters, and from that day to this—upwards of 10 years—the barrel of meal was not wasted in Killeshin school."

It is highly satisfactory to have this statement from Mr. Massey, and I thank him for it. Here we have the whole apparatus before us of that abominable corrupting proselytism, which seeks to force the convictions of the mind through the agency of the stomach. None are admitted to the advantages of meal-tub school, unless those who violate the dictate of conscience and the rule of the Catholic Church by attending the Protestant lectures of the ultra Protestant rector and vicar of Killeshin. The delivery of the lectures is admitted in the apocryphal epistle to Mrs. Inglis, and a boast made that a Catholic child was the best Scriptural answerer. The charge against the Protestant Associations of proselytising by bribes has been often indignantly denied. Men strongly felt that such a principle of action was not in accordance with divine or natural law—that to tamper with the faith of children was an invasion, *a criminal* invasion of parental authority. It is hard to imagine anything worse than the meal-tub, and the parson's furtive Biblical lectures within closed doors, to seduce the children of Christian parents from the religion of their fathers. How would Protestants resent such an outrage upon their families? This offence, which honest men so strongly repel, is now, thanks to the generous indiscretion of the vicar of Killeshin, fully and satisfactorily established. Yes, the terms are—take your Protestant Bible with the vicar's commentary, and appease your hunger at the meal-

tub; or adhere to the religion of Christendom, obey the dictate of conscience, and suffer the pangs of a prolonged starvation. Remember the meal-tub is never empty. It is the only effectual means of propagating Protestantism. All our other resources have failed. We have tried persecution of every kind and gained nothing. The meal-tub is our last and best argument. Without it we can make no progress, can never fill our empty churches, and thereby we run the risk of losing our tithes. Christ sent his disciples without bread or money. It would never do for a reformed religion. We must keep up the meal-tub, or the congregation and tithes will go down. English bigotry will supply the funds. What a subject for a sketch in our facetious contemporary, *Mr. Punch*. The unfailing meal tub, in the parochial school, on one side—the Protestant Bible on the other, bound in calf—the parson, old Praise-God Barebones, standing between, warning off the famished Papist child, as he approaches the meal-tub, unless he take along with it a dose of Biblicism, prepared by the vicar for the health of its soul.

Who has ever heard of a Catholic School established on such principles? When has the Catholic Bible-reader or catechist been sent around to invite, and the meal-tub set up to attract the famishing children of Protestants; and when taken in, and the doors locked, when or where have lectures on the Catholic Bible been delivered to such. If an outrage of this kind were attempted upon the natural rights of the Protestant parent, I would be amongst the first to raise my voice against it. Dr. Whately, who sometimes veers about, has written well on the subject. His words may be advantageously studied by the over-zealous patron of the meal-tub school. In an "Address" to his clergy, in 1847, he writes:—

"What would be the feelings of any one of us, if, when

residing in some foreign country of a different religion from his own, he saw his children starving around him, and if he were given to understand it was expected that, in consideration of the relief offered, he should receive himself, and allow his children to receive, such religious instruction as he had been taught to regard as erroneous? Surely, if any one of you were so situated, and if you were driven by the extremity of distress to make a compromise of principle, it is likely that you would feel—at least when the pressing emergency was past—that your own conduct was pardonable, and that of your converters unpardonable. It is likely you would be filled with disgust *both for them*, and also for *the religion itself* which they had thus attempted to force upon you.”

The vicar's writings furnished a passage, in which he described the priest as *an intolerant, fiery, and crafty persecutor of his fellow-subjects, and a rank rebel against his sovereign*. This is rather strong language for a Bible Saint, who never tires telling us of his love to Roman Catholics. The Orange Lodges, in the hey-day of ascendancy, never indulged in anything more violent—more brutal. I quoted the passage to shame the writer into moderation. But how does he deal with the fact of having, without a particle of provocation, written the insulting, furious libel? Does he deny its authenticity, or venture to re-assert it? Nothing of the kind. He writes a-head—good, innocent man—as if he had said nothing to offend; talks at random, quotes Scripture as usual, recommends charity, and, after shifting and shuffling and veering about, he sends me a challenge, or rather, invites me to an amicable discussion on the educational system of Maynooth. Out upon such insane drivelling! This exhibition of stolid, impenetrable bigotry, of meaningless twaddle, really excites one's pity. If the loyalty

of any other man or class of men were so impeached, everyone knows how the aggressor would be made to answer for it. There is no man in the community, not even his own proctor and bible-reader, knows less of Catholic theology than the vicar ; but this, at least, I suppose, he does know—that Catholicity has lately won the assent of the first scholars of the day ; of Protestant clergymen of the highest intellectual powers ; of distinguished men in every sphere of life ; that it is the creed of upwards of two hundred millions of Christians. The knowledge of these facts would teach any but the lowest and most ignorant bigots to speak with some degree of respect of Catholic theology, and those who have studied in Catholic schools.

Instead of the useless discussion on Maynooth, let us rather discuss the vicar's title to the income of the parish of Killeshin, a subject deeply interesting to the people, as touching their pockets. He has not acquired that income, £500 a-year, by purchase—it has not descended to him by inheritance—it is not a free gift. What then is the title ? It is simply salary for service—service which the vicar cannot, does not perform. The people, all but a small section, reject his ministry, adhere to the ancient faith, under the guidance—not of the State-nominated official—but of the Catholic pastor, regularly appointed by the successors of the apostles. Where then, is his claim in justice ?—where is the *quid pro quo* for the parochial income ? If he pocketed it, and suffered the poor Catholic children to follow in peace the religion of their fathers, we should never trouble him on this subject. The law, it is true, has transferred the income of the pastor to the sinecurest rector, and if the same authority transferred it again, and it could do so, to a Mormonite parson, his title would be as valid and as good as the

vicar's. Would Mr. Massey consider such a transfer anything better than a legal robbery, and the holder of such property an unjust intruder? This is a question which, at the hour of death, has harrassed the conscience of honest men—a question which assuredly will be discussed sooner or later.

To analyse and bring out in bold relief *all* the folly, the cant, the hypocrisy of this letter, and of the other writings of the vicar—the hollow professions of love for Catholics, whilst their priests are described as terrible wolves, fiery and intolerant bigots, and rank rebels into the bargain, to exhibit the blurting out of the sacred texts, on all occasions, the attempt at reasoning, the rigmarole replies, the dreamy nonsense of the whole, would be at present too great a trespass on the patience of our readers.

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

January 29th, 1857.

XIX.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

February 10th, 1857.

The controversy with the above-named gentleman, in which I have taken an humble part, is brought to a close. He has admitted the truth of all the counts of the indictment preferred against him. *Causa finita est.* He pleads guilty to the leading charge of corrupt proselytism—of seeking, by doles of food from the meal-tub and Protestant lectures within closed doors, to seduce the children of the

poor from the faith of their fathers. It would be difficult indeed to exaggerate the enormity of this offence. He admits it in its fullest sense, and he would do well to consider its odious character as accurately described by Dr. Whately in his "Address to the Clergy," quoted in my last letter. Were this outrage committed by a Catholic priest upon the rights of Protestant parents, it would be met, and deservedly so, by a yell of indignation from one end of the kingdom to the other; and I beg respectfully to assure Mr. Massey that public opinion will not tolerate such abuses. It will, when fully and emphatically pronounced, teach the Vicar of Killeshin to respect the undoubted and inalienable rights of even the poorest amongst us.

He admits also the authorship of the scandalous and unscrupulous letter to Mrs. Inglis, in which, behind our backs, and having no opportunity of reply—writing even to a lady—he designates the priests whom he every day salutes with smiles as "TERRIBLE WOLVES," and violates truth in his other statements. He pleads guilty of having indited this letter—he denied it as long as he could. He was ashamed of it, and threw doubts on its authenticity. He sought to have it believed that it had been written years since; and after wriggling and shuffling, he at length confesses that he is the author of the document, and that it was written lately; but as to the false statements he has no defence to make—not one word.

Again, he admits that the whole rigmarole statement of how he (the Vicar of Killeshin) did on a certain day, *Anno Domini* 1847, require of me to pledge myself not to persecute his children, and to produce solvent security for keeping the pledge, was one of the vicar's day-dreams—a pure deliberate invention.

The history of the challenge to Father Maher, and his

refusal to meet him—this childish and unbecoming swagger of which he boasted the other day—has no foundation in truth. The vicar suffers judgment to go by default on this count.

The last letter of Mr. Massey is a *fac simile* of the former; it manifests the same disregard for truth, the same swaddling tone—half sense, half nonsense—but it is evidently a waste of time, after what has been said, to analyse it at any length. He represents me, in his own *gauche* phraseology—“*groaning over the name of wolves, as applied to the sons of Maynooth.*” Translated into English, it means—that I complained of the application of the term “wolves” to the priests educated at Maynooth. Now, he knows very well what the precise charge against him on that head was. I charged him, quoting his own words, with having described the Catholic priest as “*an intolerant, fiery, and crafty persecutor of his Protestant fellow-subjects, and a rank rebel against his sovereign.*” I reminded him that such language was unbecoming a Bible Saint, who talks even in his last letter of his *beloved* Roman Catholic countrymen; that the Orange Lodges, in their drunken orgies, never indulged in anything more violent—more unchristian. I am glad to perceive that my commentary has made him ashamed to repeat his own words, and I hope in time to make him a very moderate, unassuming vicar. He adds.—“I am not alone in antagonism to Maynooth.” Of course he is not. Bigotry and intolerance, fanaticism and folly will be ever against it. Why should Catholics receive for the education of the clergy a single shilling in the presence of a Protestant Church, which wrests from the nation upwards of one million per annum?

To the parsons belong the tithes, the ministers' money in the towns, the glebe lands, see lands, cathedral pro-

perty, university estates, surplice fees—they should have also the Maynooth grant. When they have everything else, why should that be withheld? They want every penny of it, and cannot get on without it. They have, of course, expensive wives and families to sustain, and the 39 Articles to teach to their little congregations. How can all this be done on a shabby income of one million a year. It is not the theology of Maynooth that is bad; by no means. The same is taught at all Catholic colleges without a word of complaint. It is the grant that makes all the difference. If other houses were endowed, their students then, would be, to a man, rank rebels, fiery, furious, and all that. Too much zeal—not for mammon, but for the 39 Articles—has blinded the opponents of Maynooth, and disturbed the repose of the Vicar of Killeshin.

“But O’Connell was against Maynooth!” How can men venture upon such assertions in the teeth of facts? Did he not always sustain that College by his votes and his eloquence in the House of Commons? Not a man in the country is ignorant of the fact save Mr. Massey. But because O’Connell denounced the law agent of Maynooth, in a political speech, in 1813, and what he designated the mongrel board—half Protestant, half Papist—who, by their jealous and rival intolerance, injured the efficiency of the institution, forty-four years ago, he therefore sympathises with the Spooners and fanatics of the present day, with the parsons who hope to divide amongst themselves the endowments of the College.—Verily Mr. Massey’s reasoning is as incomprehensible and sublime as his theology. It is logic run mad.

When a man cannot vindicate the truth of his assertions, or sustain his honour by fair argument, there is nothing for it but to challenge his opponents, and to boast of his

chivalry. Acting upon some such principle, Mr. Massey throws down the gauntlet to two of us at once, but if he were as wise as he evidently is valiant, he never would have penned the challenge which I now shall quote, somewhat abridged, for the amusement of all those who delight in clerical knight-errantry and religious Quixotism. Thus speaketh the venerable and undaunted Vicar of Killeshin, the patron of the meal-tub school :—

“It is denied that I (Dawson Massey) gave him (Mr. Maher) and his coadjutor an amicable invitation to a *platform* discussion on Scriptural education. I am happy to repair my fault, by now expressing my cheerful readiness, in my Divine Master's name, to meet them *both* at any time, at one week's notice, *D. V.*, trusting under God that my generous and intelligent R. C. parishioners will secure me fair play. * * * I will, *D. V.*, undertake to prove * * that my church, so far from possessing a bloated endowment, is absolutely the poorest national church on earth ; and if its revenues were confiscated, Ireland would lose 2,000 resident gentlemen, whose private means, with the ‘pittance’ derived from the church (only a shabby million a-year) now enable them to be *merciful* to the suffering poor.”

It would, I should think, be hard to find, elsewhere, so much religious cant, idle vapouring, hypocritical folly and amazing ignorance compressed into two short sentences. If Mr. Massey had consulted any one, even the humblest of his clerical brethren, he never would exhibit his prowess in publishing such a challenge. There is not another man in the country who would venture to write that the Protestant Church in Ireland is absolutely “the poorest national church on earth.” Where has this man lived, or been educated ? with what has he filled his mind ? how has he so egregiously deceived himself, if,

indeed, he be deceived, on this subject? His knowledge surpasseth all understanding. To let in a gleam of light on the *chiaro-oscuro* of his reverence's mind, I shall append to this letter a statement, in tabular form on Protestant authority, of the relative wealth of the several churches of Christendom. It may enlighten the Vicar when he writes again.

As to the 2,000 parsons, I wish to speak in terms which cannot offend, I certainly shall not, in describing them, borrow the colouring which Mr. Massey employed in depicting the Catholic priesthood.

I am most happy to admit that there are amongst them many gentlemen and scholars, kind-hearted in their sphere and amiable in their circle, possessing many excellent qualities, but there is not one of them, gifted with ordinary intelligence and a zeal for his salvation, who does not deplore the perilous position in which unjust laws have placed him. The troublesome question frequently arises to the mind of such men, can we with a safe conscience receive large pay, for the discharge of duties which we never perform, the people having with unparalleled fidelity, ever adhered to the faith of their fathers and rejected our ministrations? Shall we have to answer for it to a just God who weighs all things in the balance of the sanctuary? Considerations of this character have induced clergymen—not one or two, but scores—men of the highest intellectual powers, very unlike the Vicar of Killeslin—capable of reasoning well and deeply, to resign their large benefices and seek truth and peace of mind in the ancient Catholic Church, which, as it has seen the origin, so shall it witness the fall of all modern heresies.

The advantage of the 2,000 parsons to the poor of Ireland is a theme injudiciously selected by one of the

body, for platform discussion. The fact is—and every one knows it, always excepting Mr. Massey—that these gentlemen, and their predecessors, so far from relieving the distress of Ireland, have, for centuries, unscrupulously devoured the substance of the widow and orphan, and appropriated to their own uses the revenues of the temple. They have battered upon the rightful inheritance of the poor of Christ, and built up to themselves enormous fortunes, on the misery of His people; even now, they divide amongst themselves, in what proportion it matters not to the plundered people, more than a million of statute acres, and nearly half a million of pounds sterling, annually. This Church has been long since condemned by the enlightened opinion of Europe. All the statesmen of England, worthy of the name—Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, Earl Grey, Macaulay, Goderick, Sir George Grey—all have denounced it as an intolerable nuisance, the greatest ecclesiastical enormity in the world, and the foulest blot on modern civilization.

“It is my deliberate opinion (says Mr. Macaulay in the House of Commons, April 23, 1850) that of all institutions now existing in the civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland is the most absurd and indefensible. Take the opinion of foreigners, of travellers, of writers—it does not matter where the book comes from—whether from Europe or from America, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether partial to England or opposed to England, they one and all state that Church to be such an abuse that they can hardly conceive how it exists. There is but one country in the whole world that presents to you the spectacle of a population of 7,000,000 of people with a Church established and richly endowed for only 800,000 of that population.”

“I believe,” said Lord Campbell (now Chief Justice

of England), "the Protestant Church in Ireland to be one of the most mischievous institutions in existence. I believe it is so considered now, and I believe it will be so considered by posterity ; and it is only because your lordships are familiar with it that you are not shocked by the picture. There is nothing parallel to it except the attempt, at the end of the seventeenth century, to impose Episcopacy upon Scotland. Can there be any wonder that the Roman Catholics are discontented ?"—(Speech on the Maynooth bill).

The character of the Irish Church, sketched so faithfully by the *Times*, deserves to be remembered.

"Of all the staple grievances of Ireland," writes that journal, "one only has yet been redressed : Catholic Emancipation has removed the political distinction between the laity of the two Communions. The Protestant Established Church remains behind, in form a temple, but in truth a fortress ; built from the ruins of the old national hierarchy, drawing supplies for its ample garrison from the conquered and impoverished territory over which it frowns, but yielding no succour nor protection to its vassals. This church has been fed by forced contributions upon industry progressive with the produce of the soil. It has wrung them from a people whom it could not, as a religious establishment, indemnify for the tax which it extorted. It has flung back the natural teachers of the Catholic community upon the spontaneous bounty of their half starved flock for support, thereby imposing upon them a second, and no inconsiderable burden. The Church of Ireland is, finally, one which has for centuries, in every measure of severity, of exaction, of oppression, signalised itself by more than concurrence with the tyrannical spirit of the civil Government. It is felt to be, at once, a weight upon the country

and a degradation. It is not merely that there are abuses in the Irish Church, such as exorbitant livings, ill-bestowed bishopricks, with every shape and character of perverted patronage; nor is it altogether the incorrigible nature of the tithe system, but the mischief is one of bulk as well as kind. There is, in Ireland, too much church for any legitimate purpose."

This, then, is the church, the abomination of desolation in the holy places, into which the Scripture-readers and proselytizing societies seek to force the children of the poor, the descendants of men who, for protesting against it, have endured persecution without parallel since the days of a Nero or Diocletian. When shall men, laying aside all cant, dissimulation, and guile, learn from the Book of Life that injustice and plunder, although sanctioned by bad laws, exclude from the kingdom of Heaven. The history and character of this establishment are so well understood, that no man of honourable mind, without blushing deep as scarlet, could profess himself an Irish Protestant in any Christian community on the Continent. Those who have lived abroad, and mixed in society, are aware of this fact.

JAMES MAHER. P.P.

February 10th, 1857.

XX.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

March 3rd, 1857.

“He (Mr. Maher) promises the public much sport out of the rough leaves of a diary kept by my scripture reader. I do trust, for his own sake, that his wit may not lead him to treat God’s holy Word with irreverence, like a scoffer, of whom the celebrated orator, Melville, has said, ‘his delight is to take the lightnings of the Almighty and make them flash for his own amusement.’”—*Rev. Dawson Massey’s letter to the CARLOW SENTINEL.*

This awful warning, conveyed in such strange phraseology—so characteristic of Mr. Massey, reminds me of the duty of redeeming my pledge, which I made some weeks since to the public. Had it not been thus noticed, I should, most likely, have forgotten it. In dealing with the subject, to relieve Mr. Massey’s anxiety, I beg to assure him that I shall not attempt to play with the lightning of heaven, although I feel disposed to laugh at, and hold up to public scorn the enormous hypocrisy, and religious ribaldry of his bible-readers and all other Tartuffes of the present day. In bringing the evangelical labours of the scripture-readers before the public, it appears to me, that the most satisfactory course to all parties, will be to give their very words, as we find them in the reports of those proselytising societies with which the country is overrun. One of them, having in its service no less than fifty-six bible-readers, including the man of Graigue, assumes the style and title of the

*Ladies’ Irish Association for promoting the Religious
Instruction of the native Irish.*

These pious missionary ladies, devoted to the ministry of “the Word” are under the government of a select

committee of five-and-twenty of their own sex, ladies learned in the laws, strong in faith ; and forty-four parsons, whom the report denominates SUPERINTENDENTS—FORTY-FOUR PARSONS ! that is somewhat more than a parson and a half to superintend each committee lady. The secretary is a Miss Mason, who has filled that office with great *eclat* for nearly a quarter of a century. In truth it may be said that she has grown grey in the service. This committee directs the proselytizing operations of the fifty-six scripture readers, upon whom it has expended last year £1,700 19s. 9d. [See report, p. 60.]

The readers whose services we are about to submit to public criticism, are by no means ordinary men. They are the best of their class. Employed and paid by the ladies, Mr. Massey informs us "that they are selected, trained, and superintended by the clergy." We shall begin our notice of their pious labours in our own parish, as most likely to interest the people of Carlow ; but, in entering on the subject, we must again caution the public not to laugh at, or make light of, the sacred effusions of the spirit, as embodied in the diaries of these humble servants of the Lord, as their employers love to designate them.

The first extract, p. 29, shows how the bible-reader of Graigue, who sat for years at the feet of the rector of Killeslin, collected at an unusually early hour in the morning, men to perform the evangelical operation of planting the minister's potatoes—how he assisted a Roman Catholic inquirer to escape from his wife in his night-dress, minus the body of the shirt—how they ran for their lives, thinking themselves hotly pursued by the infuriated woman, the inquirer still undressed and shivering like an aspen leaf. The danger being at length

overcome, and the congregation assembled at the planting of his reverence's potatoes, the bible-expounder of the sacred page, mindful of his high vocation, quoted with great unction many texts of Scripture for the Roman Catholic inquirer and the other men.

In the following extracts, it will give zest to the subject to know that the letter W. stands for John Wall, an old Protestant, designated by Mr. Massey "a Roman Catholic inquirer," in his letter to Mrs. Inglis; the letter D. stands for Dunne; the Rev. Mr. M. stands for the parson of Killeshin; Father M. for the parish priest; and M. stands for Mooney, the bible-reader, whose "Diary," revised, corrected, and prepared for the Press by the twenty-five ladies and the forty-four parsons, is now about to be given *verbatim* and *literatim*:—

"Went at five o'clock in the morning to call for W. and D. to come and plant potatoes at our minister's; so as I was at the door I heard D. say to his wife to let out his shirt. I asked 'What was the matter?' and he said that his wife had his shirt and would not give it to him. His wife said to me, 'Begone Satan!' She said Father M. had told her she could save a man from the devil, but from that bible-reader is no recovery. With much difficulty the husband came to the door, and all he had of the shirt was the neck in one hand, and his clothes in the other, and a wild look in his eyes, and he said, 'Come, or she'll kill some one.' So we took to the road with speed, thinking every moment the wife would be after us; but she did not follow us, and then we waited until he put on his clothes, and he was shivering like a leaf on a tree. Then we went to the field and fell to our work, and I quoted many texts of Scripture for him and the other men."

The second extract, p. 30, exhibits the courage and

zeal of the bible-reader. He ventures, notwithstanding the violent opposition of the woman Jezebel, to call a second time upon Dunne, to plant the minister's potatoes—The ingenious device of the woman to defeat the call—How she succeeds this time outwitting the bible-man—The priest gets the merit of the invention :—

"On Monday I went again to call for D. to plant potatoes ; I knocked at the door, and he said, with a trembling voice, that he could not come, because his wife had got up in the middle of the night, when she got him asleep, and put his clothes in a tub of water. The priest had told her to do this to prevent the man from earning his day's wages. So I was obliged to employ another man."

Wonderful conversion ! Mrs. Jezebel Dunne modifies her opinions—finds out that Protestants are the reverse of devils—implores the bible-reader's pardon for tearing her husband's clothes—associates with Mooney—works in the same employment, for which she gives thanks to God, and promises to go to church :—

"Mrs. D said she once thought Protestants were devils, but now she sees the reverse, and asked my pardon for the morning she tore her husband's clothes, &c., striving to prevent him to walk with me, but now she gives her blessing to her husband, and will go to church. She sees now plainly that the Book is God's book, and gives thanks to God that she went to work where she heard how she is to be saved."

The bible-reader, Mooney, transformed into a basket-seller—received with *much love* by the people in his new character—attends the fairs, sells the potato-basket and quotes Scripture for the purchasers—wonderful success in trade—sells eleven times more than the unscriptural basket-maker, assisted by the Roman Catholic inquirers.

Hurra ! hurra ! for hypocrisy and humbug, for the twenty-five ladies and the forty-four parsons !—

“I was at the fair selling the baskets made in our factory : I was received with much love by those people who know me, and also bought baskets from me. I returned them thanks, and quoted texts for them remarking the love of Christ in dying on the cross to redeem us from our sins. I met some of our own Roman Catholic inquirers who assisted me to sell ; I sold thirty-three baskets before my opposers sold THREE.”

Great progress in hypocrisy. Mooney is admitted to the kitchen of a Roman Catholic shop keeper, discovers a Bible, whereupon he rejoices in the Lord, and undertakes to prove to Miss —— nameless, that it is nowhere forbidden in the Bible to receive heretical money into a Catholic till. He proves, moreover, that a bible-reader’s money, or that of a turn-coat like himself, would not melt away her capital—a dangerous heresy which the priest attempted in vain to impose upon her. Hurra ! hurra ! for the biblical enlightenment of the nineteenth century ! for the twenty-five ladies and the forty-four parsons !—

“Visited a Roman Catholic who keeps a shop. There was on the table in the kitchen a Bible, which seemed to be in pretty good practice. I took it in my hand and began to read, when Miss —— came into the kitchen. I was very glad, and gave thanks to God when I saw the change, for a few years ago she would not allow a turn-coat like me to come near her, or my money into her till : she said she was not to blame, for the priest said all her capital would melt away. I asked her did she read in the Bible that all her capital would melt away if the money of a man who reads the Bible would enter her till ? She said, ‘no, because it is the Word of God,

who is love, and without the Bible the priest can make a public fool of a person concerning religion.' ”

Bad news for husbands.—The priests recommend wives to hang them with a rope about their neck as a legitimate check upon all bible-reading tendencies. Husbands sustained by the bible-reader persevere in spite of priest and wives. Bad news for wives.—(*Quære*)—As hanging is a sinless operation, would it not be more natural and a more effectual check to Biblicism to recommend the hanging of the bible-reader himself:—

“Visited a convert, who told me that his wife went to the priest to complain of him how he was paying attention to my reading the Bible, and that he intended going to church. The priest told her to put a rope round his neck and hang him before she would allow him to go to church with that man, who destroyed many souls in this parish. He says, ‘he will hear God’s Holy Word in spite of priest or wife, and he is thankful to me for reading it for him.’ ”

Last extract from Graigue. An interesting dialogue between the bible-reader Mooney, and a man 45 years of age and his beloved wife Catty. The priest is introduced as taking Catty’s name out of the “Book of Life,” whereupon the husband exclaims—“No more priests.”

“Visited K, and read 1 John i. He said although he was 45 years of age, he did not know how man’s soul was to be saved only through the priests. Read some other passages, when he asked, ‘What do you call that book?’ I said, ‘The Bible.’ He then said, ‘Is that the book the priest forbids the people to read?’ I said ‘That is the very blessed book.’ He called to his wife, ‘Catty, Catty, do you remember when the priest called on us to pay our Easter dues: because we had no money, he said surely he would take our names out of the book

of life, and then we would be lost for ever for the want of paying one 2s. 6d. But now,' he said, 'no more priests while I live—'

In another part of the "report" p. 33, we read that the bible man fell sick, but that his time for going up to Heaven had not yet arrived. The people love him very much, pray for his recovery, listen to his commentaries with great attention, kill a sheep, and send him some of the mutton, saying the broth would do him good. Hopes to die soon :—

"I have to tell that during my illness I was visited by many Romanists, to whom, from time to time, I was enabled to tell of a Saviour's love to my soul, to which some of them listened with attention: some of them leaving, praying for my recovery. There is a Romanist family whom I always considered the most bigoted in the parish: some one from their house was sure to come once or twice a day to inquire after me: these people killed a sheep, and sent me some of the mutton twice, saying the broth would do me good.

"It was reported I had a very bad fever, but the Lord's time for saying, 'come up hither,' seemingly has not arrived yet, though I do believe it will be soon."

Page 36, a Bible-reader writes :—

"Visited a mason. This man had a great welcome for me and wondered why I stopped so long without calling at his place. 'Have you the Bible about you?' said he. 'I have a Roman Catholic one.' 'Better again,' said he. Often I spoke to the wife about you, saying, what happened the man that carries the Bible with him reading for the people? He took the Bible and read part of two chapters to the wife: he said he often thought of getting a Bible, and would not be much longer without one. I told him I would lend him one, till such

time as he could make out one : he said he would wait, maybe your own would make a Protestant of me."

"Was nearly three hours reading with a farmer : he is so eager to hear me speak and read, he leaves off work the moment I enter his house, but the family leave it. I said to him, perhaps the women are not willing that we should speak of religion ? Never mind those women, they are 'contrairy : ' if they don't like to listen, let them mind their business. Perhaps they will blame you when I go ? Let them blame away, I will put up with the blame for the sake of hearing you read : nothing gives me more delight : I do be glad the moment I see you coming in."

"Read in a shop. Many were present. After some talk, I said Roman Catholics boast of belonging to the old and true church, the pillar and ground of truth—if you are such you will not refuse answering me a few questions to lead me right if I am astray. What is Truth ? All looked earnestly, but no answer. As Roman Catholics are you not able to answer a man whom you look on as a heretic ? Will you not set me right if you think me wrong ? Not an answer, but all looking, some of them with opened mouths and fastened eyes, wondering, so I went on for some time, but still no answer."

"You just speak truth, said several voices from the people that thronged to hear. So we parted in good friendship, I telling them to get Bibles for themselves, and not be deceived by the priests. As I went out of the shop, several voices shouted, long life to you, you are a great fellow. I heard afterwards that they argued for hours among themselves."

"There are few new conversions from Popery, but many are secretly believing the truth, and will, I trust, be open professors of it.

“The efforts of the Church of Rome here are superhuman now, to keep the population from us. All means are used, and the National School system has almost entirely destroyed our Scriptural Schools. I can rarely get a Roman Catholic child to come to us. There are a great many interesting inquirers, however, in this district, and light is spreading.”

To circulate this low ribaldry, this indecent travesty of sacred things, fanatical women of unsteady minds and ill-regulated piety collect large sums of money, and form themselves into committees, giving thanks to God “that they are thus privileged in spreading the gospel light in many remote and dark corners of Ireland.” Good Heavens! is it possible that they are so far blinded as not to perceive the frightful iniquity of their proceedings!

The reports of the proselytising societies are very voluminous. I have read them extensively, and I pledge myself that the above extracts are a fair specimen of the whole. Nothing certainly can bring out in bolder relief the low buffoonery, the base hypocrisy, the gross ignorance, and enormous fictions of those associations, than the pages of their own reports. In considering the subject, one cannot help asking to what state have we come, when the offscouring and ruffianism of society are drilled, banded together, and hired at an enormous price, to bring disgrace by their ignorance and knavery on the very name of religion? Hundreds of this class are let loose on society—men too idle or too vicious to work out an honest livelihood in their proper sphere—men without mental training or discipline of any kind, without education or knowledge for professional life, ticket-of-leave men in the Church, are set up by a club or committee of female evangelizers to expound the awful mysteries of Christianity, to eradicate Divine faith from the

public mind. Upon the nature and character of these proceedings there can be no second opinion.

The notabilities of this evangelical committee, about half-a-dozen in number, are ladies of the metropolis, who, whilst their husbands are engaged in the courts of justice, or the Castle of Dublin, give up their time to "the ministry of the word." Such fanatical eccentricities cannot be tolerated without detriment and injury to religion. Female influence is most usefully exerted within the sphere marked out for it by Providence—the quiet circle of domestic life. There it is invaluable; there the gentle force of their counsel and good example is felt to advantage; but when ladies overstep that limit, and sally forth, with Bible in hand, armed at all points for tilt and tournament in the arena of controversy; when they come out, leading on, and guiding a troop of ignorant swaddlers, they display a total forgetfulness of the proprieties of life, and of all that which gives dignity and attractiveness to their own character.

This is my old-fashioned notion, and I doubt not that St. Paul took the same view of the subject when he requested the ladies of Corinth to learn at home, for "I suffer not (he says, *Tim.* ii.) a woman to teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

It is a grievous scandal to society, and a deep disgrace to the clergy of the Established Church, that they do not put an effectual check upon such demoralising extravagancies. Folly, impiety, and Puritanism of this kind have banished religion from the hearts of millions in England, where the masses of people are left exposed to such corrupting influences, and they would have produced the same effect, the same loss of faith in Ireland, were they not happily counteracted by the salutary teaching and restraining discipline of the Catholic Church.

To enlighten ignorance, to remove error is, unquestionably, a good work; but the agencies employed must be proportioned to the task—otherwise, religious zeal degenerates into canting hypocrisy, and the most reprehensible and mischievous fanaticism. Does religion or common sense commission unlettered peasants to expound Scripture and sell baskets at the public fairs?—to plant ministers' potatoes, and sow the seed of the word?—to make their way to the scullery and discuss theology with the kitchenmaid?—to malign, in every sentence, the Catholic clergy in the name of the Gospel?—to circulate lying tracts, such as I have quoted from?—to post up evangelical hand bills?—to prowl about the back lanes to tempt the child of misery, by an invitation "to the unfailing meal-tub," to abandon the religion of its parents? Such, without exaggeration, are the works of scripture-readers, as narrated by themselves; such the demoralising system of evangelical quackery, sanctioned by parsons and worked out by the faded beauties of the metropolis. If anything could dispose the ever-faithful people of Ireland to sneer at religion—to think lightly of its sacred ordinances, or reject it altogether, this low, canting hypocrisy, the extravasated zeal of excitable women, tolerated by their husbands and encouraged by evangelical authority, would certainly do it.

Whether the "diary" of the evangelical movement in Graigue has been edited by the Rev. Mr. Massey or his eloquent scripture-reader the basket seller, I cannot pretend to say. The style and matter, the cant and folly of the extracts very much resemble the writings of the venerable rector, and moreover the solemn warning which he gave me not to treat them with disrespect—he himself viewing them in some sense as "God's Holy Word"—

incline me to the opinion that the authorship belongs to the rector. But the point is not of much importance.

There is one feature in the case which has afforded me some gratification. A proper sense of character has, I rejoice to see, induced the ladies of Carlow and the Protestant clergy of the town to withhold all aid from this foolish congregation of biblical women. The only assistance which this enormous folly has received in this district has been that of two collections in Killeshin Church, after sermons, amounting in all to the beggarly sum of £2 1s. 6d. It appears, moreover, from Miss M. C. Massey's collecting card, that the Countess of Aldborough gave one pound and the Rev. D. Massey, half a one. The following items fill up the card, in those words and letters :—

				<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Mamma	2	6
Frances Massey	1	0
M. C. Massey	1	0
G. S.	1	0
A. S.	1	0
L. S.	1	0
D. G. Massey	2	6
A Thanks Offering	10	0

The ladies conclude their report declaring "that their fund is utterly exhausted, and that during the last twelve months they received very much less than any year since 1847." This announcement indicates a return of good sense, a clear appreciation in the country of the enormous mischief attempted by the proselytizing societies—that hypocrisy, cant, and vain intermeddling, beyond their sphere, which characterize a certain class of nervous women, are greatly on the wane.

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXI.

BIBLE SOCIETIES IN IRELAND.

LETTER TO THE REV. J. P. GARRETT.

November, 1858.

“Dear friends, rest not satisfied to be safe yourselves ; have compassion on the ignorant and deceived of your country. Of the Irish speaking population above 100 are calculated to die every day. Consider how soon you will have to meet them at the bar of God. Let them not reproach any of you there with unfaithfulness ; think of a lost eternity—Satan is still triumphing, hell is filling, and God is appealing to us. Oh, how can the servants of the Lord remain indifferent ? Then, in God’s name, go forth to duty, go. Then, let us enlarge our subscriptions, let us be more valiant for the truth—more full of love and faithfulness to our Catholic fellow-countrymen.”—*Abridged speech of the Rev. J. P. Garrett, before the “Safe servants of the Lord,” in the Assembly Rooms of Carlow, at the Irish Society meeting.—Oct. 30th.*

REV. SIR—You make in the above extract the awful announcement that “hell is filling,” but as you have forgotten, in the enthusiasm of the moment, to state what it is filling with, you will permit me to supply the omission. Sir, hell is filling the hearts and tongues of fanatics, with cant and lies, deceit and all uncharitableness. Satan triumphing, heaven appealing to the biblicals of Carlow ; and hell swallowing the Irish speaking population at the rate of more than one hundred a day, is all vulgar cant, wretched clap-trap ; but good enough—no doubt you thought so—for those to whom it was addressed. I have read the speeches and reports which, as honorary secretary, you made at Carlow, and volumes of the furious and saintly rhapsodies of other biblical orators, at their meetings ; and I have come to the conclusion that the interests of religion, truth, and morality, will be served by fairly exhibiting the folly and

fanaticism, the fraud and falsehood, of those irreligious and most mischievous associations. If you, reverend sir, had confined your preaching, psalm singing, and vituperation of Catholics within the walls of your church, for the edification of those who regard you as a minister of religion, I would not at all feel justified in noticing you ; but as you have left the pulpit for the platform, the church for the town-hall, for no reason that I can discover but that of disgorging more conveniently the perilous stuff of a fanatical mind upon Catholics, under the pretence of saving souls, it cannot be justly said that the task of repelling aggression and reproving folly and arrogance has been undertaken without sufficient provocation. The fanatics who compose those modern mongrel societies for evangelising the world, describe themselves as "the children of grace." They are the special servants of God, ever doing his work, miraculously sustained by his power, and under the extraordinary guidance of a Divine Providence ; whilst the rest of the world—whether Protestants or Catholics—are backsliders, lukewarm professors of orthodoxy, lovers of themselves and not of God, sons of Belial. Those society-men, moreover, affect a peculiar illumination of the spirit, a confidential acquaintance with heaven's counsels, and a most irreverent familiarity with the Deity. These characteristics of the body, this irreligious fanaticism, is strikingly exemplified in your last speech, wherein you address the Almighty, not as the Lord of the Universe, who receives honor and adoration from the thrones and principalities of Heaven, but as one whom you meet upon something like an equality of terms ; you offer him the expression of your thanks, pretty much in the words of a post-prandial oration, "on behalf of the Carlow auxiliary, and personally on

your own behalf," and then with a canting chuckle exclaim, "what a privilege to be a *fellow-workman* with God." So satisfied are you and your hearers with this unbefitting and irreverent language that you hesitate not to repeat it. In another speech, after saying many harsh things of Catholics, you boast of your society "as owned and honored by the God of love;" and again, "that God has honored its work with an almost miraculous success." Its success in deceit and in circulating falsehood is, indeed somewhat wonderful! And another biblical parson designated the society, as "our dear old God-honored Irish Society," "which knows how to teach the Irish heart, and whose works God has blessed with signs following." St. Paul who was caught up to the third Heaven, and heard secret words, which is not given to man to utter, simply declares, that he discharges, in his apostolic character an embassy for Christ—*Pro Christo legatione fungimur*—whilst vain illiterates, and nondescripts of the Irish society boast with impious levity, amid the applause of Carlow Biblicals, of being fellow-workmen with God and workers of miracles. There is, Rev. Sir, much to be apprehended from this kind of fanaticism let loose on society. When once a man has left common sense to run after illuminations, and has been taught to view the fancies and prejudices of men as the counsels of God, there is nothing so wicked or extravagant to which he may not be led. The Puritans of the seventeenth century were all children of grace and fellow-workers with God. "All their measures (says Hume) were revealed from above, and confirmed by heavenly sanction; and under this conviction those God-honored people overthrew all order, and fulfilled their divine mission by bringing the sovereign of the realm, 'the blessed King Charles,' (so styled in your Book of

Common Prayer) and the Archbishop of Canterbury to the block." Those societies designated "biblical," in the sense of perverting the sacred scriptures, are ever putting forward in their reports and monthly extracts false, exaggerated and ridiculous statements of their wonderful success, slanderous and malicious libels against religion, accompanied by appeals for money, principally from the over-credulous people of England. In the reports of past years, which I have perused most carefully, Ireland is represented as being in the throes of spiritual regeneration—the godly work is always fast extending—the masses of the people are being gradually leavened—"pupils and converts as starlights illumine the darkness around them!" All are hungering and thirsting after Bibles. "The work is advancing, notwithstanding all the monks and nuns do to propagate error and uphold ignorance; both are now fast giving way before the light of the gospel;" and nothing now is wanted to bring the nation out of bondage but money for the society. Some ten years later the same glorious work is again in progress. There is a great awakening in the dense ranks of Popery—the converted "carry the word as a lighted torch to every dark dwelling and benighted abode they visit." Bibles without number have been distributed, and yet there is a call for more, the people read them openly, spreading alarm and dismay in the ranks of the Romish hierarchy. "It is impossible," exclaims a biblical orator, "you should not see in this state of things a *mighty motion of Divine Providence*." Another declares that "the biblical society is certainly the angel flying in the midst of the heavens, having the everlasting Gospel to preach," that it is the most blessed and meritorious institution that ever advanced the eternal interests of man since the foundation of Christianity—

that it was little less than a standing miracle ;” and you yourself affirm with wretched flippancy, “ that God has crowned your society’s work with almost miraculous success,” and “ shall we not (you exclaim) *pour forth* our money to meet the urgent need of this society which is used by God to drive away spiritual bondage from our shores ? ” Later, the throes of parturition have become sharper, and have brought the nation nearer to a spiritual birth. Bible-readers and schools and other biblical organisations, are being tried in the fires of Romish persecution—“ The good seed of the gospel has taken root, which defies priests, Pope, and Popery to root it out ; ” but what can be done without money ? Somewhat later the taste of the nation has undergone a change. The people have taken a fancy to Irish Bibles. Nothing else will do. The old English version was not at all the thing. The Celtic dialect has a charm in it ; the hungering and thirsting for the pure Celtic “ word ” are indescribable. But these spiritual luxuries, alas ! cannot be had without money ; hence the necessity of redoubled exertions and increased funds. “ Such of the people as went to America feel such a hungering after the Irish that they send home for Irish books ; ” the Rev. John Winthrop Hackett, who came as a deputation to the last Carlow meeting, assures his auditory that “ we find the Irish language possesses such an affection for the Irish peasant, that we feel we are armed with a mighty agency, and that God has put it into our hands a powerful instrument (*viz.*, the Irish language) for the conversion of souls.” It would be hard, I imagine, to equal the absurdity and deceit of this rhapsody. The reverend deputy assures his auditory that it is the language that has an affection for the peasant, and not the peasant for the language ; and all this spiritual rigmarole about the mighty agency and the

powerful Irish instruments for saving souls, coming from the deputation, was received with loud applause by the bible-loving shopkeepers of Carlow, over whom old Major Stack so properly presided. A little later, we find not only Irish Bibles, but spiritual placards and controversial hand-bills, a fresh source of expense, are in great requisition. They have been posted up on every wall, and scattered in myriads along the roads, shaking everywhere, it is said, the strongholds of Popery. Priests and nuns are fast retreating before the army of the Lord, the pioneers of the Word ; but, alas ! funds are wanted to carry on the war. Coming nearer to the present day, the scriptural bill-stickers and placarders have prepared the way, crowds of bible-readers have become necessary, especially those of the Celtic breed, from the mountains of Kerry. To furnish with scrip and staff this hungry band of gospellers, money must be forthcoming—hence the necessity of appealing again to English friends. “Past experience (See Rep. B. Society, 1856, p. 23) inspires a confident hope that the *English* hearts which so warmly sympathised with us, and *English* bounty, which has so liberally sustained our cause, will not be wanting when we seek its exercise.” More money, more money ! more English cash ! How long, alas ! will England be the dupe of such transparent hypocrisy ? How long will bigotry and jugglery of the coarsest kind be practised with success ? and whilst England is thus appealed to, its bishops, and their organ, the *Times*, assures us that thousands upon thousands not only never go to church, but *have never been baptized, and have no better title to the name of Christian than the natives of Guinea.*—(See *Times*’ article, April, 1858, on the motion of the Bishop of Exeter, for a committee “on spiritual destitution.”) Other topics in these reports require to be treated with

great tact. To keep up the funds for the conduct of this enormous biblical swindle, the public must be impressed with the notion that the number of converts is something extraordinary, and that their sufferings for the faith are unparalleled. To avoid, however, being detected, and to escape the risk of libel, names must be cautiously suppressed, and vagueness in statement diligently cultivated. Hence the report runs thus :—

“The work in the parish of B—— has obtained much consistency. The readers are received in every second house. At no period was there exhibited so great an anxiety to learn the Irish. The spirit of inquiry is excited, and neither priests nor nuns can restrain it.”
—33 *Rep. Irish Society*, p. 18.

“The school is extremely persecuted ; many of the pupils very promising, but in great fear, they are so much exposed to the priest’s fury.”

“The school defies any persecution, the old people (who all go to school) are so far advanced in the knowledge of the Scriptures.”

“This man’s labour has been evidently blessed ; he and many of his pupils are built upon the Rock of Ages.”

“This school is extremely persecuted ; the people are ordered by the priests to scold the teacher.”

“Persecution is great against this school ; many of them prayed for the prosperity of the society for enabling the poor orphans and their widow mothers to live by the means which the society left within their reach.”

“Twenty-two years of fierce and formidable persecution have, through the mercy of God, failed to extinguish the work in this interesting district.”—*Report for 1857*
—See the *Warder*, April 18.

This is a pretty full and safe account of persecution on

the part of the Romish clergy, without the mention of one name or place. It would be easy to fill a volume with extracts of this kind, every one of which contains its well-guarded falsehood, its libel against the religion of the people—and insult to common sense—an affectation of Scriptural phrase—such as characterised the regicides of the seventeenth century, and an effort to raise money upon false pretences. Indeed it is a barefaced imposture. How lost to all sense of honour—how steeped in hypocrisy must men be, who attend annually at meetings to carry on and sanction so ill-disguised a swindle, proceedings so dishonourable, so full of trickery and deceit as would make an honest Pagan blush; and in these proceedings the biblicals of Carlow hesitate not, with disgusting irreverence, to proclaim themselves fellow-workmen with God. The reports and correspondence of these societies, whilst showing that conversion is taking place to a marvellous extent, assign a number of reasons why such a result is never visible. “The people, we have every reason to believe,” say the biblicals, “are gradually freeing themselves from the thralldom and blind control in which they were formerly kept by the priests. But it is a difficult and trying thing, and requires strong faith, for any one to come out of Romanism publicly.”

“We are not, thank God, to measure our success by the absolute renunciation of Popery by a few, but by the leavening of the population, which on all hands is agreed upon as being extensively the case.” Thus we may have the conversion of thousands without any outward change in the condition of the people. Again, it is observed that “many have become inquirers,” and, through the instrumentality of blessed handbills, “some awakening has been felt on the part of Roman Catho-

lics." The handbills have been carried to the homes of many, who have read them in bold defiance of their spiritual despots. "As to our success," says another Biblical agent, "as far as it is visible, whilst we have a considerable increase to our number of converts, we cannot say that this has enlarged our Protestant population, owing to the emigration of our elder converts, and to others having left this locality to fill government and other situations." Another agent observes—"After all who have left us by emigration, the average congregation was about the same as the year before." Again—"The majority of those who emigrate from Ireland are persons who have been induced to read the sacred Scriptures, and who have received the truth (they are all converts), but who have not courage to brave anathema and persecutions." Another Gospeller says—"Even in more distant lands the priest pursues his victim." What an exhibition of fraud and chicanery in every line of these extracts! What intense malice against the Catholic priesthood! What food for knaves, and fools, and bigots! Hearts have been softened—the masses leavened with the word—inquirers brought forth—spiritual despots overthrown by the powerful agency of biblical handbills—the work is blessed by a miraculous success. But there is a fatality about it—it never appears. The converts are carried off by emigration—they are absorbed in the militia, or shot in the Crimea, or drafted off to government situations. The constant influx of Popery by no means increases the Protestant population. The country remains as Popish as ever.

The schools, too, have, in great part, like the hosts of inquirers and converts, become invisible. This is satisfactorily accounted for by the reverend deputy, Mr. Hackett. He tells the Carlow saints, at your last meet-

ing, that to erect substantial and lasting school-houses "would be a wretched way of carrying out your operations." He knows a plan worth two of that. He will get up fairy, invisible schools, which Popery cannot lay a finger upon. "Our schools," he continues, "are frequently held on the house tops, by the high way, or at the back of a ditch. Our schools can thus defy the opposition of those who seek to uproot those educational seminaries, which are in operation throughout the land. (Applause). For instance, we heard one of our teachers, a slater, who had his school on the roof of the house where he was employed, busily engaged in teaching a number of pupils, and preparing them for the periodical examination which was to take place in a short period." (Applause). The extract is abridged. Educational seminaries in operation on the tops of houses! What a subject for *Punch*! The schoolmaster and plasterer of the Society seated on the ridge pole, with a trowel in one hand and ferula in the other, indoctrinating a number of pupils in the mysteries of the Apocalypse, and the art of plastering, as they climb the ladders and cross the roofs of houses. Could any body of sane men listen to and applaud such transparent folly and fraud without a strong suspicion that the whole proceedings of the society, of which Mr. Hackett is a deputy, were based upon falsehood, fanaticism and deceit? Sir, your reports of the number of converts deserve special notice. That of 1854 states "that tens of thousands in Ireland have *openly* left the Church of Rome, and tens of thousands of Irish emigrants have done the same in America." Where did you find the news? In your last report, throwing aside your tens of thousands, you give in round numbers the converts of your Irish Society, not including what has been done by others, "at about 700,000, who other-

wise must have remained in ignorance and superstition." In everything you exhibit yourself more reckless in assertion, more hypocritical and canting, than your compeers. A dozen other societies—at least a dozen—claim to be equally as successful in the work of conversion as your's. Where, then, are the millions who have been emancipated from Popish errors, and who have openly left the Church of Rome? Four out of every five Catholics in Ireland, according to these statements, have renounced their religion. Where are they all? Where are the Irishmen who have deserted the faith their fathers held to God? Where are the three-quarters of a million which your own society has illuminated, and the millions which others have brought out of darkness? Such statements, if made *bona fide*, would justify a verdict of lunacy, in the proper court, against those who make them; and yet these monster falsehoods, which can deceive nobody, were loudly cheered and applauded by a few laymen and a goodly group of parsons, in the Carlow Assembly Rooms. Your unceasing labors, not for the few who recognise your ministry, but for the many who indignantly repudiate it, and the intense love which you profess to bear your Catholic countrymen, demand, perhaps, a corresponding return at our hands. But what can we do? We can only offer a word of advice, which, perhaps, will be accepted in a friendly spirit. We shall give it freely and with candor. In matters of religion, reverend sir, I recommend you, above all things, to avoid cant, hypocrisy, and fanaticism. They are the very bane of true piety; they fill the rightly-constituted mind with utter loathing. All your speeches and statements, which, as addressed to Catholics, you have forced under our notice, are deeply tainted with these vices. To give instances would be simply to re-write all you

have written. There is scarcely a line of your report which does not slander Catholics and misrepresent their principles. You insinuate that they are disloyal to God and man—opposed to civil and religious liberty—slaves of spiritual tyranny, &c., and you invariably wind up these atrocious insults with an affectation of ardent love for those you thus injure. Oh, sir, if you could appreciate with what feelings of disgust sober-minded men read such things, you would never again play the spiritual charlatan within their hearing. Your zeal for making converts is often ill directed. It labors to subvert the unchanging faith of those of the ancient communion; with the infidel establishment it is forbearing and silent. The denunciatory eloquence of the platform in which you excel is of no avail in the cause, a true change of heart is always the fruit of prayer and of God's grace. Your boasting in the Town-hall that "God is with you"—"that God prospered the work"—"that God is for you"—"that you are the fellow-workman with God"—that your society is owned by God—is honored by God! is blessed by God!—all this vain, unmeaning, and pharasaical puffing destroys your character with the Catholic public for prudence, sincerity, and truth; you can never make a convert by such means, whilst it lowers your character in the estimation of all moderate men.

Again, you must observe that conversion ought to begin at home. You have none of the characteristics of an apostle about you—neither the learning, nor the piety, nor the prayer, the voluntary poverty, the fasting and mortification, the total disengagement of heart from the things of this life, nor any of the virtues which mark out apostolic men. You evidently mistake cant and pretence for religion and piety; the twaddle of the conventicle for the eloquence of the Christian pulpit: boasting for humility,

and ascendancy in church and state for all Christian perfection. You are not in a position to gain the confidence of Catholics. You belong to an establishment which no honest man will dare to defend—an institution supported and endowed in lofty defiance of justice, of our national poverty, of economy, of public utility, and religion. The verdict of civilised society is against it; the enlightened opinion of the nineteenth century has condemned it; Lord Macaulay, in the Commons, and the Chief Justice of England in the House of Peers, have pronounced it the most absurd and indefensible institution in existence. The Protestant clergymen most distinguished for high intellectual power, for deep study, and research, have marked it with their reprobation, not, indeed by denunciation from the mixed assemblies of men, but by doing quietly what conscience suggested and required—namely, by renouncing its riches, its honors, and its dignities. They have come out of it in hundreds, to free themselves before God and man from all participation in its injustice and iniquity. With such testimony before us, Catholics cannot help thinking that your ranting about Romanism means nothing more than a vain and awkward attempt to direct public attention from the enormity of the institution under which you and others derive some hundreds of thousands a-year, and for which, through evil report and good report, you will, of course, contend to the last. As a beneficed clergyman you are not wise in associating with those societies which owe their origin to bigotry, fanaticism, and hatred of truth. If itinerant readers be required to expound the word, or instruct your people, it is evidently because your Church has failed to do its duty. No one has ever ventured to assert that your ordinary staff of parsons is not sufficiently large and abundantly endowed for all

your purposes ; neither can it be alleged that you are overworked ; quite the contrary—your dignitaries and rectors are in a great measure sinecurists. Your church is not only the richest, but also the idlest in the world ; and, doubtless, it is so idle, mainly because it is so rich. Now, if a very large amount of biblical work remains undone, as the secretaries of the bible societies aver, it is manifestly a fraud and a deceit to ask the people of England to pay for doing it, as long as ample funds for the purpose are in existence. How can the Irish Churchman ask for money to pay bible readers to do his work, while his church possesses in see, glebe, collegiate, and cathedral lands upwards of a million statute acres, besides an annual income from rentcharge of more than £400,000 ? Instead, therefore of appeals to England for more money, let your society, as honest men, ask the Parliament for a just appropriation of the funds in existence to the wants of all the people. The Establishment has, it is admitted on all hands, made no adequate return to the nation for the wealth it consumes. “ There is nothing in its history (says the *Times*, June 1855), to appeal to ; no great work to point to. Nobody could say that it diminished Romanism, or has it done any remarkable service of any kind. Everybody felt in short, that the establishment was an anomaly in theory, as representing a small part of the population, and has been a feeble, an ineffective, and corrupt institution in practice.” How horribly ridiculous do men appear coming out of such an establishment, participators in so great an abuse, claiming commission from heaven to convert the world ; and boasting that their hybrid society has been blessed by God with signs and wonders, and has brought myriads of Papists to the knowledge of the truth. Such evangelisers have long since been condemned. “ Wo to you

hypocrites, because you make clean the outside of the vessel," but within you are full of extortion and uncleanness. If, after all, you must preach the word—if your call to convert the Papist be such as that you cannot resist, in that case I would counsel you to do the work by prayer in private, for your public exhibitions, affording painful evidence of a weak intellect, bad taste, distorted views in religion, and irremediable confusion of ideas, must inevitably defeat the object you have in view. With the honorary secretary of the Carlow Auxiliary Irish Society I have now done. The topics introduced into the reports and speeches of your society, to stir up men to hate the ancient religion—your strictures on the motives and character of Cardinal Wiseman and Dr. Cullen—of which, undoubtedly, they have no knowledge—your libels on priests, monks, and nuns, are not subjects for discussion—they are only ingredients used by the witch of bigotry to fill the cauldron with which she seeks to intoxicate the weak, fanatical, and over-credulous in England. These imputations, long successfully practised, are at last coming to be rightly understood. They scarcely deserve a reply, and if we do occasionally notice them it is principally because

"A soul disdaining infamy
Can ne'er endure, without a brave return,
The lies of envy and the taunts of scorn."

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXII.

TO MR. BARNETT, ON HIS CALUMNIES
AGAINST THE CATHOLICS,

Cretenses semper mendaces, malæ bestiæ, quam ob causam increpa
eos dure. AD TITUM.

April 14th, 1860.

SIR.—Not long since you astounded the good people of Carlow by the violence, the coarseness, and shall I add, the enormity of your calumnies against Catholics. By no stretch of imagination could you have said anything more to their disadvantage. An utter stranger in the town, you most falsely charged us one and all, priest and people, without proof or provocation, with persecuting to the death those who abandon the Communion of Rome. I called you to order on the occasion, and your violence for a time seemed to be forgotten, but the whole scene was brought back to my recollection the other day by reading in the papers a charge of a similar character sustained by proof, made at the Armagh Assizes by one who had become a Catholic, against his Presbyterian neighbours. As soon as I cast my eyes over the report, I said, it would serve Mr. Barnett to bring this under his notice—it may, perhaps, abate his spiritual pride—soften the rancour of his Northern bigotry ; it may teach him Christian moderation, and respect for the character and religion of Catholics, and enable him to see things as they really are.

The case to which I refer, and which you would do well to consider in a proper spirit, is that of John M'Caudless, a corporal in the Armagh Militia, who was lately baptised and received into the Catholic Church. "It

appeared from the evidence," says the report, "that on the evening of the 16th January, a crowd of about 200 persons came in front of his house, and fired shots, beat drums, and played 'The Protestant boys.' They threw stones, broke windows, and lighted a bonfire before his door. They carried an effigy of M'Caudless with a lantern on his head and dressed in military uniform; they put it on a tar barrel and set it on fire, and marched round it, shouting 'three cheers for Corporal Caudless counting his Padreens.'"

This, Mr. Barnett, is very bad, very offensive, and most irreligious. It is precisely the toleration we have to expect wherever Catholicity is in a minority, and can be insulted with impunity. Had M'Caudless assailed any of the dogmas of Christianity—the "Divinity of Christ" or the "Trinity of Persons," for instance, as many Presbyterians do, or had he divorced his wife, and during her life-time taken another, or exhibited a decided leaning to Mormonism, there would not have been a murmur against him; the piety or orthodoxy of his Presbyterian friends would not be in any degree alarmed; he would not have lost caste, nor forfeited his place in public estimation. He might have renounced Christianity and embraced any error, no matter how monstrous, with perfect impunity; but because he returned to the Church of his forefathers—holding all Christian truth, he is set upon by 200 of his townsmen, insulted in every possible way; his feelings and his honour outraged, and at length, dressed in military uniform, he is burned in effigy before the assembled crowd. Well, Mr. Barnett, I do not so much blame those misguided people. They are to be sure very furious—very senseless bigots. The religion which they have learned is manifestly not a belief in the doctrines or mysteries of Christianity—these may be believed or dis-

believed just as they please. Their religion is, simply, a hatred of Catholicity, and consequently of those who profess it. In this it would appear they have been nursed and nurtured with great care.

Edmund Burke, the first scholar and philosopher of his day, described the teaching of the Presbyterian press and pulpit of his time, when matters were not so bad as at present, very nearly in the words I have used—"These publications," he says, "by degrees have tended to drive all religion from our own minds, and to fill them with nothing but a violent hatred of the religion of other people, and of course with a hatred of their persons."—Vol. ix., p. 272.

There is no exaggeration in this statement, your lecturing as far as it has come under my notice, is precisely of that character. Look, Mr. Barnett, to the Presbyterian ministry of the North, during the past year, driving the people into the most disgraeful scenes of fanaticism, into excesses injurious alike to body and mind. They have witnessed with delight, the maniac screaming and violent convulsions of poor deluded creatures—they arranged the matter of their discourses, and delivered them with the view to produce these pernicious effects.—They saw their dupes fall dead amid this unnatural excitement, whilst others were carried away raging mad to the Lunatic Asylum. They rejoiced at all this and laboured to keep up the madness to the highest pitch, declaring that the Holy Ghost had descended amongst them. Nay, to spread wider this scandalous delusion, and to intensify it the more, a deputation of ministers was sent to America to raise funds. During all this time, not one faithful man was found in the entire Presbyterian ministry to raise his voice against this flagrant iniquity—this daring outrage on human reason and our

common nature, and assuredly, if the Presbyterian sect had been sufficiently numerous in Carlow, unchecked and uncontrolled by the presence of Catholicism, every man sees that the disgraceful scenes of Ulster would have long since been re-enacted in the midst of us.

Presbyterianism, Mr. Barnett, has no claim on our indulgence, and still less I should imagine on that of the clergy of the Established Church. It takes nothing from Catholicity. It never can. We are not carried about by every wind of doctrine. On the other hand, Presbyterianism divides, confuses, and introduces sects amongst Protestants. It has left many an old parish church in England high and dry on the land without the shadow of a congregation : more than one-half of the people of England have fallen into the ranks of dissent. With this fact before his eyes, it is scarcely possible, I should imagine, for the Protestant Rector of Carlow to pass the Scotch conventicle on the Athy road without soliloquising somewhat in this fashion. What business has this Mr. Barnett in the midst of us ? What in the name of common sense has he to say ? What gospel tidings has he to give that cannot be as well given by the clergy of the Established Church ? Has he any sacraments, or any authority to teach, which we do not in a more orderly and respectable manner possess ? Why, then, does he come amongst us, to exhibit our weakness, our want of steadfastness and unity in our teaching and profession of faith, in the presence of the ancient church which knows so well how to avail itself of our mutual dissensions ? Does his vanity lead him to hope that he will affect conversion where the established ministry has been unsuccessful ? What superior virtue has he for the task ? or perhaps he is come to introduce the revivalism of the North and degrade our people in its fanaticism and dis-

graceful folly. Ah! this dissent, exclaims the rector, is evidence of that self-conceit, that arrogance and wrong-headedness which have always characterised the Here-siarch.

Most assuredly, Mr. Barnett, if the Protestant clergy did their duty faithfully, instructing their flock, in the words of the Apostle, "to be of one mind, of one accord, agreeing in sentiment, to speak the same thing, to avoid schisms, and those who bring in sects of perdition;" if they discharged their duty with zeal, your preaching box on the Athy road would soon be closed. Even as it is, your congregation is extremely small, generally composed of a few Scotch soldiers, or strangers of one kind or other, or some discontented members of the Protestant community, but not, I believe, natives of Carlow; and, if I mistake not, it will ere long be considerably smaller. The Presbyterian revival movement so attractive last year, has even now brought its originators into deserved contempt. I watched that strange phenomenon from the beginning, and I at once saw that its object and scope was to win to the Presbyterian meeting-house the members of the Established Church, and I accordingly warned the parsons of their danger, but many of them, instead of guarding their flock, were carried away by the madness of the movement, and the consequence has been a momentary triumph for Presbyterianism. The authorised organ of revivalism, the *British Messenger*, in its last issue states "that in Belfast there is the prospect of five new Presbyterian congregations as the result of the revival." Five congregations lost to the Established Church. Let the clergy read that, and add it to the already crowded ranks of Dissenters. The movement, I admit, is now fast going down, amid the contempt and execration of all sober-minded people, but

it has left its mark behind. It has thinned the ranks of the State community, and raised the Presbyterian heresy in the North to an equality in point of number with the Church-going people, and thereby weakened the argument by which Church endowment has been long sustained.

Your mission, Mr. Barnett, in Carlow, must ever be a failure, even greater than that of your predecessor ; and I may as well at once tell you the reason why. Coming amongst us as an utter stranger, you had the folly to assail the character of our people, with a bitterness and sourness seldom surpassed ; with a fierce and vulgar recklessness in which alone you seem capable of obtaining distinction, you penned these lines, and they shall remain as the handwriting on the wall against you—Here they are—

“ Let a man deliberately murder his landlord, or agent, or neighbour, and he will find protection and sympathy, and may roam the country unmolested ; but let a man in the communion of Rome abandon her jurisdiction, and honestly avow his change of opinion, the hue-and-cry, from the Priest in the College, to the ragged urchin in the lane, is, away with such a fellow from the earth : it is not fit that he should live.”

I often wonder that you did not, even for the sake of the few professing your creed, and living amongst us, abstain from giving such deadly offence. In the face of this atrocious libel, it is evident that you can make no way ; it will neutralize all your preaching ; no one can hear you talking of the Bible without asking, is this the man who calumniated us all ? You were charged with this offence before, and you had neither the manliness to sustain it nor the honor to retract it, nor the virtue to apologise and repent of it ; and if you had done so, it

would not now be brought in judgment against you. When the Protestants have time calmly to consider you in the light in which your handwriting has placed you, you must see that Presbyterianism under your ministry must suffer decrease in Carlow. Meditation on M'Caudless's case may, perchance, neutralise the rancour of you: bigotry, whilst the folly and fanaticism of Presbyterianism, as displayed in the revivals, may stimulate all sober-minded Church of England people to discountenance that nasty, atrabilious, turbulent heresy with which it is now sought to infect Protestantism in Carlow.

I am, it is true, no advocate of the Established Church, yet I am free to confess that it is infinitely preferable to any form of religious dissent into which the pride and ignorance and restlessness of conceited pragmatic individuals have seduced a portion of the people.

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXIII.

THE CARLOW BIBLE-READERS.

June 26th, 1860.

WANTED, A FIRST-CLASS PROTESTANT BIBLE-READER for GRAIGUE, the pious soul, Jack Mooney, that filled that sacred office having lately disappeared. Internal piety, education, or manners, not requisite in the candidate. Hypocrisy, pretence, and a large stock of effrontery indispensable. The reader must be deeply versed in the controversial phraseology of Papists, Romanists, rebels, and idolaters. The more deeply he wounds and outrages Popish sensibilities, the better for the cause of biblicism. In addition to expounding the Word, the bible-reader has to act as proctor, head proselytiser, steward, bailiff, messenger, and occasionally to assist the cook in the kitchen, with whom he need not be on too friendly terms. An adequate salary given by the Ladies' Evangelical Committee, Dublin, from whom he receives his mission. Five shillings a-head

are allowed for kidnapping young papists, and enrolling them in the Church Education Society, where they are supported by the minister's "unfailing tub of meal."

Application to be made to the churchwarden, Croppy Hole, near the police barrack.

Apostates from the Romish Church preferred. No objection, however, to a moderate or limited polygamist, or Mormon, or sane Revivalist. From the poor Protestants, inconsolable at the loss of their late sanctimonious scripture-reader.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CARLOW POST."

SIR,—Permit me to say that you neglected to inform your numerous readers that a most important vacancy has just occurred in the Protestant bible-reading department in this eminent locality. The office had been filled with distinguished ability and extraordinary sanctimoniousness, the last ten years, by the erudite John Mooney, of Augherue, county Meath; sometimes ycleped by a play on the word "Moon-'y"—Lunatic Jack. From his interesting diary, which he has left behind, and which is now in my hands, it appears that this able expounder of the Word read St. Paul to the Romans five times for John Wall, the basket-maker, of Croppy Hole, and thereby brought him under the influence of the spirit; that he held several scriptural conversations at the reere of Luke Abbott's, with the pious Kitty Tomlinson and Mary Mac, who had just escaped from gaol, and who remained in the biblical depository adjoining the police barrack until the new potatoes came in; that his words also found favour with John Moran, who had just put up his time (six months) in Maryborough penitentiary, for sheep-stealing. He also notes down that he quoted the 14th chapter of John for Terry Neil, Andy Moore, Hogan, and Dunne, "whilst planting the minister's potatoes;" and expounded the mysteries of the Apocalypse to the edification of Nancy Kenly, Peggy Early,

and the Widow Foster, who, in consequence, have taken the temperance pledge; and, finally, he expresses his happiness at the spread of the Protestant Word, notwithstanding all that the monks and priests—whom the minister designates TERRIBLE WOLVES—are doing to oppose it. The next memorandum is in these words:—

“June 25, visited a female Roman Catholic, who keeps a shop; found a Bible on the kitchen table, and bacon on a trencher, whereat I rejoiced exceedingly, and gave thanks to God, for, up to that time, she always called me a turncoat, and refused to let my heretical money into her till,” but the Bible and bacon changed her heart entirely. Many other strange and wonderful things in the Protestant line, the said John Mooney performed; so that, in course of time, his cabin became the resort of all soupers of this district, who found much refreshment of the spirit in the hermeneutical expositions of the learned John Mooney, and even the minister himself, the Rev. Doctor Dawson Massey, was accustomed to hold forth against Pope and Popery, in Mr. Mooney’s back parlour, until, as the story goes, he was encountered and defeated by M’Donald, the mason, better known as “Rake M’Donald;” and from that blessed hour to this, the minister never showed in the biblical arena, and his countenance was gradually withdrawn from all controversial pugilism.

N.B.—The set-to between the “Rake” and the rector, and the defeat of the latter, has been ever since, in this locality, the subject of many an amusing anecdote, and a few exquisite verses from M’Cabe, the Carlow poet.

The diary of John Mooney, from which I quote, and which is now lying before me, is dedicated to the Ladies’ Irish Association, of which the celebrated Miss Mason is the secretary; the sister, if I mistake not, of Mrs.

Colonel Inglis, to whom Mr. Massey sends the reports of Killeshin Church Education school.

To circulate this low ribaldry of John Mooney, and other bible-mongers of the same mental calibre, fanatical women of unsteady minds and enormous vanity, collect large sums of money and form themselves into clubs, giving thanks to God that they are thus privileged to spread the light of the Gospel amongst the benighted Romanists. Is it possible that Protestants are so besotted as not to perceive the patent iniquity and scandalous character of such proceedings!

In considering the subject one cannot help asking, to what state has Protestantism come, when the offscouring and ruffianism of society are drilled and banded together to propagate the Word, as their phrase is, and thus fill the empty churches of the Establishment? Hundreds of this class are let loose on society—men too idle or too vicious to work out an honest livelihood in their proper sphere, are hired by a committee of female evangelizers to expound the awful mysteries of Christianity, and bring discredit on the work of the Redeemer. Upon the nature of such impious proceedings there can be no second opinion.

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XXIV.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

July 11th, 1860.

MR. EDITOR—I have been frequently asked of late to favour the public with a short sketch of the celebrated controversy, between M'Donald the mason, commonly

called the "Rake," and the Rev. Rector of Killeshin, which came off some time since, in the bible-reader's room in Graigue. Acceding to the public wish, I shall give the account as it came to me from one of the combatants, with an interesting, but fanciful episode.

The "Rake," having heard that Mr. Massey, in speaking of Catholics, always indulged in the most offensive terms, was resolved, if an opportunity ever offered, to pay him off as best he could. In this state of mind, he dropped in one evening into the bible-reader's room just at the moment when the reader, the rector himself, Andy Moore, and a few more, whom the rector designates "Roman Inquirers," alias Soupers, were engaged in the elucidation of the mysteries of the Apocalypse. On M'Donald's appearance, the rector with great tact, changed the current of their thoughts to another subject, ordering the 26th chapter, 26th verse, of St. Matthew to be read aloud—"Jesus took bread and blessed and broke, and gave to his disciples, and said: take ye and eat: this is my body."

The text being given out, the rector, after a long and portentous pause, thus began, "Do you, sir," addressing M'Donald, "believe that it was his body?" "Of course I do," was the simple and unhesitating reply of Mac. Whereupon the rector with great solemnity of manner and oracular tone, emphatically declared, with eyes upraised, "that it was not." "Why then did he say it was?" M'Donald instantly retorted. This short, appropriate, and pithy interrogatory took the breath out of his reverence. It stunned him so as to render him speechless for some minutes. Looking out for a satisfactory reply, which was nowhere to be found, he then looked vacantly into the bible-reader's face, which was quite a blank; and then at Mrs. Mooney, and the

"Roman Inquirers," and lastly at his watch; and saying it was near ten, he announced to the goodly company, that the time had arrived to put an end to the conference.-- "It is not the time," observed the masonic controversialist, letting fall on the table, at the moment, the plumb-line, which very much startled the bible-reader and his lady. "As your reverence has asked one question," continued M'Donald, "I shall be allowed before we part to ask another. Are you accustomed to call, either in your writings or conversation, the priests of our ancient and venerable Church--'Conscience-seared liars?'"

Never! oh never! hastily replied the rector. I may (he continued), suppose them to be mistaken, and we are all liable to err, but I cannot doubt their sincerity and truth which have been well tested for centuries by pains and penalties. They stand before their country with unblemished character, singularly attentive to religious duty, and practising much virtue. To describe such men as liars would be to betray a low, vulgar, malignant spirit unworthy of a Christian.—Very well! Give me leave again to ask whether your reverence has written a work entitled "The Dark Deeds of the Papacy."—After a moment of suspense and misgiving, accompanied with a difficulty of breathing, he answered in a subdued tone, yes. At page 197 in the work referred to, do you not twice designate the priests of the Catholic Church "conscience-seared liars?" No answer! At page 198, are they not described in italics as *conscience-seared hypocritical liars*, and is not the intolerable insult repeated three times in the next page? No answer! Great sensation amongst the soupers! Mrs. Mooney fainting! At page 200, is not the insult greatly aggravated by your saying that "the priests are *universally* conscience-seared hypocritical liars, for they are of their father the Devil and

the lust of their father they will do?" No answer! The rector looking deadly pale! and one of the soupers solemnly declaring that he got a strong smell of brimstone. Does your reverence still hold that the use of such language betrays a vulgar, malignant spirit, an utter ignorance and contempt of the teaching of the Bible? Is that your opinion still? No answer! Whereupon the mason gathering up the plumb-line and weighing the lead in his hand, an operation which filled the soupers with alarm, proclaimed aloud with stentorian voice, that it was then time to put an end to the conference. Thus, Mr. Editor, the celebrated interview between the "Rake" and the rector terminated, to the evident discomfiture and total overthrow of the whole fraternity of soupers.

N.B.—Having carefully examined "The Dark Deeds" referred to, and other works of Mr. Massey, with a view to verify the above quotations, I can now positively state that the passages are given quite correctly, and that they afford no unfair specimen of the style and grace of the writer's tracts. No one can read his productions without feeling a degree of pity for the nervous excitement of the author. The idea of a priest or of Maynooth crossing his mind seems at once to trouble the equanimity of his sweet temper, and off he sets, page after page, screaming aloud his litany—"liars," "hypocritical liars," "conscience-seared hypocritical liars," full eleven times repeated, in two or three pages. Then comes Maynooth, to torture him—"It is (he exclaims) an infernal machine, plied by the Satanic sons of Loyola," "murderous Maynooth," "blood-stained Maynooth," and the students "rank rebels;" "case-hardened sneering profligates." What a rich vocabulary! What honied phrases! and while his imagination is on the tenter hooks, he sees the

"Papacy is out-come from hell," and likely to burn our fingers. He himself, he adds, was nearly caught by it. Mr. Massey on the point of turning Papist !

The writings of this gentleman being circulated in our parish, being put into the hands of the police, one of whom (a Protestant) gave them to me ; I shall, as soon as I have leisure, take the trouble of reviewing them, a task indeed of easy execution. Nothing more need be done than to quote largely from its pages, without note or comment, the rabid denunciations, the low ribaldry, the reckless falsehood and folly, the visions of blood and battery, the strange apparitions of Satanic Jesuits, the stories of young Popish murderers, &c., with which the work abounds. It would be quite impossible, by any other means, by any description, to communicate a correct or adequate idea of the real character of the book. It is, in truth, more thoroughly discreditable to rational nature, than anything I have read in our language. The tendency of the work is to propagate un-Christian hatred amongst mankind. Not a chapter is written to inculcate virtue, to teach morality, to reprove vice, to vindicate truth, to pourtray the beauty and sublimity of the Christian faith. It is without one redeeming quality. Why such a mass of stupid ribaldry is thrown before the public is not quite obvious ; the impotence of the author, like that of all angry prophets, ends in the shrillness of a scream, which, perhaps, relieves the mind. It seems to me the phrensy of a disappointed Pythoness. If a new edition be called for, I would respectfully suggest as a decided improvement, a change in the title, instead of the "Dark Deeds of the Papacy," let the volume be inscribed "The Dangerous Dodging of Dr. Dawson Massey," as a far more appropriate title. If kind words are, as a distinguished author remarks, the music of this world,

opprobrious terms may be considered the discord of Gehenna. From my inmost soul do I pity that portion of our countrymen whose spiritual interests are committed to those ignorant, low, scheming impostors, designated bible-readers, and to the demoralizing, impious teaching of the Tract shop.

Yours truly, Mr. Editor,
JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXV.

TO THE REV. WM. J. PURDON, ON THE
LATE MEETING OF THE CARLOW BIBLE
SOCIETY.

“Doctrinis variis et peregrinis nolite abduci.”—AD HEBREOS.

Sept. 4th, 1860.

DEAR SIR.—If the feelings or opinions of a Catholic priest in any way interest you, it will, I doubt not, surprise you to hear that I have read with some satisfaction the report of the Carlow Bible Society meeting of the 25th, over which you presided ; not, indeed, in consequence of any positive merit in the meeting, but because of its freedom from those vices which usually characterised the previous biblical reunions.

Your meeting, reverend sir, exhibited an extraordinary abatement of that folly and vain boasting so opposed to common sense ; that irreverent and familiar tone in addressing the Deity, so little in harmony with religious feeling ; and that virulence and mendacity in assailing the ancient Church, which reveal the real object of such meetings. No attempt was made to deceive the English

public by fabricated reports and lying wonders of thousands and tens of thousands of converts : those conversions which used to be described as the wholesale turning away from Romanism in Ireland. There was less, too, of the slang of fanaticism and hypocrisy, designating the Synagogue of the Sectaries as "the Christ-loving," "God-honouring Bible Society"—"the great illuminator of slumbering Christianity"—"the lighthouse of the moral world"—"the most blessed institution that ever advanced the eternal interests of man since the foundation of Christianity." One of its perambulating orators declared "that the Bible Society is certainly the angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach." Another proclaimed that the "desire of the Bible is borne on the bosom of the waves from the Western Isles, skirts the shores of the Western continent, re-echoes through the valleys, trembles along the cliffs, and thunders through the continent of the Eastern world."—13th Rep., Hib. B. S., p. 156. All this intolerable ranting is, I am delighted to find, now laid aside, at least in Carlow. The good sense of Protestants has at length become disgusted with it—they will have no more of it. The ridiculous stories, too, as to the mode of effecting conversions, in which the Biblicals displayed their power of invention, are here quite out of fashion. Who that has read the Society's reports does not remember stories of this kind?—

"A man picks up on the roadside a piece of paper which, on examination, turns out to be a precious leaf of the Bible ; and, though soiled and torn, actually converts the finder on the spot ;" a young woman buys a penny worth of soap wrapped up in a page of St. Paul, which, when she reads "that man is justified by faith," exclaims, "I am done with Rome for ever ;" another "finds

salvation in a scrap of paper in which his child brought him some nails which he required for his trade as a shoemaker." But the most affecting incident of the kind was narrated by the Rev. Mr. Archdall, at one of the great Rotundo meetings in Dublin, in 1857, where he exhibited a fragment of a burnt Bible. "The next day," he says, "a woman professing the Roman Catholic religion, came and asked to be permitted to look upon the burned fragment which I had shown—she took it into her hands, looked upon it with great earnestness, her eyes became suffused with tears; she bent forward, till at last she fell upon her knees"—and then what did she do? "She lifted up the fragment before her, and said, God forgive the man that burnt that Bible. The priests know we would read it if we dare. The time is coming. The light is becoming too strong—they cannot keep it from us any longer. This will be a Protestant land—may I live to see it."—*Daily Express*, April, 1857.

Can anything be more ridiculous than this imaginary shedding of tears and instantaneous conversions by the fragment of a Bible? or more false and calumnious than the fanciful denunciations of the woman against the priests as retarding the strong coming light, and the universal conversion of Ireland? Reverend orators of this class have sadly overdone their work. No honest man or sincere Christian could listen to such an effusion without turning from it in disgust. A sense of propriety, one would imagine, would check the utterance of such arrant nonsense—such mountebank quackery in the presence of a metropolitan assembly.

Your own account of the biblical operations in Carlow is as plain and prosaic, as little fanciful and figurative as can well be imagined. The object of the Society, you say, is to circulate the blessed Book, "and (here are

your words *verbatim et litteratim*) every person who values that Book—God's Book—the Book—the best Book, must value the Bible Society." The logic, reverend sir, is bad—it is a *non sequitur*. Thousands value the Bible and condemn the Society. But we shall not quarrel with it, as it is the only piece of rhetoric in which the meeting indulged.

It was very gratifying to observe that the gentry and clergy of the county have had the good taste to absent themselves from those exhibitions. A few years since, as appears from the *Sentinel* now lying before me, twenty-two clergymen, all of whom are named, were in attendance, accompanied by a large muster of the gentry. The attendance in this year of grace, 1860, beside the treasurer, secretary, and chairman, and one deputy from the parent society, were two Presbyterian ministers, Messrs. Barnett and Hall, respectively, of Carlow and Dublin, and a certain Rev. Robert Roe. Oh! what a falling off was there! Of the laity, no names are given—they were, I suppose, of the riff-raff class, none worthy of individual notice. It is not even said that the biblical ladies mustered in great numbers. But what in the name of wonder kept away my quondam correspondents, the parsons, who never failed before to tell a Carlow scriptural auditory of thousands and thousands of converts? They sometimes ran the number up to seven hundred thousand. Where are they all gone? Have they and their ideal converts—those men in buckram—disappeared altogether? I do not wish, by naming them, to draw them from their retreat, into which they have most judiciously betaken themselves. What a diseased state of society it was, reverend sir, when false statements, injurious to the national character, known to be false by those who spoke and those who

heard, were uttered amid the applause of biblical meetings, and were subsequently repeated in England, to stimulate the collection of funds, and affirmed to be true, because they were made without contradiction, by the Christ-loving and God-honoring Bible Society officials in this country! The abatement of a nuisance, of a wrong of this magnitude, is, you will admit, a fair subject of congratulation.

If it were permitted to a priest of the old church to advise you, I would recommend you to leave such meetings as those at which you presided, entirely to the unordained, uncommissioned, Bishop-hating Presbyterians. They have it, as it is, very nearly to themselves—let them have a monopoly of it. A large proportion of that body, you must be aware, openly reject the divinity of the Saviour. What fellowship hath light with darkness, or what part hath the faithful with the unbeliever? Your associating with them in spirituals can produce nothing but evil. It gives them a decided advantage over you. They will, if encouraged, introduce dissent into your congregation. If Mr. Barnett's Presbyterianism be right, your sustainment of Episcopacy is an intolerable wrong. Why should the country confer on your bishops large estates, if Presbyterianism, without a bishop at all, can lead Protestants to Paradise? And again, if your church be right, in excommunicating Dissenters, you must be wrong in taking them by the hand. You know, I presume, that the hierarchy of your church, with few exceptions, fully alive to the inconvenience and inconsistency of accepting the co-operation of dissenters in the circulation of the word, have long since refused to stand on the same biblical platform with them. The fact has been most emphatically stated by a distinguished Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James E. Jackson, M.A.,

in his excellent pamphlet on Bible Societies, p. 181 :—
“I would have the world to know,” he says, “that those who have never approved the (Bible Society) scheme, or those who have found reason to withdraw, which is still a stronger mark of disapprobation, are to be found ; viz. the Primate of the Irish church, with a great proportion of the Episcopal Bench, and no small number of the Irish clergy; three-fourths of the English Bishops, with the two Archbishops at their head, and in their train a great majority of the beneficed and elder clergy, who rank highest amongst their brethren for sound piety, well-tempered zeal, and good learning.”

Would it not, I ask, be more prudent to range yourself, in the assertion of principle, on the side of such men—the learned and intellectual of your own body—rather than in opposition to them, backed though you be, and in company with all the Halls and Barnetts, of Presbyterian notoriety? Is it not a scandal to your people to see you setting at nought the authority of your bishops, by admitting the excommunicated of your church to share in your ministry?

Presbyterian ministers, when they find themselves, as in Carlow, in a minority, court the notice of the Protestant clergy and rejoice in it, as in a light from heaven. Without it they feel they have no religious status. It affords them an opening for their labours, to enlarge their scanty congregations, by secessions from the Established Church ; but give them full strength of numbers and they will denounce Prelatic Incumbents, with all the bitterness of Puritanic zeal which formerly brought your royal martyr to the block. Presbyterians having once obtained an ascendancy, “the profession of Episcopacy,” says the Rev. R. Adams—*Rel. World Displayed*, p. 37—“was not tolerated even to the king, much less to the

people," and the same author adds, "that hypocrisy, inconsistency, and intolerance were the characters of the Presbyterians, when, during the interregnum, they became the establishment."

The revivalism of last year was a Presbyterian dodge, and its great feats were all achieved in their pulpits, to which the Protestant clergy were invited, and to which some had the extreme folly to go; thereby proclaiming that the spirit was poured out more largely on Presbyterian ministrations than on the Churches of the Establishment. Revivalism seemed *extra rem* at your Bible meeting—yet your friend and co-biblical, Mr. Barnett, adroitly enough brought it in. He would not for any consideration let slip the opportunity of telling the Protestants of Carlow of the superiority of the Presbyterian ministry—a matter to which perhaps you did not advert. Here are his words, "We live in a revived and reviving age"—(aye, revived and reviving by Presbyterian fanaticism)—"which none living," he adds, "ever before witnessed to such an extent." Very true, the madness, and disgusting folly, and impiety of the movement—the number it sent to the madhouse or the brothel, if we can believe Archdeacon Stopford, were indeed without parallel in our times—nothing like it ever occurred before. But let the Rector of Carlow just hand over his congregation to the manipulation of his biblical friend, and no doubt, all the freaks and fanaticism, the lunacy, impiety, and hysterics of screaming congregations, will be realized on as large a scale in Carlow as in Ballymena—the head quarters of ranterism in the North.

The longing and hankering after revivalism which has seized on Mr. Barnett, ought to put Carlow on its guard against the evil. Catholics have nothing to apprehend from any scheme with which Mr. Barnett is in con-

nexion. He has so utterly damaged his character by his furious and insolent libels, with which on his arrival in Carlow, he assailed the Catholic community, and by his fraternization with the avowed infidel, Gavazzi, that none of our body, no matter how degraded, can ever associate with him. I am therefore, quite disinterested in wishing to limit his power of doing harm, as it can only affect those outside the pale of Catholicity. I do not wish to have our town frightened out of its propriety, or the peace of its orderly inhabitants disturbed, by the fanatical and unwholesome excitement of those schismatics, whom the Protestant Church has anathematized.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

September 4th, 1860.

XXVI.

THE EVILS OF THE POOR-LAW SYSTEM.

April 23rd, 1862.

Respondebo exprobrantibus mihi verbum—Ps. 118.

MR. EDITOR—Having read in the *Sentinel* the flattering compliments presented to me by two or three members of the Poor Law Guardians, I beg leave, through the same medium, to make them my most profound acknowledgments.

The vice-chairman unnecessarily informs me that I have no right to abuse or to call names. He is, indeed, quite correct. I have never claimed the privilege. I

indulge in no such practice. It is, I am aware, the usual resource of arrogance and self-sufficiency, and I willingly leave it to them ; but I do claim, Mr. Editor, the right to protect the poor—to speak in their favour—to denounce the injustice to which they are sometimes exposed. I claim the right to exhibit the vices of the Poor Law System, which can scarcely be exaggerated. Has it not almost exterminated the peasantry of Ireland ? There is nothing like it, nothing so cruel, so heartless, so degrading within the wide circle of Christian civilization. I do not exaggerate. What do the poor themselves, who are no mere theorists, who have felt in their own persons the working of the system, say of it ? Are they not emigrating in hundreds of thousands annually—an emigration without parallel in modern times, because they know full well, and thoroughly understand, the unchristian treatment, the short commons, the two scanty meals a day, together with the indignities and insults which await them, if they should ever come to seek relief at home under the Act of Victoria ; they will go to the uttermost ends of the earth—to Australia, New Zealand—anywhere to escape the poor-house. Have the people of any other country in the world been driven by their miseries in their own land, to condemn themselves to voluntary exile, far away from parents, friends, and sacred home ? The poor look upon the dietary of the workhouse as a slow, exhausting, painful process of starvation. It would kill the guardians in one week. Beyond all doubt, the niggard administration of the law has gone very far to exterminate the peasant class. It has trampled them out of life, or forced them out of the country. It has weakened to an extraordinary degree what has been often and fairly designated the vigorous right arm of England on the battle-field. Assuredly,

the extermination of the peasantry is a fatal and suicidal policy, and, sooner or later, will tell with tremendous effect against the security of the empire. In the last Russian war, although of very short duration, England grievously felt the terrific evil of a diminished population.

The average daily expenditure on a pauper's food, is 3*d.* or 3½*d.* Three pence a day, only think of that, to provide breakfast, dinner, and supper, for the man whom we call, under the Christian dispensation, a brother. Why, Mr. Editor, no gentleman in England or Ireland keeps his dog so cheaply. The brute creation is fed and cared on quite a different principle. We never calculate what would merely keep alive the ass or the ox, and give him just that, and not an ounce beyond it. Yet this is the rule of most of our workhouses. It deals with the poor man as a nuisance in the social system, an unseemly excrescence to be kept out of sight, a burden on the rates, to be got rid of. I hope the vice-chairman will not take it ill of me, if now and then, I denounce and expose the vices of this system.

The provisions of the Poor Law—the humane and Christian-like provision, allowing out-door relief to certain classes—provisions duly administered in England, have been by Poor Law Guardians rendered a dead letter in this country. Is it not a mere mockery of the poor man's misery to give him by a solemn act of Parliament a right of relief, which, it is well known, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is never enforced, and for the recommending of which, in the case of the Widow Leonard, I have been treated in my absence with very scant courtesy at the Board on Thursday last?

My allusion to Martin's Act appears to have given offence. Well! there is no use disputing about tastes; but

I cannot, on reflection, help thinking that it is a greater cruelty to separate a respectable yet destitute widow, the week she loses her husband, from her children, to send her to a workhouse, or to leave her and them without supper, perhaps every night in the week, than to do any of those acts which are punished as cruelty to animals under Martin's legislation. Was there nothing of cruelty or gross neglect in the case of that poor child, Mary Daly, who was exposed in the last stage of exhaustion, one of those wet days, in an ass's car, for five hours, on her way to the workhouse, where soon after her arrival she expired? How are the children of the poor generally treated? It is said, I believe, that very few of them, not five in a hundred, arrive at maturity in the workhouse. They are not sent out to be nursed, to enjoy the fresh air of heaven. Young hounds are never brought up in the kennel. It is found that too many of them die in such circumstances, and those who survive never make good dogs. They require better care, better training, and the humanity of our sportsmen procure it for them. Would to heaven that the children of poverty were treated with like kindness. The poorhouse kills them, as a general rule, with scrofula, ophthalmia, or, surviving, it places them on an insufficient dietary, which, arresting the physical growth, not only renders the frame feeble and puny, but by checking cerebral development and the expansion of the intellectual faculties, favours that mental and moral debasement sometimes so perceivable in the children of destitution, and renders it almost impossible to train poorhouse children to industry and virtue.

It will be said that if my ideas were carried out, the ratepayers would be ruined. Oh, what sympathy for ratepayers when the right of the poor is in question! You may raise rents, county cesses, church rates, for

fashionable people to any amount, without injury to the farming classes, but an additional sixpence in the pound, to feed the poor, would bring universal ruin on the country. These things, Mr. Editor, do very well here below, but there is another tribunal before which all must appear, where they will receive a dreadful condemnation.

I don't think that my allusion to Martin's Act was at all out of place. Mr. FitzMaurice, I was sorry to perceive, described it as uncourteous, uncalled for, unwarranted, &c. Of Mr. FitzMaurice's attention to the wants of the poor at all times I have had too much evidence to speak or think unkindly of him, but I hope he will permit me, outside the board-room, to advocate their rights, as he does within. I am not one to take offence at a hasty expression from an old acquaintance—I think I might even venture to say, an old friend.

Mr. Fishbourne distinguished himself at the Board on the occasion alluded to. He had many things to say, and he managed to say everything offensively. It may, perhaps, be the result of a peculiar conformation of mind, or perhaps he imagined that a large share of vulgar brow-beating would silence my advocacy for the poor. He should have known me better. He observed that no one is so easily imposed upon as Father Maher. Now, I may be mistaken, but I think I know the virtues and the vices of our people of every grade in society as well as Mr. Fishbourne. I certainly have had infinitely better opportunities than he, of knowledge on those subjects. I know it is the fashion, it has been, and always will be so with the world, to speak harshly of the poor. They cannot be sufficiently denounced. The sight of Lazarus at the gate offends the tastes of polished society; he is never suffered to pass the porter's lodge; his importunities and whining mendicant tone grate upon the ear.

The poor are said to be a lot of unthrifty, lazy fellows, shamefully deficient in self respect, and the criticism is, unfortunately in many instances, quite true ; but not on that account would I deprive them of one tittle of their rights. I would seek by other means to elevate their characters.

To the gentlemen who voted for the relief of the Widow Leonard, to the Chairman, Mr. Browne, to Mr. Haughton, Mr. FitzMaurice, &c., I feel deeply grateful ; but I am especially indebted to Mr. Hanlon, who so judiciously advocated her cause, and failed not to justify me from ungenerous observations in my absence. Having heard that Mr. Lecky generally supports the claims of the poor, I hope he will permit me to continue, as heretofore, to think most kindly of him. Praying you, Mr. Editor, to excuse the length of this letter.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, 'P. P.

XXVII.

TO SIR ROBERT PEEL, ON THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

October 1st, 1862.

SIR—The circumstances of this country will, I doubt not, justify the humblest individual of Her Majesty's subjects in addressing you. Our prospects are, indeed, very disheartening, and becoming every day more gloomy. The evils which overwhelm us are never sought to be removed by the proper remedies. Hanging half a

dozen malefactors of the common sort, and abusing priests through all the moods and tenses, as sympathising with murder—a task requiring neither virtue nor talent—has been tried in vain one hundred times, and is still the only panacea discovered by legislative wisdom. No attempt has yet been made to restrain by law the privileged oppressor. He comes, sir, to harass, to evict, to unhouse his tenantry, and “give their roofs to the flames.” He acts without let or hindrance—nay, under an escort of police and military, and accompanied by the sheriff of the county—when he undertakes his operations. To legislate, with a view to restrain him as long as he pursues his game on his own property, is an idea which has never yet entered the mind of the legislature. A special commission—the rough and ready remedy when agrarian outrages occur—is a special injustice, unless the calendar fairly exhibits landlord oppression by the side of peasant crime—nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice. The requirements of justice in such cases are never even thought of. Oh! sir, if the statistics of crime were fully before us, exhibiting the numerous victims of the clearance system, the victims of the poor law system refusing all outdoor relief, and the victims of agrarian outrage, it should be admitted that human life has been, by one means or other, largely sacrificed in our unhappy land. The statist would have to account for about 3,000,000 of Her Majesty’s subjects—the very men who would recruit her army and her navy, and who have disappeared since 1846. But the whole truth is seldom adequately stated. Permit me, sir, to call your attention and, through you, the attention of the public to some leading facts of the case which will assist inquiry to arrive at just conclusions.

The *Times*, to whose testimony you will scarcely

object, describing our social condition, writes—"In Ireland when a landlord finds his tenants unprofitable he turns thirty or forty families out of doors by beat of drum, old and young, male and female, sick, dying, and dead! he bundles them all out, neck and crop, on the road. They spread themselves about and disappear. There is no rest for the sole of their foot at this side of the Atlantic or the grave."

Again he writes, describing one of those wholesale evictions in Galway, and who can write with greater effect?—"The tenantry are turned out of the cottages by scores at a time. As many as 205 men, women, and children have been driven out upon the road and ditches by way of one day's work, and have no resource but to beg their bread in desolate places, or to bury their griefs, in many instances, for ever within the walls of the union workhouse. Land agents direct the operation. The work is done by a large force of police and soldiery. Under the protection of the latter the crowbar brigade advances to the devoted township, takes possession of the houses, and with a few turns of the crowbar, and a few pulls of the ropes, brings down the roof, and leaves nothing but a tottering chimney, if even that. The sun that rose on a village sets on a desert. The police return to their barracks, and the people are nowhere to be found, or are vainly watching from some covert for the chance of crouching once more under their ruined homes. In some places the population has disappeared, leaving only mounds to denote the site of their cottages. . . .

By next spring the chapel-yard, the union burying-ground, or the ditch will have buried their griefs, and the landlord will no longer be bothered with them." This state of things is nothing new in Ireland. It is the normal condition of the country. Dr. Berkley, the

celebrated Protestant bishop of Cloyne, writing in 1752, observes "that some of our squires and landlords are vultures with iron bowels, and that their hardness and severity is a great discouragement to the tenant." It is just so to the present hour, for the race has not died out nor in any degree improved its character. The *Times* of the other day describes them almost in the same language. "Landlordism exercises its rights with a hand of iron, and ignores its duties with a front of brass." It is quite evident, the language is so similar, that the same class have sat for the picture. Is this, sir, the truth of history, or is the extermination of the peasant class, so graphically described by the *Times*, a mere myth, or have all conspired to misrepresent the character of Irish landlordism? But if the picture be true and unexaggerated, do we need the spirit of prophecy to foresee that people in such circumstances, wholly unable by any legitimate means to save themselves, and maddened by wrong, will occasionally seek revenge by private assassination, although they know that their deeds of blood will only aggravate their misery. What would be the result of such practices in England?

It is, sir, the fear of this destruction, and the hope of averting it in the absence of all legal means, that dictate the threatening letters and arm the hand of the assassin. Remove the pressure from above, and you at once stop the effusion of blood. Since the passing of the Tithe Commutation Act, which in some degree relieved the peasantry from the unjust exactions of a sinecure establishment, neither proctors nor parsons have fallen. Would not a well considered law on the land question have the same effect in favour of the bailiff, the agent, and landlord? The party to be restrained is not, thanks to heaven, very numerous; but they form a portion of the

legislature, hence the difficulty of dealing with them. Tithes were commuted, as you, sir, know, in opposition to the almost unanimous protest of the Established Church. The clergy were saved against their will, and, in the same manner, tenant-right must be imposed on unwilling landlords, as well for their own as their country's good. It must come to this, and the sooner the better, if the country is to be saved from crime, and the peasantry from extermination.

I must, however, here observe, which I do with great pleasure, that a large section of our landed proprietary discharge the duties of their position with the utmost kindness and consideration. I know very many of the class who are considered a blessing to the country, and are honoured and respected by their dependants; but they suffer in character from the unfeeling tyranny with which some of their body exercise their rights. On the other hand, I know, and am free to state, that there are tenants whose indolence, slovenly habits, and want of thrift deserve the severest reprobation. They make no effort to improve their position, but they justify themselves by alleging the want of tenure, and that they may be driven, at the whim, or prejudice, or avarice of the landlord, at any time, from the lands which they cultivate. This evil, sir, is becoming greater every day, as leases are now generally refused.

Landlordism, unrestrained by lease, or law, or public opinion, is virtually a power of life and death in this almost exclusively agricultural country. It is a power which belongs to the supreme authority alone, and if committed to other hands, you establish a cruel tyranny within the state, and militating against the state, worse than Siberian despotism. See how it acts. Let us take the last case on record—that of Major Brabazon. He

purchased land in the Incumbered Estates Court, in 1859, and on his first visit to the property, having received his rents in full, he served notice to quit, and carried out his threat by unhousing all the tenantry on the estate, consisting of seventeen families, numbering about eighty individuals, on a cold wintry day, last December. What has become of those people, and of thousands of others similarly circumstanced? How many have died from such treatment, and buried their griefs in the country churchyard? The authorities never bestow a thought on the subject; but the peasantry themselves painfully recollect how the young and old, and women in child-birth, were killed by cold and want in the year in which the decree of extermination was enforced against them. What worse, they ask, could they be if a barbarous enemy had invaded and sacked the land?

And so satisfied was Major Brabazon that he had only exercised his privileges legitimately, that he brought an action for libel against *Saunders' News-Letter*, damages being laid at £2,000, for presuming to report and comment upon his proceedings. Other landlords manage matters more adroitly than the Major. They, too, go into the Incumbered Estates Court, often with borrowed money, and have to pay interest and instalments. They purchase land as shopkeepers lay in a stock of goods to carry on their trade. They buy with the determination of adding 20 or 30 per cent. to the rent, and, if needs be, to turn out the old occupiers, wholly regardless of their right to live. The land which God has given to the children of men, *terram autem dedit Dominus filiis hominum*, they view as an article of commerce, to be disposed of to the highest bidder. You are aware, sir, that a merchant or other successful trader in England, who invests his savings in the purchase of an estate,

never thinks of jobbing after this fashion. He buys social distinction—he founds a family—he acquires the status of a gentleman—he ranks with the governing classes—and taking those social advantages upon which men set a high value into consideration, he is quite satisfied that his rental should be a very moderate percentage on the purchase money. Not so in Ireland—a rack rent must be obtained, and the tenantry swept away to make room for the beasts of the field, if cattle feeding promises to be a highly profitable business. But the land purchasers do not generally, like the Major, depopulate at one fell swoop the district. They advance gradually—they double the rent in some instances, and tenants, having no resource, are obliged to accept the terms proposed—they struggle on for a while, then become embarrassed, subsequently impoverished, and finally evicted for non-payment of rent. And the generous landlords who have brought them step by step to this condition, are eulogised by a venal press as most considerate, as never having displaced a paying tenant. Sir, it is impossible that a country should be prosperous, or her people happy, when the upper classes have thus virtually in their hands the issues of life and death. Such a system of tyranny nowhere else exists.

When an agrarian outrage is committed, all the resources of Government are actively and properly employed to detect the criminal. But when forty or fifty families are left houseless in one day, and cast out to perish, what account is taken of such a waste of life? Has the Government vacated its office of preserving the lives of the common people? We were not long since, it should be remembered, approaching nine millions. We are now below six, and nobody cares to inquire what has become of the missing millions, or to ask the lords of the soil

where are the brave peasantry of the hill and vale, whose valour and invincible courage sustained the honour of England in many a hard contested field? Can the Legislature, boasting of its omnipotence, devise no law to restrain the men of iron hand, iron bowels, and front of brass? Or can anyone pretend to say that a people at the mercy of such men, although under English rule, enjoy the advantages of good government?

To bring our social position honestly before the public (taking note impartially of the crimes and oppressions of all classes) would be a task worthy of a statesman and Christian patriot. It is not, I admit, an inviting subject. It will raise up a host of enemies against those who venture to touch it. But let it be honestly and fearlessly executed; let England see with her own eyes the entire population of a rural district unhoused in the depth of winter; let her hear the wailings of old age and infancy on the mountain side, or on the skirt of the reclaimed bog; let the agony of the strong man be fairly depicted, as he gazes on the home of his childhood laid desolate, or, more heartrending still, when he sees his wife clasping her tender infant in her arms, and looking in vain into his face for that relief which he cannot give; let those overwhelming and authorised calamities, crushing human life and hope in the hearts of thousands, be brought out, fairly placing in the foreground the waylayings and assassinations of agents, landlords, and bailiffs; let all be honestly told, and I am satisfied that England, with its instinctive love of justice and fair play, whilst it rightly consigns the murderer to an ignominious death, will, at the same time, abate the heartless tyranny of Irish landlordism.

Mr. Thomas Drummond, a name dear to Ireland, took up this subject a quarter of a century since with

that ability and straightforwardness which characterised all his acts ; but his teaching was like the voice of one in the wilderness, unheeded by our rulers. Writing to the landlords of a disturbed county in 1838, he feared not to tell them "that property has its duties as well as its rights. To the neglect of those duties is mainly ascribed the diseased state of society, in which agrarian crime takes its rise ; and it is not in the enactment or enforcement of statutes of extraordinary severity, but chiefly in the better and more faithful performance of those duties, and the enlightened and humane exercise of those rights, that a permanent remedy for such disorders is to be sought,"

Here, sir, is the truth beautifully enunciated, and if it had then been taken up and acted upon, we would have had, long since, an end to crime, and the re-establishment of order ; but his philosophy, replete with wisdom, found no advocate at the landlord press—no echo from the judicial bench—no utterance in the council of the nation. The administrators of justice, who lash with unsparing severity the vulgar criminal, too often lack the courage and the virtue to reprove the privileged oppressor. The crimes of the master class, the splendid ruffianism, the refined iniquity, and enormous frauds of the aristocratic offender, or of the exterminating despot, too often secure the advocacy of the press, and escape judicial reprobation.

Sir, were you, during the long vacation, to employ your talent, with the aid of legal friends, in framing an act of parliament to secure to the tenant, who is now, in most cases, the slave of the landlord, a safe return for his outlay and industry, and thus rescue him from the man of iron hand, and front of brass, you would lay the foundation of permanent order and prosperity, and win

for yourself the lasting admiration of a grateful but oppressed people, and place your name beside that of Mr. Drummond on the roll of fame, in the foremost rank of Christian patriots.

I have the honour to be, sir, with grateful remembrance of your father's service to our country, your most obedient servant,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXVIII.

TO THE PROTESTANT ARCHBISHOP OF
DUBLIN, ON THE IRISH POOR.

October 23rd, 1862.

MY LORD—My attention has just been called to your Grace's speech at the Mansion House for the relief of distress in Lancashire, in which, speaking of Irish misery, you said—"It is a disheartening thing when we are called upon, as we often are, to relieve those whose distress in a short time hence will be as bad as it now is, it is a disheartening thing to relieve any one who at the end of the year will be as distressed as ever, and who, if relieved then again, will, in a short time be as badly off as before." This is really the state of Ireland accurately depicted, but what are the causes producing it? This was a subject worthy of your Grace's philosophic mind. I read your speech through with a view to this point,

but rose from its perusal with feelings of disappointment. I had expected a generous, liberal, and warm advocacy of the cause of the poor, always so dear to the church ; a masterly unravelling by the acute logician of that sophistry and selfishness which invariably ignore the rights of the weaker portion of the great human family. In a discourse from episcopal lips, it was natural to expect a full expression of sympathy with the principles of that dispensation which alone has civilized society by elevating the pauper, lifting him up from his lowliness to a brotherhood with the princes of the land, and rendering him an object of special care and reverence—"Suscitans a terra inopem et de stercore erigens pauperem ; ut collocet eum cum principibus"—*Ps.* 112. The report of your speech in reference to our poor contained nothing of the kind—it was rather of an opposite character. It awakened no feeling of sympathy with our distress. You complained of the disheartening task of seeking to relieve our permanent or ever-recurring misery. How could any people, my lord, on the face of the earth, treated as the Irish have been, be otherwise than intensely miserable ? Look to their circumstances. What are the legal conditions under which the peasantry live ? The law which should carefully protect their rights, as well as the rights of the proprietary, is a complicated machine to collect rent and nothing more. It has been so described by Justice Pennefather. Delivering his judgment in an ejectment case—*Delapp v. Leonard*—in 1843, he said, "The whole code relating to landlord and tenant in this country was framed with a view to the interests of the landlord alone, and to enforce the payment of the rent by the tenants. The interest of the tenant never entered into the contemplation of the legislature." His lordship's thorough

knowledge of the law enabled him at once to unveil the cause of Ireland's abiding pauperism. Whatever of permanent property is created by the tenant on the land, vests by law in the owner of the soil, and not in the tenant who expended thereon his capital, his labour, and industry. He is legally robbed of his right. The result of this system has been sketched by an able hand. Stuart Mill, your countryman, in his justly celebrated work on political economy, vol. 1, p. 389, says :—"Almost alone among mankind, the Irish cottier is in this condition, that he can scarcely be either better or worse off by an act of his own. . . . A situation more devoid of motives to either labour or self-command, imagination itself cannot conceive. The inducements of free human beings are taken away, and those of a slave not substituted. He has nothing to hope, and nothing to fear, except being dispossessed of his holding, against this he protects himself by the ultima ratio of a defensive war." The political economist has spoken the truth without reserve. He has fearlessly exhibited one of the causes of our ever-recurring misery, and as long as it lasts the peasant shall be, as, the Devon Commission describes him, "badly housed, badly fed, badly clothed, and badly paid for his labour, suffering the greatest privations and hardships."—(Report of Commissioners, p. 12.)

But the unsatisfactory tenure of land is not the only cause of our permanent misery ; another exists of greater magnitude, I mean the establishment of a Protestant church in Ireland. That church was quite enough to ruin any country in the world, and, if ruined, to keep it in perpetual misery, degradation, and disorder. Let us glance for a moment at its history. In all other countries the church is the protector—the advocate and guardian of the poor—in this it is their bitterest opponent. It

has robbed them of their inheritance and their church of its income, and lives in luxury on its spoil. Do I exaggerate, my lord? The existence of a Catholic people in Ireland, plundered as they have been, is felt to be a standing reproach to the Established Church, and the witness and proof of its enormous guilt. Hence the unceasing anxiety of churchmen to pervert or exterminate the people; hence, too, the net of biblical societies spread over the country as a substitute for the penal code, to check the growth of Popery; hence, also, the hiring of gospellers from every section of heresy and infidelity in England, and sending them over to make us Presbyterians, Unitarians, Mormons, infidels, or blasphemers, anything, in a word, but what we are, and what we shall ever remain, sincere members of the Catholic Church, which Protestantism has plundered. No such injustice, no such iniquity, no such outrage on truth and national honour is sustained or tolerated in any other part of the world. Yet, here, my lord, the law makes the support of this unparalleled nuisance a charge on the land prior to rent. Your friend, the late Lord Macaulay, has said of it:—"It is my deliberate opinion that of all institutions now existing in the civilized world, the Established Church of Ireland is the most absurd and indefensible."—(Speech on Ward's motion, April 23, 1850). The most distinguished statesmen in England have given expression to similar opinions. "I believe (says Lord Campbell, late Chief Justice) the Protestant church in Ireland to be one of the most mischievous institutions in existence; I believe it to be so considered now, and I believe it will be so considered by posterity; and it is only because your lordships are familiar with it that you are not shocked by the picture." (Speech on the Maynooth bill). The verdict of civilized society is

against it. The enlightened opinion of the nineteenth century has condemned it. Protestant clergymen, the most distinguished for high intellectual power, for deep study and research, have marked it with their reprobation, not indeed by platform denunciations, but by doing quietly what conscience required—namely, by renouncing its riches, its honours, and its dignities. They have come out of it in hundreds to free themselves before God and man from all participation in its injustice and iniquity. The pride and avarice of the Establishment, its shameful neglect of the few duties it had to perform, and the spirit of persecution which has ever dwelt within it, not to numerate other causes, have forced the people of this country always to repudiate its ministrations. It has been known to us only as a huge, unscrupulous, grinding, money-making corporation, and nothing more—signalising itself by its warm support and hearty concurrence in the infliction of pains and penalties on Catholicism by law. Your friend, the late Sydney Smyth, stated as his opinion that the collection of tithes in Ireland cost, in all probability, “one million of lives” (See his work p. 407); and he wrote before the tithe slaughters of Newtownbarry, Carrickshock, Castlepollard, and Rathcormack. There is nothing in the history of this institution to which a churchman can proudly appeal. It has rendered no sort of service to the nation for the wealth it consumes. Nobody can speak an affectionate or enthusiastic word for it. There it stands, possessed of enormous revenues, sustained by a powerful government, hedged in for centuries by a Draconian code of laws, which made the practice of the ancient religion a felony; upheld by bishops and archbishops and a large staff of chancellors, deans, and archdeacons, rectors, and vicars, with sword in one hand and bible in the other, using one

with a vengeance, and not knowing how to use the other. With all these advantages it has been, as a church, the most signal, utter, and disastrous failure of which we have any record in history. Its support, dating from its commencement, has cost this poor country a sum probably equal to the national debt. Your Grace's share of the spoil, as incumbent of the See of Dublin for thirty-one years, amounts, as I believe, to £310,000, in cash, together with patronage worth, perhaps, an equal amount. More than half a million of Irish money for one Englishman's praying and preaching. What a shame! What an insult! How is it possible that a people living under the shade of this institution could be otherwise than as you have represented them, always steeped in poverty? Why has the property of this poor country been squandered, and the nation made tributary in a large amount to an alien church protested against by the nation? The measure of this outrage, independent of money considerations, goes beyond the power of calculation. The Church Establishment, the symbol of English conquest and Irish degradation, set up in lofty defiance of justice, reason, and humanity, has been the well-head of all our wretchedness. It feeds and keeps in activity all the other causes of our misery. It has educated and formed the exterminating landlord, who is not found in any other country in Europe. In the interests of the church, and imbibing its spirit, he depopulates the country, and weakens the power of the empire. And what return, my lord, has your church ever made to the state or the people for its enormous wealth and patronage? What has it done for the poor whose inheritance it has seized upon? Your Grace opposed their right in the House of Lords to outdoor relief—a right which dared not be refused in England;

and although the law passed, your teaching and great influence with the owners of the soil has rendered it almost a dead letter. The Mansion House Committee told you, week after week, that there were thousands of homes in this land in which a fire had not been lighted for months, and thousands of our fellow creatures on the western coast eating bitter seaweed, and failing in mind and body, and yet your name as a subscriber of one shilling does not appear on their list, whilst your example and your complaining of the frequent recurrence of Irish misery have, I apprehend, prevented others from giving. America, Australia, France—these far distant lands—heard our cry of distress and hastened to our aid, whilst an Anglican recipient of hundreds of thousands of pounds of Irish Church property sat by unmoved at our tale of woe. What has your Grace done for the poor of Christ? That is a question, which, as you are far advanced in years, must ere long be answered, but not before a human tribunal.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XXIX.

ON THE POOR-LAWS.

July 9, 1863.

SIR—The Poor Laws in this country are administered—I assert it deliberately—not to relieve, not to preserve the poor in their proper position, but to degrade and

demoralise them, to crush them by slow degrees within the limit of the law, to extinguish their self-respect by imprinting on their forehead the brand of pauperism, and finally, to get rid of them, and thereby lessen the tax on the property of the union. This, in a few words, is a fair, general description of the working of the law. The several classes to whom the laws permit out-door relief to be given—embracing nearly all the virtuous, industrious, and hard-working people—are, as a general rule, excluded by those who administer the law, from all participation in its benefits. The families whom the country should be most anxious to sustain, without degrading them; who as tradesmen and labourers deserve well of society; who in difficult times have sustained themselves independently, but who occasionally stand in need of temporary relief, arising from illness or other cause; in a word, all those to whom out-door relief may be administered under the Act of Victoria, have been most shamefully defrauded of their rights.

Carrying out the intention of the law in their favour would be, in the long run, a wise economy. It would tend to equalise the poor's rate over all the union; but, above all, it would save many a family from permanent pauperism: it would keep them from pawning their clothes and furniture, and preserve them from that hideous misery which has terminated not unfrequently in death, and, I regret to add, in loss of female honour. The idle profligate, the fraudulent, but especially women of loose character and their bastard progeny, derive some advantage from the law; but the virtuous, the well-reared, those who have preserved their good name and self-respect, receive none at all. Is there any abuse like to this under the sun? The *Times* of Saturday, the 27th ultimo, reviewing the debate on Bernal Osborne's

motion, declares that "in the endless list of public wrongs there is none that surpasses the Irish Church Establishment." I am inclined to doubt the statement. The mode of administering the Poor Law Fund has made it a curse, an oppression, a source of demoralisation and of insult to the people of Ireland. I am anxious to call public attention to this monster grievance.

The injustice and wrong of which I complain, and which I hope to lay bare, will be brought out perhaps more briefly by stating a case or two of oppression, as fair instances of the mode in which the law is administered, than in any other way. Take the following:—Elizabeth Farrell, of Graigue, being in great want, applied for relief on Thursday, the 18th June; her husband and her daughter lying ill at the time in the fever hospital, and she herself labouring under a sore hand, which still confines her to her bed. It was the first time that the poor woman or any of her family sought for parochial aid. In all her privations in these last years of unusual distress she sustained herself by hard labour, and would continue to do so, had it not pleased Providence to visit her with sickness. She asked, of course, for out-door relief—what her circumstances required and what the law allows. Her claim was at once dismissed. She was told that no support, not even for a week or a day, would be given unless she broke up house, pawned or sold her furniture, and entered the establishment. To this heartless proposal she very properly refused to accede, on the ground that her husband and child would have no home to receive them when they left the hospital as convalescents. Her simple story was a telling one, her misery very great; there stood before the board the defenceless woman, the affectionate wife, the virtuous mother in deep affliction, claiming her right—but in

vain. Is this to be borne? Are the poor, especially committed to our tender care by our Divine Lord, to be thus trampled upon with impunity or without reproof? The case of Mary Anne Walkley, the millinery girl, who, it appears, had been overworked, and afterwards put in a crowded sleeping-room, has excited a feeling of general horror in London; whilst cases like that of Betty Farrell, occurring here every day, elicit no expression of sympathy, no denunciation of those who inflict this misery. Scarcely can an individual be found so callous to human woe, so degraded by avarice, as to act in his private capacity as the board has done; but acting in bodies, with diminished responsibility, they are found ever ready to do it. Like a mob or faction, they have no heart, no conscience. They violate the clearest dictate of duty, they defraud defenceless women of a few pence a day—for doing which in their individual capacity they would be excluded from all respectable society. This oppression is quite intolerable; and if the people of Ireland, and of Carlow, suffer it to continue, they shall be little entitled to sympathy if they themselves at a future day become the victims of this heartless, degrading despotism.

But it will be said that the guardians have a right, in all cases, to apply the workhouse test. Yes, they have the right of the tyrant, as against the defenceless; of the strong, as against the weak; but they have no right, by a fair interpretation of the laws, to do it. The test is to be used only as a guard against idleness, fraud, imposition, or when the destitution of the claimant is doubtful. This is the universal interpretation of the law, adopted by every man of feeling, every board of guardians in England. It is the wise, the economic, the beneficial, the rational view of the subject. The Irish

interpretation has neither justice, nor equity, nor humanity to rest upon. It is the heartless dictate of blind avarice. It annuls and repeals a salutary clause in the law, made for the protection of the labouring classes. It imprints on the forehead of every family brought low by sickness or misfortune, the degrading brand of pauperism ; or, if they refuse to submit, it starves them out of existence. One of the greatest blessings for this country would be the repeal of the poor-laws, as now administered, and the extinction of those boards, with their expensive and useless machinery. How is the fund raised for the relief of the poor managed ? A full one-third, and oftentimes more, is expended upon officials and in defraying establishment charges ; the remainder is wasted upon the most worthless and vicious of the population, and in sustaining bastardism. There is not a wanton girl in the country, addicted to crime, and preferring it to honest labour, who does not know she has the workhouse to fall back upon when her confinement is near at hand. Whilst the virtuous wives of the labouring classes, in their hour of trial, can never look to it. The fallen women, wearied and worn in the ways of wickedness, enter the house for a year or two, and refit themselves, at great expense to the union, to resume their career of crime ; they are again on the streets ; their children are initiated in vice, and in due time return to their home with an increasing progeny. They, almost alone, to the exclusion of the virtuous, so deserving of our care and sympathy, are chiefly benefitted by the law as now so scandalously administered.

Take again this view of the case. I find six electoral divisions in the Carlow Union having each one pauper to support, seven other divisions having two each, and thirteen other divisions having either three or four each,

and lastly, four divisions not having one. Now, these thirty divisions, considerably more than half the union, support on an average less than two for each division; whilst the poor shopkeepers of Carlow and Graigue are burdened with a hundred and forty paupers. This is workhouse management with a vengeance! and the guardians think it rather unkind that ratepayers have not met to thank them for their gratuitous service; the whole thing is a sham, a job kept up more for a staff of officials than for any other purpose. It certainly does not preserve the labouring classes from that hideous misery and wretchedness which is nowhere else to be seen. Enough for the present.

Your's truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have heard that Betty Farrell has received out-door relief. I rejoice at this evidence of returning sense of justice; but why had she been left to starve for a fortnight? She would have died in the meantime, had she not been relieved by Mr. William Fitzmaurice and the priests of the parish.

J. M.

XXX.

TO THE REV. CHARLES CROSTHWAIT ON
HIS DEFENCE OF THE PROTESTANT
CHURCH IN IRELAND.

July 16th, 1863.

REV. SIR—A friend, whom I highly esteem, has just directed my attention to your letter published in the *Times*, in defence of the Irish Church Establishment.

Sir, I have read it with care, and, I must say, with a certain feeling of satisfaction. It is just such a letter as one who honestly disapproves of your establishment, would wish to see written and in the hands of the people. It is foolish, illogical, insolent, and calumnious, to an extraordinary degree, and as well calculated as the inimitable speech of Mr. Bernal Osborne, on the same subject, to open the eyes of all men to the real character of your establishment. Your letter, sir, can scarcely fail of producing, under a fair analysis, a salutary reaction. You represent your establishment, not as a Church, not as an ecclesiastical organization for the worship of God or the sanctification of souls, but as a military garrison, a series of little fortresses erected in bog and mountain over a hostile country: a church only in name, set up and paid by the government for strategic purposes to hold an oppressed people in subjection. To this candid description of your church I take no exception. It certainly has never performed any church business. There is nothing in its history to appeal to, no great work to point at. Nobody can say that it had diminished what you call Romanism, or done any remarkable service of any kind. It is, in a word, an anomaly in theory as representing so small a part of the population, and a feeble, an ineffective, and corrupt institution in practice. It has within it, as you well understand, no principle of life. It depends, not upon the truth of its doctrines, but wholly on the State, and if that support were withdrawn you are well aware it would soon cease to exist. Reverend sir, it is well to know in what light your church is viewed by those who, like you, live and move, and have their being within the establishment; and looking at it under that aspect, regarding your hierarchy as a military or police force, to hold rebels, as you

chose to call the people, in subjection, you have no just right to the funds appropriated by the piety of our forefathers to the teaching of religion, the instruction and relief of the poor, the administration of the sacraments, and the sanctifying of souls—you should receive the ordinary pay of military service as captains of police constables or pensioners. I have said that your letter was characterised by extreme folly. What else, I ask, could have prompted you to come out at this time in defence of an institution which has long been considered by men of all parties in the empire, nay, by every man of intelligence in Europe, not only as being of no advantage, but as one of the greatest scourges that ever befel a nation. It has been so described by our first statesmen in both Houses of Parliament.

Lord Brougham denounced it as "the foulest practical abuse that ever existed in any civilised country." "It is so considered now," says Lord Campbell, "and I believe it will be considered so by posterity; and it is only because your lordships are so familiar with it that you are not shocked by the picture." "What foreign writer, whether Protestant or Catholic (asks Lord Macaulay) ever mentions the Church of Ireland without expressing his amazement that such an establishment could exist among reasonable men." "Don't talk of its being a church," indignantly exclaimed Edmund Burke, "it is a wholesale robbery." "What have we done in Ireland?" asks the Right Hon. Charles Buller. "We have plundered—we still plunder—the *many* of that provision which was made for their religious wants, in order to create a sinecure church for the few. We have deprived the *poor* man of his church, in order to gorge the rapacity of the rich." Mr. Bright, in a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, October 25th, 1852, describes it as a grievance, "which," he

observes, "it is hard to say whether it is more humiliating in Ireland to endure, or disgraceful to England to inflict." The *Times* of the 27th ultimo, goes beyond this condemnation. "In the endless list of public wrongs," he asserts, "there is none that surpasses the Irish Church Establishment." On the 30th he adds, reviewing Mr. B. Osborne's speech, "he (Mr. Osborne) lifts up the curtain and shows us, on that notorious stage, such a scene of plunder, abuse, and waste, as exists nowhere else in the world, and could exist nowhere except under the protection of England." Was it not, I ask, the extreme of folly, or something worse, to employ provoking and offensive language in defending this institution, which the universal conscience of mankind has thus condemned, *quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia?* And what, after all, have you to say about the establishment? What new defence do you put forward? What services do you appeal to? Here, sir, is your case in your own words:—

"The Protestant clergyman and his little flock, are, I may say, the only leaven of loyalty in the remote parts of the country. In each little neighbourhood we are like little forts or block-houses one reads of in Cooper's American stories. Sweep us away, and Ireland will be a totally rebellious country, kept in subjection wholly by English troops. You may despise our little bands scattered in mountains and bogs, but dispossess us and you will feel our loss. In the end, you will have no other resource but to conquer Ireland, and plant it over again, just as in Cromwell's time."

This pharisaical assumption of exclusive loyalty has ever characterized the narrow-minded bigot and the pretending patriot. Sir, if you were aware or capable of estimating, how painful to an honorable mind is the

charge of disloyalty, you would not, I presume, venture to cast it in the face of a nation. The hint to the people of England as to the probable necessity of plundering again Catholic property, and of butchering its owners, as in the days of Cromwell, gives us no incorrect idea of the amiable spirit which the sacrilegious and plundering establishment to which you belong has breathed into you. It is not reverend sir, the first time that the Irish establishment has been compared to a military garrison. It is your favourite idea. Now, sir, under this point of view the *Times* discusses its merits in a passage highly deserving of your attention :—

“ The Protestant Church in Ireland (he says) is in form a temple, but in truth a fortress—built from the ruins of the old national hierarchy, drawing supplies for its ample garrison from the conquered and impoverished territory over which it frowns, but yielding no succour nor protection to its vassals. This church has been fed by forced contributions upon industry progressive with the produce of the soil. It has wrung them from a people whom it could not, as a religious establishment, indemnify for the tax which it extorted. . . . The Church of Ireland is, finally, one which has for centuries, in every measure of severity, of exaction, of oppression, signalized itself by more than concurrence with the tyrannical spirit of the civil government. It is felt to be at once a weight upon the country, and a degradation.”

Well, reverend sir, what think you now of your military ecclesiastical establishment? It is evidently an abuse of terms to call it a church. Does not the *Times* rightly exhibit your little forts and American block-houses, and little bands infesting the mountains and bogs, as drawing their supplies from a conquered and impoverished territory, over which they frown, but to which they yield

no protection? Neither do they make the least return for the immense revenue they extort. Having described the people of Ireland as deficient in loyalty—by which you mean that we are wanting in love and respect to your ecclesiastical garrison (a charge to which I beg to say we plead guilty : we look upon it, as all the world does, except those who are corrupted by its wealth, as the most intolerable outrage ever offered to the national and religious feelings of a people)—having, I say, assailed our loyalty, you go a step higher, insinuating that your countrymen are murderers. It is hard, indeed, in repelling such charges, to preserve a sufficient command of temper. One scarcely knows how to deal with that class of men who have the hardihood, the mendacity, and the malignity to utter such reproaches. Accounting for the smallness of Protestant congregations (your own not exceeding, I have heard, half a dozen families), you observe that a Romanist runs a chance of being murdered in Ireland for conforming to your church. What facts, I demand, justify the circulation of this atrocious calumny against your countrymen? No doubt you calculate that the impeachment, by inflaming the bigotry of England against us (upon whose good opinion our well-being in no small degree depends) will enable you to uphold, at least for your own time, the iniquity, the injustice, and sacrilegious wealth of the Establishment. The charge, coming from a parson's lips such as yours, ought not to affect, in any degree, the character of our poor people ; but most certainly it leaves a foul stain on the man who uttered it, which probably will never be effaced. A few years since an orthodox teacher in this town uttered and published the same calumny, almost in the same terms, with a little more of Orange virulence. He said—"Let a man in the communion of Rome abandon

her jurisdiction, and honestly avow his change of opinion, the hue-and-cry, from the priest to the peasant, is, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth ; it is not fit that he should live.'" The man who uttered this charge was at the time the most virulent opponent of everything Catholic. He seized upon every occasion to come out upon us. He was a ready every-day writer, and with his little coterie, in great repute as a flashy orator. A poetic friend of mine happily described him as—

" A blust'ring Presbyterian and slang-whanger,
Fierce in debate, and furious in his anger ;
Unmatched in daring recklessness of tongue,
In powers of face, of voice, and strength of lung."

His folly and insolence having received a signal castigation at that time, he has since become quite civil, and seldom, almost never, troubles the press or the public with his furibund lucubrations. Let us hope that the same salutary results may flow from this notice of your discreditable letter in the *Times*.

In speaking of Catholics and of Catholicism, you studiously avoid giving us our universally recognised titles. You are like many others, who, having no argument, think there is some virtue in nicknames. You invariably designate us as "Romish population," "Romanists," and our creed, "Romanism," This, reverend sir, is the slang of the tract shop, and the swaddling conventicle, and you should have left it there. It is never employed by the scholar or the gentleman. It is in very bad taste ; and the constant repetition of offensive terms, simply because they are offensive, betrays at once the poverty of your imagination, the sourness of your disposition, and the imbecility of your intellect. Your Establishment, reverend sir, has never been able to do any good, although aided at all times by the power of the secular

arm. It has not been a match for Presbyterianism or Unitarianism—the one denouncing episcopacy, the other denying the divinity of the Saviour. But to comprehend fully its utter weakness and inability as a religious institution, you must mark its progress, and the course of the struggle in which it has been engaged for centuries with the venerable and suffering church of our fathers. Look at that church, resting solely on the promise of Christ, “Behold I am with you all days,” coming out of the fires of a most fearful ordeal at the end of centuries with increasing numbers, as vigorous, as healthful, as full of hope as the young church of ancient days emerging from the catacombs of Rome. Hail! holy Catholic Church, how like art thou to thy Divine founder, ever persecuted, ever reviled, and despoiled; suffering in every member, bleeding at every pore, yet surviving, and, in the end, ever triumphant. Look now at the church set up by the State, of earthly origin, resting on kingly power; jealous, vindictive, always appealing to the secular arm; tolerant of every error, intolerant only of the old religion, boasting of evangelising Ireland when its followers were falling away, full of worldly pride, empty of true religion, the house divided against itself, harmonising with every heresy, preaching infidelity in its recent episcopal and clerical pamphlets and essays; approving of divorce, admitting of polygamy, neglecting the grace of regeneration; broken up into sects, decrepid, old, consumptive, and dying out; its friends unable to allege any reason for its continuance, save the enormous difficulty of removing an abuse of so long standing and such gigantic proportions. It is like a foul cancer which has eaten so deeply into the human frame that any attempt to eradicate it would imperil the life of the sufferer. How is its want of success to be accounted

for? What has branded it with sterility? One can well understand how a church might be put down by penal legislation, by the sword, by confiscation, or by the wholesale extermination of the people, experiments tried in Ireland in vain against Catholicity; but to see a church dying out, never taking root in the public mind, less now than it was a hundred years ago, and in the meanwhile upheld and fostered by every power of the State in every possible way, is a fact and a problem admitting of only one solution, namely—that its ministers in every rank and degree have been all along contending against the truth of God. This institution, admitting of no just defence, cannot long survive repeated exposure. Its merits are well known in Ireland, but the people of England are as yet but imperfectly acquainted with its nature and viciousness; but when they come to have correct views on the subject, and are thereby in a position to pass an impartial judgment upon it, the establishment shall go down amid the rejoicing of an emancipated people.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

Carlow Graigue, July 16th, 1863.

XXXI.

REVIEW OF THE LETTERS OF DR. CROSTHWAIT, VICAR-GENERAL OF KILDARE, ON THE SAME SUBJECT, 1863.

“Write on, write on, ye Vicars dear,
Ye Parsons, write hard and fast ;
The good we’ve sought for many a year,
Your quills will bring at last.
By geese (we read in history)
Old Rome was saved from ill,
And now to quills of geese we see
Old Rome indebted still.

Write on.”

MOORE.

MR. EDITOR.—I have read Mr. Crosthwait’s letters in defence of his church, in the *London Times*, and most sincerely do I wish that he may live long to write many such letters. They will go far to emancipate Ireland from the worst of all existing institutions—the Irish Church Establishment, or, as the *Times* designates it, “the greatest scandal of the age,” or, in the words of Lord Brougham, “the foulest practical abuse that *ever* existed in any civilized country.”

The letters, although insolent in tone, abusive in terms, and false in statement, I welcome, notwithstanding, as showing what an unamiable, discourteous, and unreasonable sort of being an Irish country parson is, although he be a dignitary and shining light in his church ; and how unwise it is to trust in that church in which the parson himself has lost all confidence.

The letters referred to, as a whole, may be described in a few words, as one uninterrupted series of most offensive incivilities, and gross violations of propriety, without reason or arguments. The words, “rebels,” “Romanists,”

and "rebellion," ring and rattle in every paragraph. The parson has good faith in nicknames. In that he excels most writers. He never tires harping on that string. It would hurt his conscience, it appears, to treat his Catholic countrymen with ordinary courtesy.

Now, Mr. Crosthwait cannot but know—and it is idle to contend against it—that our title to the appellation of Catholic, recognised in the acts of the Legislature, in the literature of all countries, and of all ages since the publication of the Apostles' Creed, will remain undisturbed, were he to continue screaming at the highest pitch of his voice on that cuckoo-note, "Rebel and Romanist," to the end of his days. It is not for me, perhaps, to tell him not to make an example of himself by such an exhibition of vulgar habits—I shall leave that to Dr. Whately; but Mr. Crosthwait may rest assured that nicknaming is generally recognised as the usual and only resource of a certain class of writers, who are distinguished by want of knowledge, weakness of intellect, and strength of passion.

Does he imagine that gentlemen will not resent the taunt of disloyalty in which he indulges to such an excess? Some will view it simply as evidence of the fatal influence on his moral nature of that corrupt and corrupting institution of which he is a minister—and, as such, below their notice. Others will repel it with indignation.

On what ground does Mr. Crosthwait presume to charge us with violating our allegiance? When or where have we failed in our duty? Who were the originators and leaders of that rebellion which desolated this country at the close of the last century? Let Mr. Crosthwait read the report of the House of Commons of '98, and it will enlighten his ignorance. It states that "100,000 Protestants in the province of Ulster were completely

organised for rebellion, and well supplied with arms in May, 1797" (see *History of Penal Laws*, by H. Parnell, M.P., p. 205). Edmund Burke referring to those facts, and writing in that year, observes—

"The Protestant part of that kingdom (Ireland) is represented by the Government itself, to be, by whole counties, in nothing less than open rebellion. I am sure that it is everywhere teeming with dangerous conspiracy. I believe it will be found that, though the principles of Catholics (will Mr. Crosthwait mark this?) and the incessant endeavours of their clergy have kept them from being generally infected, yet, whenever their situation brings them nearer into contact with the Jacobin Protestants, they are more or less infected with their doctrines." —(*Burke's Letters on the Affairs of Ireland*, 1797, vol 9, p. 451.)

Were those who took and held possession of London for five days—who plundered and destroyed churches, private houses, the public prisons—who attacked the bank, the palace, and crimsoned the streets with blood in 1780—were they rebellious Romanists? What was the creed of Wolf Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Jackson, Nelson, Russell, Simms, and Emmett? Consult Dr. Madden's History—a work of talent and great research—and say if they were all rebels of the Roman stamp. "Was there a single Catholic," asks Lord Macaulay, "in the civil war in the array of Fairfax?" "How many," he continues, "fought against Charles I.?" —Not one; they were all arrayed under his banner. And when the reward of £5,000 was placed on the head of Charles II., Catholics of all ranks were faithful to him, and amongst them he took refuge."

What ignorance of history is displayed, and what an amount of slanderous insinuations are involved in the

charge of violating our oath of allegiance. One can scarcely repel so dishonouring an imputation as it ought to be repelled, without appearing harsh and severe, but severity of language in this case is fully justified by the grossness and offensiveness of the slander.

The deep reverence of Catholic gentlemen for the sanctity of an oath, Mr. Crosthwait must know, has been the only barrier whereby they have been excluded for centuries from all places of honour and emolument, from the House of Commons and of the Lords, from corporate and elective franchise, and there is not one instance on record of its violation—not one. What a glorious and unfading proof of Catholic fidelity in this land, the *semper fidelis* of Christianity to that most sacred of obligations which binds man to man.

Discontent and dissatisfaction undoubtedly exist—how could men feel otherwise under the galling injustice of an absurd, indefensible, and tyrannical institution, in the hands of men of the temper and spirit of Mr Crosthwait? Faults, no doubt, our people have, but are they not faults mainly attributable to that penal code, and that Protestant Church which England, in its pride of conquest, sought to thrust upon us at the point of the bayonet?—a code and a church which exhibit, in broad relief, a combination of agencies enough to ruin any nation or people on the earth, and, if ruined, to keep them in perpetual misery and degradation.

On the subject of rebels and Romanists no more : less could not be said, for

A soul disdaining infamy
Can ne'er endure without a brave return,
The lies of envy and the taunts of scorn.

To exhibit still further the sweet temper and Christian

spirit which Mr. Crosthwait has imbibed from the Irish Establishment, I must take the liberty of quoting largely from his letters.

Writing to the editor of the *Times*, he says—

“In addressing you, I feel I am addressing the British nation. If they decree our fall, nothing but a miracle can save us.”

And soon after he adds—

“We feel we are on a trial for our lives. It is a poor return for England to make to us for our loyalty, to sacrifice us to those who hate us mainly for that very loyalty. We are now to be flaunted by you because we were firm to you, and stuck to you through thick and thin. This is certainly a hard measure. On the one side there was a rebel population of Romanists ; on the other side your representatives upholding Protestantism and British rule.”

Again—“We are to be put down, because through our loyalty we have lost our flocks ; and our emoluments and rank are to be handed over to those who stole away our people and kept them, by pandering to their rebellious feelings against you.”

Again—“Some say that we have thus reformed ourselves (that is become Protestants), not from conviction, but in order to please you ; but this is very hard to prove. Something, perhaps of the same kind, might be said of your own bishops and clergy. But, suppose we did thus yield to your influence and authority, does it become you now to turn upon us and say, ‘you have lost your flocks in obedience to us, no doubt, but still lost them you have ; so now your rank and emoluments you shall give up to your adversaries?’”

Again—“No doubt, we have not kept nor regained much of the native population. Perhaps that was in

some measure our own fault; perhaps it was wholly impossible—the people speaking one language, and we, by your command, performing service in another. We made certain changes in our church, under your influence and after your example. By so doing, we have made the people, already rebels against you, henceforth rebels against us also.”

Again—“Many in England think that Romanism has no injurious effect upon the loyalty of the people towards the British Government. It is easy to reason abstractedly.”

Again—You tried the sop-system in India with the Sepoys; you saw how it answered; every sacrifice to their disloyalty only made it more insolent. You have gone on in the same course in Ireland.”

Those extracts from Mr. Crosthwait's letter appear to be an exquisite piece of testiness, and, I must add, of absurdity and folly. Observe Mr. Editor, the significant hint conveyed in the last sentence. The proper mode of dealing with rebels is not the sop-system; that has failed in India, and has been tried in vain in Ireland. Blowing them off from the mouth of the cannon has proved quite a success. Passing from this topic, let me ask, what in heaven's name does Mr. Crosthwait want England to do for his church? What *can* she do that she has not already done? Has she not overlaid it with favours; conferred immense wealth on its ministers, for which no adequate return has been ever made; enriched them with glebe lands, see lands, churches, parsonages, and episcopal palaces, at a cost of several hundred millions? Has she not, most unjustly, bestowed upon a small, very small minority of the population, the whole of the provision made for the religious instruction and public worship of the kingdom at large? Upon what

principle of justice she has given, or the few received and monopolised the funds belonging to all, I cannot understand. The Establishment has bishops, the *Times* tells us, "receiving the incomes of prime ministers for superintending dioceses containing no more Protestants than are to be found in an ordinary London parish, and clergy receiving from two or three hundred to £1,500 a year, or more, for congregations of thirty, twenty, a dozen, one, or none at all." What a magnificent spiritual provision for a small section of the people! And yet Mr. Crosthwait is not content. But her favours do not end here. She has in her own pious ways aided the parsons wonderfully in the manufacturing of Protestants out of Catholic materials. She enacted the following statutes for that religious purpose :—

"Statute passed in 1581, enacts 'that any person saying, or wilfully hearing mass, shall forfeit 200 marks (that is, £133 6s. 8d.), and suffer twelve months' imprisonment; and it shall be treason to be reconciled to the Romish religion, and all aiders shall suffer as for misprision of treason; any person above the age of sixteen years not going to church or usual place of common prayer, shall forfeit £20 per month; and any school-master who shall not repair to the Established Church shall forfeit £10 per month.' Statute in 1587—'Any person not getting his child baptized by a lawful minister shall forfeit £100.' Statute in 1605—'Any person discovering where mass was said, shall have his own pardon and one-third of the goods, &c., forfeited by the attainder.' Statute in 1627—'Any person sending a child to a Papist seminary beyond seas for instruction, shall forfeit £100, and such child shall be afterwards incapable of inheriting his estate or making a purchase.' Statute in 1709, the 20th clause provides—

For discovering an Archbishop, Bishop, or Vicar-General exercising any foreign ecclesiastical jurisdiction,	£50	0	0
For discovering each regular and secular clergyman not registered,	20	0	0
For discovering each Popish schoolmaster or usher,	10	0	0

The 21st clause of same Act empowers two justices to summon any Papist of eighteen years, and, if he shall refuse to give testimony where and when he heard mass celebrated, and who and what persons were at the celebration of it, and likewise touching the residence or abode of any priest or schoolmaster, to commit him to gaol without bail, for twelve months, or until he shall pay £20. The 7th of William III. is an Act for banishing all Papists exercising any ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and all regulars of the Popish clergy, out of this kingdom; and in 1703, an Act was passed to prevent Popish priests from coming into the kingdom, under great penalties. The 4th clause runs thus:—

“And be it further enacted, that all Her Majesty’s justices of the peace, sheriffs, high and petty constables, and all others Her Majesty’s loving subjects, are hereby required to use the utmost diligence in apprehending all such regular or other Popish priests who shall come into this kingdom contrary to this Act; and be it further enacted, that if any mayor, justice of the peace, or other officer, shall neglect doing his or their duty in execution of this Act, every such mayor, justice of the peace, or other officer, for every such neglect, shall forfeit the sum of £1,000—one moiety thereof to the Queen’s Majesty, the other moiety to the informer.”

And on another occasion the Commons resolved—

"That the prosecuting and informing against Papists is an honourable service to the Government."

Then came the Acts to prevent the further growth of Popery. These Acts Edmund Burke describes, although not sanguinary, as something worse. "They were," he says, "slow, cruel outrages on our nature, and kept men alive only to insult, in their persons, every one of the rights and feelings of humanity."

These, sir, were the atrocious means by which it was attempted the people of England and Ireland should be compelled to abandon the ancient faith. It has been asserted, and Protestants instructed by vicar-generals of Mr. Crosthwait's learning have been found ignorant enough, with those enactments on the statute-books before their eyes, to believe, that the change of religion was brought about by bible-reading, by reasoning, by persuasion, and preaching of learned divines. There never was a greater or more palpable falsehood. The arguments of the Reformers were penal laws and persecuting statutes, rigorously enforced. Instead of reasoning and preaching, they employed prisons and scourges; instead of the Scriptures, there were the confiscating of property, the dungeon, the rack, the torture, the reeking scaffold. There were penalties for not going to church, penalties for not having children baptized by Protestant clergymen, penalties against husbands for permitting their Popish wives to go to mass, and against fathers who sent their children abroad for Catholic education, or at home to a Catholic master.

Commenting upon this last Act, Mr. Burke has said—"This restraint upon foreign and domestic education was a part of a horrible and impious system, . . . the worst species of tyranny that the insolence and perverse-ness of mankind ever dared to exercise."

These sir, were the detestable means employed for the propagation of what in mockery is called the pure doctrines of Protestantism amongst us. The foulest crime recorded in history, the greatest tyranny practised against man, has been the cruel and exhausting attempt, continued for centuries, to force the Protestant Church on the faithful people of Ireland. It will be so admitted by all generations—nay, it is known and acknowledged at the present hour by every intelligent man in Europe. The *Times* admits the fact unreservedly (May, '63)—“The Irish Establishment was long supported in its ascendancy by a code so detestable and so contrary to the spirit of Christianity, though heartily approved by its hierarchy, that the wonder is how the pure (pure, indeed!) doctrines of Protestantism were able to make way at all among the immediate descendants of those who suffered under it.”

After having rendered those services to Protestantism, employing the powers of hell for centuries to support its creed, Mr. Crosthwait still complains of England, and murmurs at “the poor return she makes for his loyalty.” Speak out, reverend sir, wherein has she offended you? Ah, she has relaxed the anti-Christian penal code, of which parsons and vicar-generals so heartily approved; she will not hang up a priest for saying mass, nor fine him for erecting a steeple to call the people to divine worship; she will not banish him beyond the seas for receiving Protestants into the church of their forefathers; and, blessed be God, the enlightened and disinterested amongst them are returning in considerable numbers. She will render henceforward none of those pious services, hence the great cause of complaint. Immense wealth, honours, titles, dignities, large demesnes the favour of the court, and of the Parliament, the par-

sons still enjoy ; but, without the aid of the penal code, Mr. Crosthwait feels they can make no advance. He admits the fact. "We have not (he says) kept nor gained much of the native population. We made certain changes (he adds) in our church under your influence and after your example. By doing so, we made the people, already rebels against you, henceforth rebels against us also." "Rebels against parsons !" What strange hallucination ! Ireland owes the Protestant hierarchy no allegiance ; she owes it nothing but pity for its blindness and obduracy ; forgiveness for injuries—the persecution of centuries ; and prayers for its conversion ; she has another duty to perform, to denounce and unmask hypocrisy, to repel insolence, to preserve her fair fame from the slaver of calumny, which dares to represent her as a nation of assassins and rebels.

Mr. Crosthwait calculated largely on the ignorance and prejudice of his readers, when he described the introduction of Protestantism into Ireland. He represents bishops, priests, laity, all, taking to the Book of Common Prayer, without protest or opposition, as kindly as if they never in their lives heard of any other form of worship. This incredible fiction is now the fashion of the day.

History (Mr. Crosthwait justly observes) is stupid work with many. It is far worse in his hand. He has, it appears, but one idea in his head, that he himself, and a little garrison in which he lives and moves and has his being, are models of loyalty, and that all outside are rebels and Romanists.

The *Times*, reading his letters, and looking on in amaze, describes him inimitably as an historical somnambulist. "Your views of Irish history or church history are, to our soberer apprehension, says the *Times*, as the feats of a somnambulist who emerges from a garret in his night

dress, and appals the policeman by a succession of dangerously gymnastic feats along parapets and gutters and cornices till he disappears, and a heavy crash informs the spectators that he has arrived on *terra firma*." This photograph of the Vicar of Kildare, as an historical somnambulist, taken by an able hand, is a perfect likeness. Who reads Mr. Crosthwait's letters will at once recognise its accuracy.

We come now to the last and most disreputable paragraph in Mr. Crosthwait's letters. Writing to the Protestant people of England, he describes Catholics as "those whom nothing short of our utter destruction (meaning the destruction of Protestants), can ever please."

"As to pleasing Rome (he continues), we may give up that idea, till we have resigned to her every acre of land held by a Protestant, lay or cleric; and even then the country would be too hot to hold us. No, they must have all—church and forfeited lands, anything less than this they will take only as instalments, and will go on grumbling more and more insolently after each fresh submission to their demands."

Now, I should like to ask Mr. Crosthwait, Vicar-General of Kildare, Incumbent of Lackagh and Monasterevan, if his object in writing to the people of England was to awaken their deadly hostility against his Catholic countrymen, what could he have said more to the purpose than what I have cited? I confess I have seldom met anything so malignant and unchristian. The leaders of the French Revolution indulged freely in addresses of this kind. The constant theme of Marat, Robespierre, and Citizen Danton, was that the utter destruction of the people was the desired object of the higher classes; that nothing short of that could ever please the priests and the aristocrats. The game succeeded, and history tells the

result. "The nobles," says Edmund Burke, "perished, because they were noble ; men who had property, because they had property to be robbed of. The priests were punished after they had been robbed of all, not for their vices, but for their virtues and their piety, which made them an honour to their sacred profession, and to that nature, of which we ought to be proud, since they belonged to it."—(*Letters on a Regicide*, p. 41). These, sir, were the dreadful consequences of that fatal conspiracy, which filled the minds of one part of the community with dark suspicion against the other, ultimately involving both in one common ruin.

If the Protestant inhabitants of this empire could be induced to believe what Mr. Crosthwait so emphatically states—and I rejoice that they cannot—a war of extermination would become inevitable. Man, in self-defence, should fly to arms as a protection against those who seek their utter destruction. This infamous libel on the character of a peaceable and oppressed people, must be put down by the voice of the country. Taken in connexion with the address written for private circulation amongst the Protestant employers of Ireland, and signed by the secretary, at the Metropolitan House, Dublin, it shows the danger to which the country is exposed by the passions or insanity of a few furious men.

This address or circular, which has appeared in all the papers, avers that assassinations are taking place almost daily in our unhappy country, and that, therefore, it is neither safe nor prudent for Protestants to employ Roman Catholics as servants, or to locate them on their lands as farmers or stewards.. Self-preservation, in the case of landlords and owners of property, from the smallest to the largest, can be best effected by means which we have briefly indicated, namely, by employing Protestants only.

"The time (says the circular) has long since arrived to carry out practically the suggestion by the entire community." Here, sir, is a call with a vengeance; a call upon all classes of Protestants, "upon the entire community" to commence, in the name of religion, a war of extermination against the children of poverty, against those whose lot it is to earn a scanty subsistence in the sweat of their brows—against old men and unprotected women, against a people just emerging from famine.

"This method of self-preservation (continues the address) we are convinced would be found a golden rule for Protestants, individually and collectively. It would check the assassination and decimation of our gentry, it would elevate our class, edify the Church, receive the approval of the Most High, and attract the attention and imitation of the civilised and uncivilised inhabitants of Great Britain, of Europe, and the world.

"Signed by the humble servant in Christ Jesus, the secretary of the Employment Society for Protestants."

Nothing more impious, more blasphemous, more subversive of all society was ever written during the French Revolution—a period so fertile in sanguinary monsters. It is, however, fortunately of such a character, so violent, so malignant, as to defeat itself. The project of excluding four millions of Catholics in their native land from employment as servants or farmers, who have no other means of existence on earth, has something in it of the infernal grandeur of Nero's wish that the Roman people had but one neck, in order that he might despatch them with one blow. This inhuman project, aiming at the wholesale extermination of the people, is said, with more than Pharisaical hypocrisy, to be undertaken for their good. "We would desire," says the circular, "to teach them the way of Christ, and to live as Christians ought to do

... Thus, we shall heap coals of fire on their heads, and thaw their virulence by our heavenly love and benign example." Were hypocrisy and blasphemy ever carried to such a pitch?

Turning from the distressing theme to one more congenial to the Christian heart, let me observe that there are, in my judgment, few things more instructive, more noble, than the firmness with which the Irish people, for centuries, first under penal laws, and latterly under an unparalleled weight of calumny, have clung to the faith of their fathers. Oppressed by political disabilities, denied the exercise of their religion, plundered of their property, insulted and outraged in every form, they have never faltered. The grand lesson which this short history teaches, and which has not been yet sufficiently learned, is, that injustice, persecution, and insult are exactly the means by which a people are not to be converted. Protestantism can never gain a sincere convert, nor Catholicity lose a unit, unless by a bribe, as long as the Establishment lasts. It is utterly impossible that a man of conscience, of honour, of principle, can arrange himself at this day on the side of an Establishment which Protestants, as well as Catholics, all the world over, admit to be the greatest ecclesiastical enormity in existence. Not only can Catholicity not lose whilst the Irish Church flourishes, but it is likely to gain those who are honestly in search of truth. Sympathy for the suffering, the attraction of Christ in the Eucharist, and the beauty of holiness, on the side of the ancient faith—the repelling force of injustice and the memory of wrongs on the side of the Establishment—all combine harmoniously to draw pure souls to Catholicism. "Those who think little or nothing about any religion at all," says Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, "will usually be content to profess

whatever religion is established, partly as a matter of fashion, and partly because they are saved from pecuniary expenditure." (*See last Charge, 16 June, '63, p. 26.*)

The classes which the Archbishop so properly describes, and which, I apprehend, predominate in the Establishment, will no doubt continue therein. They have no sympathy with us, but the lovers of truth, who for its possession were ready to sacrifice wealth, honour, and dignities, have come out of it; and others are coming who even now salute at a distance the true church in the words of Moore's "Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion":—"Hail then, to thee, thou only and true church, which art alone the way of life, and in whose tabernacles alone there is shelter from the confusion of tongues. In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, remote alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who would vainly pry into its recesses; saying to both in the language of St. Augustine, 'Do you reason, while I wonder; do you dispute, while I shall believe; and beholding the heights of Divine Power, forbear to approach its heights.'"—Yours, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

Carlow Graigue.

XXXII.

THE WORKING WITHIN OF THE PRIESTS' PROTECTION SOCIETY.

November 1st, 1863.

SIR—Private circulars, and some among them of a peculiarly malignant character, seem to be the fashion of

the day. The private circular of "the Employment and Aid Society for Protestants," recommending, as it does, the wholesale extermination of all domestic and farm servants being Catholics, and of all small farmers and land stewards of the same creed, as the only means of saving the Protestant proprietors from assassination, has been already brought to light, and indignantly and justly denounced, but, I regret to say, by only a small section of the Press. The extermination of the people, which this circular coolly suggests, has not been exceeded in intensity of malice or malignity of purpose, by anything which has appeared even in the worst and most sanguinary period of the French Revolution.

Other private circulars, issuing from the Priests' Protection Society, which have hitherto escaped notice, now lie before me. Publicity through an honest and independent Press is evidently the best means to counteract the evil of such societies. Now to the task.

One of those private circulars runs thus :—

"Converts' Destitution.

"DEAR MADAM—With the utmost reluctance I beg again to urge on your benevolent attention and Christian sympathy the absolute poverty and destitution of some of the converts under the care of the 'Priests' Protection Society.' At this moment the Society is unable to render *pecuniary* relief to them, and they are without a week's support : consequently, if not relieved *at once*, they must either die of starvation, go to the workhouse, or, what would be hailed with joy by the Church of Rome, relapse *outwardly* to her profession."

This circular, which is lithographed and marked private, and addressed to the ladies, is signed Thomas Scott, Clk., Hon. Sec.

The other document, under the heading "REFORMATION AMONGST THE PRIESTS," is an earnest appeal of the Directors of the Society for money to sustain the godly work. "It is (the circular states) the only institution of the kind in these kingdoms: and applicants from every part of Great Britain benefit by its protection, as well as those from our own country.

"A convert student who has passed through Trinity College, was lately appointed to a district church in Ireland, but by a sudden attack of illness lost his voice (I abridge the narrative). He has again appealed to us, his former patrons and friends, for temporary relief. The Directors are desirous to afford it to him, but the low state of the Society's funds at present precludes them from the pleasure of doing that really good work.

"Under these circumstances the Directors humbly, yet earnestly, and hopefully, appeal to you for aid, and they trust they will be favoured with a portion of your Christian liberality.

"In conclusion they may add this stupendous fact, which is not generally known, that a few perverts to a false creed have founded within a short period FORTY-THREE CHAPELS AND MISSIONS IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND."

This Society and all its acts are eminently entitled to attention, being under the patronage and direction of the Earl of Roden, Earls of Mayo, Erne, Castlemaine, Lord Dunsany, several Members of Parliament, and dignitaries of the Established Church—in all thirty-three—with a committee consisting of three clergymen and three captains. The honorary secretary being the Rev. Thomas Scott; Treasurer, the Bank of Ireland.

Now, Mr. Editor, you will at once observe how truly the character of the two classes of converts is drawn in

these proselytising circulars. Blessed be God, who, whilst he receives praise from the mouth of babes and sucklings—*ex ore infantium et lactentium*—extorts the truth from the lips of its bitterest opponents! Protestant converts are attracted by food for the body, and preserved from relapsing by pecuniary aid. So the Secretary states, who also asserts that converts come to the Catholic Church, offering gifts to God, erecting temples in his honour in thanksgiving for that faith which they have received, and that peace of mind which the world cannot give nor take away. Forty-three chapels erected and missions endowed, within a shord period, by the piety of Catholic converts! whilst Protestant neophites are in danger of going back unless sustained at once by money. What a contrast is here exhibited in the conduct of those who happily return to, and those who miserably fall away from, the Church of their forefathers!

This state of things, the Directors of the Priests' Protection Society characterize as a stupendous fact. On the contrary, it is exactly what we should anticipate. Those who have received favours: who have been brought out of darkness into light: who have been relieved from the pain and anxiety of doubt and uncertainty, who feel themselves at length, after much prayer and searching, in the possession of the truth, under the guidance of the ancient Church, and in the arms of the venerable Mother of the Faithful, always tender, always the same, compassionating the prodigal on his return, and overlaying him with her spiritual gifts and graces. Those who feel all this and much more, when admitted to the sacraments of reconciliation and of love, very naturally, as an expression of gratitude, erect temples to God, and as charity is diffusive, they labour to communicate to others, by endowing Missions, the blessings

which they themselves have, with so much spiritual joy and sweetness, received.

This, sir, is the ordinary, and not the stupendous result of a true and sincere conversion to the ancient Church. It need not be said by the Rev. Thomas Scott, or the directors and agents of proselytising associations, that no such thing occurs, when men leave the homes in which their forefathers worshipped. The motives of such men are well understood. The enormous sums of money raised in England—some hundreds of thousands annually—to buy in, and feed the converts, and pay the proselytisers, make known to all, not wilfully blind, the character of the proselytising movement in Ireland.

In this unhappy change there is no new light poured in on the mind, no unburdening of the conscience, no elevation of the heart to God, calling for a testimony of gratitude. The only step a hungry Catholic has to make in becoming a Protestant is simply to neglect the duties of his religion—to abandon the use of the sacraments, never to confess his sins, to bring up his children, with or without baptism, just as he pleases—the grace of regeneration in that sacrament being now left an open question; to look upon the anointing of the sick, notwithstanding St. James's testimony, as useless; and in case of infectious diseases, as very dangerous; to consider Holy Orders and Matrimony no longer as sacraments conferring grace. The former simply qualifies one for church preferments, the other is a civil contract before either the parson or parish register, a contract which may be, any day, annulled by some layman in the modern Divorce Court; the convert, moreover, is in no wise restrained in his belief. He may believe just as much or as little as he pleases. He may reject the dogma of the Trinity with a distinguished Protestant

dignitary lately deceased ; or the truth of the Bible history with Bishop Colenso, or the other doctrines of religion with the reverend authors of the "Reviews and Essays;" he may do all this and still remain a good substantial Protestant.

For this great liberty, however, he feels, after all, no gratitude—he sends no missionaries to propagate it. The more he examines and meditates upon it, the more he is convinced that it is simply an emancipation of the carnal man from the laws of God, a casting away of the sweet yoke of the Gospel, and rejecting the salutary guidance of that holy Church which God declares to be the pillar and ground of truth.

Under what a sad delusion must those honorary secretaries labour, who, with their groups of converts around them demanding bread, cannot draw the legitimate conclusion from the stupendous facts as they designate them, which they themselves have unwittingly collected. They bring together a lot of unfortunate persons, rendered miserable by poverty, ignorance, and vice, without education or other means of improvement ; they provide them with food and raiment, on condition of renouncing the religion of their parents, and immediately honour them with the title of converts, children of light and grace, the elect of God. The great work of conversion is noised abroad in reports of every kind. The blessed spread of the word through all the ranks of Romanism is talked of, in the pulpit or from the platform, as a miracle of grace, and forthwith the inexhaustible benevolence of England is earnestly appealed to for money to perfect the good work, and save the dear souls from relapsing into Popery. These are the society's converts in Ireland : converts obtained by the same means out in India were contemptuously designated

even by the Pagans years ago, the "Company's Christians." We have now at home the "Societies' Christians."

On the other hand, the Catholic Church, without noise or commotion, wins to her creed the first scholars in the empire, men distinguished in science and literature, and in every department of life, men who have sacrificed wealth, honours, and position, to become members of the true fold, and who continue therein, rejoicing that they have found the truth. These converts, amongst whom we reckon the Newmans, the Mannings, the Dodsworths, the Wards, the Wilberforces, the *elite* of the Protestant hierarchy: Lord Viscount Campden, Fielding, Talbot, Pakenham, Thynne, Bellasis, Badley, Bosanquet, the flower of the nobility and the professions: these converts, distinguished by virtue, disinterestedness, and sacrifices, have been designated by the Priests' Protection Society, "Perverts to a false creed." What a stock of cool insolence and stolid bigotry must have been laid in by those gentlemen who hesitate not to adopt such language? It is evident that they have yet to learn, that there is something in honest and deep-felt conviction, whether it falls in with our views or not, which is sure to shelter it from the sneers of all but vulgar minds, cast in nature's coarsest mould.

The proselytising system, as conducted by the Priests' Protection Society, "The Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics," and other societies which infect this country and destroy its peace, is the most audacious and infamous imposture ever attempted to be played off on public credulity. With the enormous expenditure of hundreds of thousands annually, they have never made a sincere convert from the ranks of Catholics. The private circulars and public appeals, calling for money

to save their neophytes from relapsing, is evidence of the fact. They have taught men to scoff at all religion, to hate the religion of their fathers, they may have made Infidels, hypocrites, Deists, Socinians, and incendiaries; but they have never brought a Catholic to believe in the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Protestant Liturgy, which are believed in so little, even by those who have been brought up in that creed.

No man of conscience, of sincerity, of honour, can pass over to the Irish Established Church, which is everywhere admitted, as well by Protestants as Catholics, to be the greatest ecclesiastical injustice and enormity in existence. The difficulty is to find men of eminence and high character, who have not recorded their abhorrence of this leviathan injustice. "There is no abuse like it (says the Rev. C. Smith) in all Europe." Mr. Goldwin, the present Professor of History in Oxford, is still more emphatic, denouncing it "as unjust and unchristian." The latest writer (the Rev. C. Domville) on the Established Church, is a Protestant clergyman. In a letter written from Nettleton Rectory, August 27, 1863, he says:—

"As an Anglican clergyman I feel that an institution so evilly established in the first instance, and so productive of scandal, crime, and suffering ever since, ought, for the sake of our common Christianity, with a due regard to the vested interests, to be disestablished as soon as possible."

Can men holding these opinions, and we all hold them, ever conscientiously join the Anglo-Irish Church? Impossible. The greatest philosopher of the last century, writing about Roman Catholics, observes, "Depend upon it, it is as true as nature is true, that if you force them out of the religion of habit, of education, or

opinion, it is not to yours they will ever go. Shaken in their minds they will go to that (Deism or infidelity) where the dogmas are fewest, where they are most uncertain, where they lead them least to a consideration of what they have abandoned."—*Edmund Burke's Letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe.*

Dr. Johnson, one of the profoundest scholars of which Protestantism can boast, concurred in this opinion.

"A man," he says, "who is converted from Protestantism, may be sincere. He parts with nothing. He is only superadding to what he already had ; but to convert from Popery to Protestantism, a man gives up so much of what he has held as sacred, as anything he retains—there is such a laceration of mind in such conversion that it can hardly be sincere or lasting."

What folly ! what an amount of falsehood and shameless fraud there is in all this boasting of converts from Romanism ! "Of honest, disinterested converts," said the Rev. Mr. Biggs, a Protestant clergyman, in his lecture at the Rotundo, Dublin, June, 1861, "they had absolutely none. Where were they if they had them ? Could they be produced ?—But they had a number of poor creatures who were aided in various ways, on condition of attending classes and meetings, and calling themselves converts. These people some time or other were sure to go back to the only creed they ever believed in, at the hour of death, if not sooner."

No good can come from disguising these facts, and it is desirable on many accounts to look the matter steadily in the face, with a view to check by the stern expression of public opinion such an intolerable abuse.

I have the honour to be, &c., &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XXXIII.

THE DEGRADATION OF PROTESTANTISM
IN ITS CHURCH PATRONAGE.

November 9th, 1863.

“ Write on, write on, ye Vicars dear,
Ye Parsons write hard and fast ;
The good we’ve sought for a many year,
Your quills will bring at last.

By geese (we read in history)
Old Rome was saved from ill,
And now to quills of geese we see
Old Rome indebted still.

Parsons write on.”

MOORE.

SIR—The press, you perceive, is deluged with parsons’ letters on the subject of the rumoured appointment of Dr. Stanley to the vacant see of Dublin. We are told by some that Dr. Stanley is “a man of the most notorious heterodox opinions.” Others hold that “he openly impugns the inspiration and the truth of the Holy Scriptures.” “It is a new thing,” says another, “to see infidelity lifting its head so close to the throne, as it does in the person of Canon Stanley.” The Rev. Meade Hobson, St. Mary’s, Kilkenny, who seems more stirred up than the rest, indignantly complains that clergymen write anonymously on this grave subject. He himself fearlessly gives his name to the public, declaring “that every man should speak openly against the grievous wrong that is threatened against our church. To have such a neologian,” he emphatically observes, “set over this province, and to have an Englishman imported besides, is a gross insult even in the very thought. My spirit boils within me [the Hobsons always had spirit, though

how it boils I don't understand] when I think of the godly and learned men in our church who are thus made little of." Ah! there is the rub; to be passed over when men are well freighted with godliness and theological lore, is intolerable. Flesh and blood cannot stand that. Mr. Hobson very judiciously recommends, and for good reasons, not stated, his own bishop, Dr. O'Brien, "*as facile princeps*," to use his own words, "for the vacant office." Not concurring in this choice, I would rather recommend Mr. Crosthwaith, Vicar-General of Kildare, to whom I delivered a few lectures not long since, and whom the *Times* so correctly describes as an historical "somnambulist." This is the man we want; a quiet, easy man, half asleep, if you like, but never dreaming of persecuting Papists. If he be rejected, I am thinking of proposing the Rector of Killeslin, the Rev. Dr. Dawson Massey, my own parish rector. We could very well spare him. He receives all the income of the parish, and I do all the duty, and, therefore, we live on good terms. He had, I admit, contracted an inveterate habit of writing tracts and letters against Romanism, of which he knows nothing; but I pulled him up a few times, and I can now assure all whom it may concern, that for years he has not written nor published a single line, and I may add, that the doctor is a great favourite with all the saints.

Mr. Hobson's letter, written when his spirit was boiling within him, is, consequently, very dramatic—but, at the same time, I must take leave to say, very foolish. He wants Irish mitres for the Irish. What nonsense! All this hubbub and noise on the subject betray a great ignorance of the policy of the Anglo-Irish church. How many Irishmen wore the mitres of Dublin or Kildare since the revolution in 1688? The bishops of Kildare

within that period were Moreton, Welbore Ellis, Cobbe, Stone, Fletcher, Robinson, Charley Jackson, Jones, Lindsay, and Whately. How many of them were Irish? Not one. In Dublin, we had Agar Ellis, Beresford, Magee, and one or two others : all the rest were English. How often must the spirit of the Hobsons, on seeing these things, have boiled within them during the last two hundred years! And what did the Irish wearers of Irish mitres do for the country or the church? Agar Ellis amassed an immense fortune, and left to his heirs-at-law nearly half a million of money. The Beresfords took possession of some of the richest sees and benefices in Ireland; and as to the Magees, oh, they had fine times of it when papa wore the mitre; how they flourished and expanded their phylacteries! They had ten promotions within a few years. Archdeacon Tommy, as he was called, was lifted up five times; his last move was to the union of Wicklow, for the tithes of which he refused to compound at less than £1,600. In truth, the last who filled the sees of Dublin and Kildare, Dr. Whately, was far the most respectable on the episcopal catalogue, and had more sense than a dozen of them, until his wife and daughters took to swaddling and proselytising. He then lost ground. "Bishops," said the Rev. Sidney Smith, who knew them well, "in the decay of strength and understanding, will be governed, as all other men are, by daughters and wives. Hence I have known," he says, "wife bishops and daughter bishops."

Has not Lord Palmerston, or other ministers of the day, and Her Majesty, the absolute and uncontrolled right to appoint to all vacant sees those whom they in their wisdom shall think fit? and as to Dr. Stanley, is he alone not at liberty on Protestant principles to examine the Liturgy, the creeds of the church, and the sacred Scriptures,

and to adhere to or reject what, after due consideration of the subject and consultation of authority, he finds consonant to reason or his own private opinion? Dr. Whately, in his writings, rejected the dogma of the Trinity of Persons on this Protestant principle, and was never, in consequence, disturbed for a moment in his see. By what right, then, does Mr. Hobson question the propriety of Lord Palmerston's nomination? Were not the appointments of Protestant bishops always made after this fashion? Who selected those who at this moment fill the sees of England? The Duke of Wellington, a great judge of episcopal merit, appointed one; Earl Derby, one; Lord Liverpool, a learned theologian, one; Lord Melbourne, two; Lord Aberdeen, three; Lord Russell, four; the late Sir R. Peel, five, Lord Palmerston, who seems to care as little for orthodoxy as any man in the empire, has appointed ten bishops in England and five in Ireland, thereby bestowing on his friends and supporters about £75,000 a year. One of the most zealous Protestant writers, one who thoroughly understood his subject, who knew the working of the church infinitely better than all the Hobsons, gave, in an excellent article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 28, No. 113, the following accurate account of the appointment of bishops:—

“When a bishop dies, where is the man who dreams that the new one will be chosen on account of his qualifications for the office; or that the lower vacancies, caused by the event, will be filled with reference to merit? When a living in the gift of the Lord Chancellor is to be disposed of, who is so foolish as to imagine that it will be given to the most deserving parish clergyman? In both cases, qualification is disregarded. The most worthy are passed by. The trusts of the church are used as patronage in the most vulgar and corrupt sense of the term,

and the minister of the state who bestows them regularly, does it to enrich his connections or bribe his opponents.

“Why, then, is this man made a bishop? He has been a tutor in one noble family, or he is connected by blood with another; or he enjoys the patronage of some female favourite of royalty, or he is the near relation of a minister, or at the nod of the premier. Why is this man made a dean? He has married a relation of the Home Secretary, or he is a turn-coat, who has joined the enemies of the church in the destruction of her securities, or it is necessary to prevent some powerful family from going into opposition. Why is this stripling invested with an important dignity in the church? He is the illegitimate son of a member of the royal family, or he is the same to some nobleman, or he belongs to a family which, in consideration of it, will give the ministry a certain number of votes in parliament. And why is this man endowed with a valuable benefice? He has potent interest, or it will prevent him from giving further opposition to measures for injuring the church, or he has voted at an election for a ministerial candidate, or his connections have much election influence, or he is a political tool of the ministry.

“Let us now look at those appointments in the church which are not in the hands of the Government. A great number of livings are private property. On what principle are they disposed of? The owners fill them without the least regard for qualification: they practically give them to their relatives while yet in the cradle, and these relatives enter into orders for no other reason than to enjoy them as private property; or clergymen or others buy such livings solely for private benefit.

“ These are some of the inevitable consequences of the system. In the first place, the office of clergyman is sought by the very last people who ought to receive it. Before it is decided that a youth shall be a barrister, a physician, &c., it is ascertained that he possesses the requisite ability or turn of mind ; but the lack of these is too often the reason on which it is decided he shall be a clergyman ; however brainless or profligate he may be, he still must enter into holy orders, because his friends have property or interest in the church. Perhaps they select him for it in preference to his brothers because he happens to be the dunce of the family. Whilst the most improper men are thus impelled to enter into orders, the most fitting ones are restricted from it.”

This, in a compendious way, is the history of the Protestant episcopate. It has been always so, and shall continue so, notwithstanding the blustering and bubbling remonstrances of all the Hobsons in Ireland. The system is evidently unsound from top to bottom.* It has been justly likened to “ whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear to men beautiful ; but within are full of dead men’s bones and all filthiness.” But why all this noise about what we all know to be the established mode of nominating bishops ? From the accession of George III. to the Union, twenty-two Englishmen were promoted to Irish Bishoprics, and “ of the twenty-two Englishmen thus promoted,” says Mant, in his history, vol. 2, p. 796, “ seventeen were chaplains of Lord Lieutenants ;” and now the right of the Queen to appoint the chaplain of the Prince of Wales is questioned, because he is a neologian, holding heterodox opinions. He may hold what opinions he pleases, as his predecessor did, and wear, notwithstanding, the mitre of Dublin.

There are other abuses in Protestantism still greater,

or equally as great, occurring every day, about which the parsons, for very good reasons, never say a word at all. I allude, of course, to the buying and selling of church livings, which are quite as notorious as selling and buying cattle in Smithfield-market. I have before me a long catalogue of parishes for sale, described with all the tact which auctioneers have acquired in the exercise of their calling. Allow me to give a specimen or two :—" A rectory on sale in the diocese of Peterborough. Revenue, £560 net ; glebe, sixty acres ; parsonage quite new ; population only 200." " A rectory in the city of Dublin on sale, producing a net income, above all outgoings for curates or otherwise, of £574 3s. Private offers will be received up to the 25th of August next, and if not sooner disposed of, will be offered for sale by auction at Mr. Littledale's sale-room, Dublin, on Saturday, the 31st of August, at two o'clock, p.m."

How easy it is to imagine how this sacrilegious traffic is carried on. We hear at the door the usual invitation, " Step into the auction, gentlemen. A nice living on sale ; income, above all outgoings, nearly £600 ; curates can't touch a penny of it. What a handsome provision for a gentleman with wife and family ! little or no duty ; what do you say for that parish ? Observe, gentlemen, I don't give the name of the parish in public. It would be highly improper, as the 40th canon of the church declares that the buying and selling of church livings is ' the detestable sin of simony, and execrable before God.' Confidence is expected on all hands. Come, gentlemen, what do you bid for the parish ? Pray observe the present incumbent is in his 77th year, a good round age ; can't go much farther. The purchaser, therefore, shall soon be in possession of this nice benefice. Auctioneer's fees only 2 per cent. upon the amount of

the purchase money ; little or no duty, the parish lying in a Popish district."

In the catalogue lying upon my desk there are sixty parishes or vicarages offered for sale or exchange. What will the indignant Mr. Hobson say to that ? Why does he not, in defence of the church, denounce this scandalous and sacrilegious traffic, which is every day carried on under our eyes ? I never hear of those things without feeling the deepest compassion for our poor Protestant countrymen whose spiritual interests are thus made merchandise of. How wonderful it is that Protestants who are not interested in this traffic, cannot see what an utter abomination this Irish Establishment is ! Although styled the "Reformed Church," it is admitted on all hands, to be the most shameless and corrupt thing in existence. How afflicting it is to see men defrauded by it of their spiritual rights ! "The appointments in the two churches," says a Protestant gentleman of distinguished talents, "are not to be compared, but contrasted. In the Catholic church there is no simony nor its similar, no quartering of sons and sons-in-law on dioceses, no incumbency bargains, no transfers to pluralize according to law, no grand-touring, perambulating the ecclesiastical domain, north and south, first as rectors, and then as bishops. The Protestant Church is just so much stuff for patronage and influence, to be preyed upon by borough-mongers, to relieve the younger sons of the aristocracy, or as perquisites for minions and mistresses. Thus (he continues) the Protestant Church corrupts religion, debases the minds and morals, and utterly perverts the principles of legislation and government. Hence, the clergy are idle and sordid, returning nothing, seizing all, griping, heartless, and rapacious. But the Catholic priests are uncontaminated by the court ; they labour, and

are beloved ; they are paid by voluntary oblations. Can, then, their people be won from them by the hierarchy of the Establishment ?"—*Letters of George Ensor on the new Reformation*, p. 73.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XXXIV.

REPLY TO THE REV. H. JOHNSON, CURATE
OF CARLOW.

March 31, 1864.

REV. SIR—Your letter, addressed to me in last Saturday's *Carlow Post*, will be considered by all intelligent readers, whether Catholic or Protestant, who glance at it, as a sad, nay, a painful exhibition of weakness, folly, and conceit, on the part of a clergyman.

Your position, before the country—and the sooner you understand it the better—is that of one who has grossly and gratuitously calumniated his Catholic fellow-townsmen. You have told them equivalently in your public letter that they are fools and slaves, or, in the slang of the Orange Clubs, which you have adopted, "deluded and priest-ridden." Such language, as long as men have any respect for their honour, will be promptly and adequately resented. Being called to account by one of the offended party, you have nothing to say ; not a word in defence, in exculpation, or atonement. Perhaps, sir, you imagine there is something of virtue in that obduracy of feeling and dull insensibility

under grave charges, the truth of which you cannot deny. Such a state of mind, sir, is the very opposite of that moral courage which enables man, in his individual capacity, silently to suffer unjust reproach.

I regret that you have not had that sense of justice, that small amount of virtue, which would prompt and impel a man of honour, fully, and at once, to retract and apologise. Your conduct may, however, be attributable rather to the want of thought, or to that low degree of intelligence which scarcely enables man to see what is due to his fellow-man, and not to any worse principle in our nature.

Having nothing to say in justification or extenuation of your offence, what then was your letter addressed to me about? Feeling the inconvenience of the pillory, in which your unprovoked assault had fixed you, and, naturally wishing to escape the public gaze, you invite me in your letter to a doctrinal discussion, and you propose the Immaculate Conception as the subject. You are, undoubtedly, anxious to appear in a new character, to strut awhile as a controversialist on the public stage, pompously asking "why your questions and quotations from the Fathers have been left unanswered, and scarcely alluded to?"

Now, sir, it is right to tell you, once for all, that I neither give nor accept a challenge from one whose antecedents disentitle him to the respect due by me to a gentleman. With you there can be no controversy, for many reasons, and first, because no character is safe in your hands. You have written but little, and yet you have offended much against truth and honour. You introduce by name in your second letter the Rev. Father Pecherine: and of him you say, "he is the same who burnt a heap of Bibles in Kingstown some few years

ago." And afterwards, you add, that "he used his eloquence in deifying Mary, not in magnifying the Lord." Now, sir, I distinctly charge you with uttering falsehood in every member of this short sentence. The insinuation against Father Pecherine is not that he burned a Bible, that might happen by accident, without blame, but that, through hatred of the Word of God, he burned a heap of Bibles. You had the conscience to make this false charge, when you knew that the reverend gentleman referred to was acquitted by a verdict of his adopted country ; and in the face of that verdict you, as a clergyman, think it decent and becoming to denounce him in a public letter as a destroyer of Bibles. The sentence of a court of justice cannot, it is clear, save a priest from the slander of your pen. The charges of deifying Mary, and not magnifying the Lord, are calumnies of the same stamp. They at once defame the priest, and caricature his creed, the only object you seem to aim at in your writings.

When repelling these wanton calumnies in a former letter, I asked you if you had taken out a licence to misrepresent every character and fact you had to deal with ? or did you, as a Bible reader, imagine it your privilege to do so ? Confronted after this decisive fashion, what was your reply ? Did you, at once, ask pardon for assailing an absent priest ? Did you apologise and withdraw the offensive charge, as a gentleman would have done ? Nothing at all of the kind. You quote texts of Scripture ; you refer to Luke and Leviticus, and the writings of St. Augustine ; you assert that I have travelled out of the record, and evaded the points at issue ; that I confessed myself a vanquished man, and a good deal of such stuff.

Now, sir, give me leave to tell you that Protestants,

fully as well as Catholics, see and understand the meanness, duplicity, and false manœuvring of such conduct. Look at your case fairly and dispassionately, as it is. You insult the priests and people of this town *in globo* ; you belie and defame an absent priest by name, and being unable to go any farther in that line, you now seek an opportunity of assailing the ever-immaculate purity and ineffable sanctity of the Virgin, whom all nations shall call Blessed. Other controversialists deny the divinity of the Son of Mary ; you prefer to prove the sinfulness of the Mother. With such men we shall have no controversy. It would serve no good purpose ; but we shall be ever ready, as long as health permits, to chastise such insolence and expose such folly.

Again, we are instructed not to cast pearls before swine. The pearls, sir, are the truths of Catholicity, the swine are those who defile, reject, and trample on them. Of the correctness of this interpretation you have under your eyes the most satisfactory evidence. A large number of distinguished scholars, the first in literature, science, and biblical learning, the heads of your colleges and universities, having for years, in deep study and prayer, examined our doctrines, have at length cast away the riches, the honours, the emoluments, the pride and pomp of the State Church, and embraced the truths of Catholicity as pearls of infinite value. These holy doctrines, examined, tested, and accepted, at great sacrifice, as the pearls of the Gospel, by men of the highest order of human intellect, are not to be thrown before one who has neither the learning, nor the intelligence, nor the humility, nor the grace for such an important inquiry, and one who is moreover prepared to deny and reject them.

The great fact above referred to ought to induce men

of your class to speak of Catholic doctrines, even though you do not receive them, with great respect, diffidence, and humility. Although the truth is still concealed from you, you cannot but know that men of the highest intellectual powers, in every way vastly your superior ; men educated in all the prejudices of Protestantism, have been enabled, through the grace of God, casting off those prejudices, to see and embrace it.

Sir, I have written thus far without travelling out of the record, not with a view to your correction, for you have given me no reason to hope for it, but rather as a warning to others of your class. I know nothing more calculated to disturb the peace, order, and the good understanding of neighbours, than the coming amongst us of some strange young priestling, who, in the folly of mistaken zeal, denounces in his first essay—all those of our creed as “deluded and priest-ridden”—and assails a respected dignitary of his own communion in the rudest and most vulgar manner ; who concocts his calumnies against the absent ; who strikes right and left, equally regardless of truth and honour ; and I believe it to be the duty of honest men to seek to abate such a nuisance. St. Paul seems to have in view men of this temperament, when he wrote, “There are many disobedient, vain talkers, and seducers, who must be reproved ; who subvert whole houses, teaching the things they ought not, wherefore rebuke them sharply.”

Farewell.

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

Carlow-Graigue.

XXXV.

ON THE INSPECTION OF CONVENTS.

TO THE REV. MR. WHATELY.

April 15th, 1864.

Your speech at the Rotundo, on the 6th, to which a friend has just called my attention, is, certainly, deserving of notice; not, indeed, for its display of talent or good sense—of candour or truthfulness—of generous and unsectarian feeling; but for the opposite of all these. Whoever reads it, can at once see that it will not be your fault if a crusade be not immediately organised and directed against Catholic liberties.

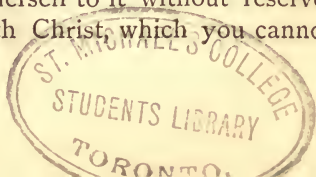
You have evidently a strong antipathy to the conventual system, under which Christian ladies choose to live. You describe it, as an evil of great magnitude, and excite men to make war against it. The subject, you tell us, has weighed heavily upon you; yet one is at a loss to know how, or in what way, it affects you, or what you have to do with it at all. You express your astonishment “How it was that Protestant England could so tamely submit to the existence in the United Kingdom of Roman Catholic institutions which were not subject to inspection.” “You could not account for the toleration of so great an evil, but you believed a day would come when its magnitude would be felt, and unfortunate would England be, if, on such occasion, she was unprepared to grapple with and destroy this giant evil.”

Your hostility to convents is hereditary, and knows no limit. Your father the late Archbishop, in the session of 1853, assailed, in the most unmanly fashion, by a series of calumnious insinuations, the character of religious

houses, when the Nunneries' Bill was under consideration. He did more at that unhappy period of national fanaticism than any man living to arouse, and call into furious action, the bad passions of his countrymen against convents. They escaped, although it was daily apprehended that they would have suffered from the violence of the mob or the torch of the incendiary. The Durham Letter was very bad. It threw England into a fit of insane raving before Europe for months; but the episcopal speech to which I have referred was more insidious, more insulting, and more malignant.

You wish, no doubt, to emulate the virtues of your father, but, by a strange hallucination, you select for imitation and eulogy, what was the most reprehensible in his entire public career—what the decision of both houses of parliament, even in those days of excitement, scouted and condemned; and you bring back to our recollection those acts which a judicious son would wish to have sunk for ever in oblivion.

What is it, reverend sir, that has excited your bile against ladies who have never crossed your path—who have never heeded you—who, without consulting you, or regarding your opposition, but weighing the world and its vanities in the scales of the sanctuary, have chosen, like Mary, the better part? The true idea of conventual life is evidently above your comprehension. It is a mystery to you, and to that world for which Christ refused to pray. The nun is not, as you imagine, a fanatic. She reads her bible, not for display, but as a full and perfect believer. The admonition of our Lord to the rich young man: "Go, sell what thou hast, and come follow me," has for her a full and well understood meaning, and she commits herself to it without reserve. This is the life, hidden with Christ, which you cannot



understand—which excites your antipathy. Its very perfection troubles you, and prompts you to war against it. Your mind is haunted with the idea that the conventual system of the Catholic Church, and the life of your ecclesiastical establishment are antagonistic; that the purity, beauty, and unselfishness of the one, will bring out by contrast too strikingly, the injustice, the deformity, and worldly-mindedness of the other; that they cannot, since the sword and penal laws have ceased to be the support and prop of Protestantism, long subsist side by side together; that one or the other, therefore must go down. The advance or spread of Unitarianism—denying the Divinity of Christ—or Presbyterianism, or Mormonism, or any other heresy, never troubles the State Church. It is only the Divine Institution, with its resplendent purity and attractive loveliness, that fills with alarm the professors of the new creed, ordered, arranged, defined, endowed, and upheld by act of parliament.

The State Church of which you are enamoured, and the Conventual System, which you condemn, have long been before the world. They have been judged by the intelligent of every nation, and that judgment is recorded in a hundred volumes.

The services of religious houses, in the work of education, in the highest as well as the lowest walks of life; the angel like visits of the nuns to the sick and neglected poor; the close resemblance of their lives to that of our Divine Saviour, going about doing good; their contempt of the vanities of this world; their unwearied zeal in prayer and works of charity; their heroism in confronting all manner of disease in the public hospital; their courage in attending even on the outskirts of the battle field the wounded soldier—a courage which has challenged and received the respect of the highest

military commanders of the day. In a word, the whole tenor of their lives, realising whatever is most perfect in the Christian dispensation, have won the admiration of the good and liberal of every creed. Nay, they have extorted praise from the very enemies of the Christian name. Even the cold and cynic spirit of Voltaire—but he had the inspiration of genius—was warmed into admiration by the simple and unaffected display of the heroic virtues of conventual life.

“Perhaps,” he exclaims, “there is nothing grander on earth than the sacrifice which the weaker sex make of beauty and youth, often of high birth and fortune, to comfort and console in the hospital the mass of human misery, the view of which is so humbling to human pride and revolting to natural delicacy. The people separated from the Church of Rome have but imperfectly imitated a charity so generous.”—“*Essai sur l’Histoire Générale.*”

Speaking of another branch of the Monastic institute, the *Quarterly Review*, December, 1811, has the following beautiful passage :—

“The world has never been so indebted to any body of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine Monks. Tinian and Juan Fernandez are not more beautiful spots on the ocean than Malmsbury, Lindisfarne, and Jarrow were in the days of our Heptarchy. A community of pious men, devoted to literature and the useful arts, as well as to religion, seems in those days like a green oasis amid the desert. Like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray.”

Such, sir, is the character of the institute in the unprejudiced opinion of mankind, which you have ventured to designate as a “gigantic abuse,” and which you hope England will, ere long, be prepared to grapple with and destroy. Now, on the other hand, in what estimation is

that establishment held, which enjoys your confidence ? What do the intelligent portion of the world think of it ? If there be any one institution on the face of the globe more universally condemned by the voice of mankind, it is that church established in Ireland by the sword, sustained for centuries by penal laws against the religious convictions of the nation ; that establishment in which you live, and move, and have your being, and out of which you have neither character, name, nor station.

Members of your creed look upon the Irish Establishment as the greatest grievance in existence—as an oppression without parallel—as the foulest blot on modern civilisation. The present Professor of History in the University of Oxford, Mr. Goldwin Smith, declares it to be “unjust and unchristian.” “As an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. C. C. Domville, in a letter dated August 27, 1863, Nettleton Rectory, says : “I feel, for the sake of our common Christianity, that an institution so evilly established in the first instance, and so productive of scandal, crime, and suffering ever since, ought, with due regard to vested interest, to be disestablished as soon as possible.”

“I well remember (says Lord Brougham, in his place in the House of Lords) a phrase used by one not a foe of Church Establishments—I mean Mr. Burke—‘Don’t talk to me of its being a Church ! It is a wholesale robbery !’”—See “Hansard,” vol. 44, p. 932.

It is unnecessary to multiply authorities ; the difficulty is to find men of eminence, as statesmen or philosophers, who have not recorded their abhorrence of this gigantic oppression.

You express your astonishment “that Protestant England could so tamely submit to the existence, in the United Kingdom, of Roman Catholic institutions which

were not subject to inspection." Pray, sir, has the zeal of the Anglican Churchmen no rank abuses of Protestant growth to correct—no errors—no infidelity to eradicate? What do parliamentary and episcopal reports state regarding the faith and morality of your country? What is the fearful testimony of the Divorce Court? What about infanticide? "Not a day passes (says the *Times*) but the disclosures of an inquest, or a trial, establishes the melancholy truth, that human life is losing its value in England. We are relapsing into a criminal and vitiated system; what we have been accustomed to read of with horror; the indifference to infant life in Lacedemon, in Rome, and other States of heathen antiquity—in China, in India, and elsewhere; and what we have set down as the worst blot in their imperfect civilization, is becoming the characteristic of England."

With these dreadful facts under your eyes, exhibiting your own house in such fearful disorder, you, as an English clergyman, are ready to undertake the inspection and internal arrangement of Catholic convents, the abodes of innocence, truth, and sancity—*Quos vult perdere Deus prius dementat.*

Upon what principle can nunneries be inspected by some official misanthrope, who doubts the existence of all virtue, and who comes, therefore, prepared to cater for the public taste and supply the diseased appetite of the Protestant world with exquisite tales of horrors and tortures in religious houses? Upon what principle, I ask, can this be done, which will not justify official inspection of the private residences of every lady in the country? Are our dearest liberties to be forfeited to appease the violent prejudices of disappointed churchmen? What do the inmates of convents owe the State, save obedience to the laws, which they always yield?

What endowments, what public funds, what privileges, beyond that of being allowed to live without molestation in their native land, has the State ever conferred on them ?

Your father's house, by an act of enormous injustice, has cost this poor country, in one week, more than all our convents have cost the State for the last three hundred years. He received for spiritual services, which the people adhering to the faith of their fathers ever rejected, in pay and patronage, nearly half a million of money. If Government officials were employed in examining his accounts, in looking after the enormous expenditure of the public money, they would, it appears, be about their proper business. Was this oppressed and impoverished country ever satisfied with his Grace's ministrations ? The great majority of the nation deemed them novel, erroneous, and unauthorised by Divine sanction, and, therefore, of no value at all ; whilst the section of his own communion, it is said, did not prize them very highly, always entertaining doubts of his orthodoxy. Bishop Whately held nothing in this country by inheritance, nothing by purchase : his ancestors never trod Irish soil ; whatever, therefore, he possessed was salary for prayer, and the least of the nuns, whom he reviled and insulted, and whom you, his son, now assails, prayed more in a week than he ever prayed in his life.

His speech in support of the Nunneries' Bill, on the ground that ladies were imprisoned therein, called forth a protest from the Catholic nobility of England, the concluding paragraph of which is in these words—
“Lastly, the undersigned declare that it is morally impossible that cases of unlawful imprisonment or physical restraints on liberty should exist in convents without the fact being known to them and their fami-

lies. Any assumption of such cases directly inculpates them, as neglectful of their first duties, as men and Christians, and as participators in the wrongful detention of those whom by every tie of kindred and honour, they were called on to protect ; and, therefore, that the present bill, by countenancing the false and injurious suspicions of ignorant and prejudiced persons, that inmates of convents are subject to unlawful imprisonment, is a libellous insult to the ladies in question, to their families and to the undersigned."

Earl of Arundel and
Surrey.

Lord E. Fitzallan Howard.

Viscount Fielding.

Lord Camoys.

Lord Stourton.

Lord Vaux of Har-
rowden.

Lord Petre.

Lord Stafford.

Lord Lovat.

Lord Dormer.

Together with the rest of the nobility.

That dignified protest repelling the calumnies which your father uttered, and which you are resolved to endorse, is a document not to be forgotten by Anglican churchmen. Convents of virgins have existed before your father was born ; they now exist after his death ; and they will continue to exist and flourish when the establishment which has unjustly enriched your house shall be known and remembered with all its vices, tyranny, and errors, only on the page of history. Ah ! reverend sir, you had better leave unmolested those whom God has called to the religious life ; you know nothing of the exalted virtue which they cultivate. The strong undoubting faith that impels the Christian lady to renounce all earthly prospects ; the hope that sustains her ; the unfailing love of our Lord in the sacrament of the altar which makes the sacrifice sweet, are virtues unfelt and unknown, except within the pale of the true

church ; hence those virgins are assailed by externs. To use the words of the Apostle, "As deceivers, and yet true ; as unknown, yet known ; as needy, yet enriching many ; as having nothing, yet possessing all things."

I have the honour, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXXVI.

THE REV. DAWSON MASSEY'S LETTER ON PAPAL PERSECUTION.

March 29th, 1865.

DEAR SIR—It is quite plain to every rational man in Carlow, always excepting the Rev. Mr. Massey, that his letter on "Papal Persecution," which appeared in your paper on the 25th, is both false and offensive, canting, and hypocritical ; a hodge-podge of mischievous fanaticism ; indeed just such a letter as deeply offends every rightly-informed mind.

Now, I beg to assure our learned doctor, that all his shuffling denials, and swaddling piety, and scraps of Scripture, will avail little to screen his scandalous letters from public reprobation.

Firstly, then, it is false, like almost everything he states, that I suppressed the date of his letter. It has no date, never had any ; it fell into my hands about a month ago. I never heard of it before ; and as it is printed, it may be, and is just as good a device for collecting money to-day as at any time within the last ten years. "I ask," says Mr. Massey, who can never say

anything without a swagger, "I ask fearlessly and honestly, why did Father Maher suppress the date?" He has got his answer.

Secondly—It is asserted with the usual swagger, that he never wrote a tract in his life. Again, he says, "I honestly and fearlessly ask him (Mr. Maher) the name of the tract." He shall have it. The title he gives it is, "The Dark Deeds of Popery." It should rather be called "The Dark and Dangerous Dodgings of Dawson Massey, A.M., in this enlightened age." I have several copies of it, a poor girl brought me one within the last few weeks, fearfully horrified at its atrocious and filthy calumnies. This tract is, whether called tract or treatise, or pamphlet, the most malignant congeries of falsehood, calumnies, and absurdities that ever fell under my notice. Does he wish to hear more about it?

Thirdly—"The 80 Roman Catholic Inquirers," "the noble followers of the ancient Bereans," looking to Mr. Massey for religious instruction, is one of those strange hallucinations to which the rector of Killeshin is sometimes subject. It is a myth, a day-dream, but does very well for getting money from England. John Wall, whom he styles a Roman Catholic inquirer, was always a Protestant until a few months ago, and then feeling death approaching he came every day to the chapel, confessing his sins, and was by me received into the church.

Fourthly—What is to be said about Papal tyranny in Carlow, issuing in all manner of outrage and crime? This is too serious a subject to be treated lightly. It must be fully investigated.

Are Protestants and Catholics of this town, who live and have always lived on terms of amity, notwithstanding the mischievous letters and tracts of Mr. Massey, to be

represented by him as engaged in an internecine war—burning houses, stabbing in the lanes, cursing each other in the churches, and fiercely pursuing and assailing Protestant clergymen in the streets? Is the character of our orderly and peaceable town to be assailed and libelled with impunity, by gross misrepresentations of this kind? Is all this to be written and printed, and sent off to some fanatics in England, to arouse the people to come to the aid of persecuted Protestantism in Carlow, to put down, once and for ever, Papal tyranny?

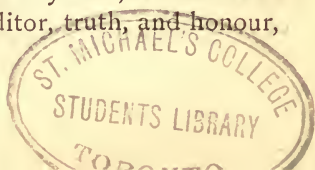
England is not, indeed, asked to send over troops to quell the Popish insurrection, nor to issue a special commission to try the Romish rioters. No, nothing of the kind. England is called upon only to send money to the rector of Killeshin, and he will do all the rest. Now I am prepared to believe that Protestants are as little disposed as Catholics to sanction proceedings of this nature; and no matter what amount of cant and Scriptural phraseology the reverend rector may throw into his defamatory letters, they will no longer be tolerated.

The reverend gentleman appears peculiarly aggrieved, in not being permitted the free use of nicknames, to which he has taken a great fancy, but which, should be left entirely to the low ruffianism of Orange clubs. In one of his filthy tracts he describes the priest as “an intolerant, fiery and crafty persecutor of his Protestant fellow-subjects,” and again, “a case-hardened, sneering profligate,” but his pet name for priests is “conscience-seared hypocritical liars.” He delights in this language, he never wearies repeating it. It is honey to his palate, it gratifies his cultivated taste. It does him good, thus to violate all the proprieties of civil intercourse. Was ever vulgar vituperation brought to such an odious per-

fection ! but we must not be too severe on our author, for if he gives up that line of argument, he is shut up for ever. But the reverend rector has made an apology, he says that "he means nothing personal in using them." What immense stupidity ! Does he hope to escape the indignant censure of his townsmen, by adding insult to insolence ? Kind sir, good sir, he seems to say, I know the priests to be one and all, "universally," hypocritical liars, but, on the word of a gentleman, I beg to say, I mean nothing personal. When shall society cease to be annoyed by the discordant croaking of such fanaticism ?

Some few uneducated Protestants think it quite right to assail us in Mr. Massey's phraseology ; we can never be too much, or too grossly abused ; and they complain rather sharply when the priest holds up the offender by simply quoting his words, to the scorn of civilized society. The clergy of the State Church in our neighbourhood are, I am happy to say, with scarcely an exception, both gentlemen and scholars, kind-hearted in their sphere, and amiable in their circle. They never give offence, and never receive any, and I have no doubt that they feel more acutely the insolence and injury of applying the language I have quoted to Catholic priests than we do.

Mr. Massey's cry for peace—"let by-gones be by-gones"—cannot be entertained. His terms are these—let the rector of Killeshin utter and circulate his hideous calumnies ; let him hurl his insults on insults at the head of the people ; let him have the free and unrestrained use of nicknames, in which ignorance and bigotry delight to revel ; let him send his scurrility to England and Scotland, out of the way of detection ; but let not the priest expose the iniquity of such a system, the baseness of such proceedings. No, Mr. Editor, truth, and honour,



and character must be preserved, although our assailant suffer in the contest by having the dark dodgings of his scandalous pamphlets dragged to light.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXXVII.

REPLY TO THE REV. DAWSON MASSEY.

April 5, 1865.

SIR—Mr. Massey being asked to account for the disbursement of the funds which he raised in England, Scotland, and the Isle of Wight, to save and protect persecuted Protestants in Graigue, and to inform the public who are those on whom he bestows the novel title of R. C. Inquirers; to avoid replying to inconvenient questions he suggests an observation pretty much in the style of an offended school-boy, "I suppose that the various sums entrusted to Father Maher will be as readily accounted for."

Now, to relieve the gentleman's anxiety on this head, will you have the goodness, Mr. Editor, to inform him that I have never appealed to the British public, soliciting money for any purpose, I have never represented the people of Graigue and Carlow, with a view to excite sympathy, as suffering from Protestant persecution; as being assailed and pursued in the public streets by a Protestant mob, and cursed from the Protestant pulpit: I have never described parsons, to frighten old ladies out of their wits, as *terrible wolves* prowling about the lambs

of my flock, nor did I denounce clergymen whom I meet every day as conscience-seared hypocritical liars. I never had recourse to such vulgar, scandalous devices to raise money, hence I am quite at a loss to know what sums Mr. Massey inquires about. Printed circulars, replete with those most offensive and slanderous imputations, injurious to the character of our town, merit the strongest reprobation of every honest man.

Mr. Massey, who is a saint of a certain class, and who, like Goldsmith's schoolmaster, though defeated, could argue still, has always to comfort his spirit with a laudatory sentence on self. If others neglect to proclaim his extraordinary services, there is no help for it, he must do it himself; he therefore seizes, without the slightest idea of its impropriety, the trumpet of fame, and loudly proclaims his worth to a listening world. Hear, O ye men of Graigue, Killeshin, and Ardeteagle! hear your minister, and learn to appreciate your man, and be silent that you may hear.

"For 22 long years (the saint exclaims) I have too faithfully preached Christ, and my dear people have too well learned how to follow Him."

He has, it would appear, Mr. Editor, overdone his work. Verily, this man doth grievously deceive himself. Does he not know, as everybody else knows, that the dear people of Killeshin never cared a row of pins, to use an expression of Sir Robert Peel, about his preaching, that they utterly rejected him, as having no Divine authority to preach or administer sacraments; that out of a population of between three and four thousand, some thirty or forty, now and then, attend his church, composed, in part, of the Protestant shop-boys in Carlow, anxious, I suppose, to hear more spicy denunciation of the Catholic priesthood, than they could expect from

the more moderate and more respectable clergymen of Carlow. Preaching, then, to the people of Killeslin, is simply a delusion. His long years of labour, as far as we know anything about them, have resulted only in the production of those filthy mendacious tracts, bearing his name, the most offensive it has ever been my lot to read.

Other subjects might, with advantage, have engaged his attention. He might well have asked his own conscience what hope of salvation can he entertain, in that perilous position, as Rector in the Established Church, in which the penal laws of this country have placed him. How can men honestly receive or retain a large income for which, in their circumstances, they can make no return, their preaching and ministrations being always rejected by a nation faithful to the religion of their ancestors? The late census, 1861, informs the world that there were a considerable number of parishes in Ireland containing no members of the Established Church. Five hundred and seventy-five parishes containing not more than twenty, that the entire number of Protestants in the eleven dioceses of Kilmacduagh, Kilfenora, Killala, Achonry, Ossory, Cashel, Emly, Waterford, Lismore, Ross, and Clonfert, is less than the number of Catholics in one parish in Dublin, namely, St. Peter's. Does any body believe that a penal law enacted under the influence of a corrupt court, to put down the religion of the Irish people, will justify this state of things, this enormous injustice before high heaven? Protestants of conscience, and honour, and learning, one and all, tell us that the Irish Establishment is the greatest grievance in existence, an oppression without parallel; the foulest blot on modern civilization. "Don't talk to me of its being a Church," said Lord Brougham, quoting Edmund Burke. "It is a wholesale robbery. It outrages

every principle of common sense, and all our notions of justice." It is" (says Goldwin Smith, the Professor of History at the present day in Oxford), "unjust and unchristian." I feel for the sake of our common Christianity," (says an English Protestant clergyman, the Rev. C. C. Domville, Nettleton Rectory, in 1863), "that an institution so evilly established in the first instance, and so productive of scandal, crime, and suffering, ever since, ought, with due regard to vested interests, to be disestablished as soon as possible."

Is salvation, I ask, attainable by those who adhere to, and uphold, as best they can, this unchristian institution—this wholesale robbery? Questions of this kind have induced clergymen—not one or two, but scores, nay, hundreds in our own day—men of the highest intellectual powers to resign their large benefices and seek truth and peace of mind in the ancient Church, which, as it has seen the origin, so shall it witness the fall of all modern heresies.

But the establishment has attractions which make men quite forget its unchristian character. In the *Court Journal* of last month we find the following interesting notice, under the heading of the Church of Ireland:—

"The Most Rev. Dr. Fowler, Archbishop of Dublin, died worth 150,000*l.* Beresford, Archbishop of Tuam, 250,000*l.* Agar, Bishop of Cashel, 400,000*l.* Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, 300,000*l.* Knox, Bishop of Derry, 100,000*l.* Hawkins, Bishop of Raphoe, 250,000*l.* Dr. Porter —, 250,000*l.* Bernard, Bishop of Limerick, 60,000*l.* Cleaver, Bishop of Ferns, 50,000*l.*"

Dont talk to me of its being a Church! It is a wholesale robbery! and no mistake.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XXXVIII.

REMARKS ON THE CHARGE OF HIS GRACE
THE MOST REV. DR. TRENCH, ARCH-
BISHOP OF DUBLIN.*January 31st, 1866.*

MY LORD—The leading journal of England, not long since, speaking of episcopal visitations and charges, declares "that the Irish clergy hate and abhor the whole affair. Their disgust is intensified (it continues) by the circumstance that they have to pay for it."—*Times*, Nov. 28.

Notwithstanding this strong dissuasive of the *Times*, I procured your lordship's primary charge to the clergy of the united diocese of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare, and read it with the utmost care. And now, my lord, in venturing to notice one of its prominent topics, I beg to assure your Grace beforehand, that I shall not, for a moment, forget the respect and courtesy due to talent, rank, and dignity.

The most elaborate pages of that charge are those perhaps in which you treat of the duty of your clergy towards the Catholic population, with a view to conversion, and to the performance of that duty, you stimulate them, by a reference to their ordination vows; by words of praise on what you describe as "that remarkable work of conversion in West Connaught, which," you add, "has earnest claims on the liberality of churchmen."

The task of conversion, however, you candidly admit, is surrounded with many practical difficulties, which you thus describe—page 30: "There are first the obstacles

growing out of our own indolence, our fear of men, our imperfect acquaintance with the points really at issue between the churches ; our insufficient hold on our own hearts of those precious truths, which are peculiarly our own, our too inadequate sense of the priceless value which these truths possess."

These, my lord, are, indeed, excellent reasons—most convincing reasons for *avoiding*—not for entering into controversy—for calling on your clergy to desist at once from tampering with the religion of others. How, in the name of common sense, I beg to ask, can disputants do anything but evil in religious matters who imperfectly comprehend the truths of their own creed ? or as your Grace more emphatically and eloquently expresses it, who have an insufficient hold of those truths in their hearts, and an inadequate sense of their value ? Such men can do a world of harm, offending, irritating, and unsettling the public mind. They can, like the heretics of all ages, pull down and scatter—creating sects of all kinds ; but they can neither build up nor consolidate. Your Grace, I am sure, will agree with me that they evidently are not the men to work conversion. *Qui habitat in cælis irridebit eos ; et Dominus subsannabit eos.*

With your Grace's knowledge of their unfitness, permit me to say, with great respect, that it appears to be a duty to call off the men, to suspend their operations, and to leave our nation in the quiet possession of its ancient creed, in which alone the people believe ; and to which they cling with the heart's fondest affection.

Renewed attempts at proselytism, under episcopal sanction, is a sad prospect for our country ! Are these aggressions on religious liberty and domestic peace to be for ever endured ? When, my lord, shall the faith of Ireland be sufficiently tested ? It has already been tried

by penal laws, by the sword, and the gibbet—by the confiscation and plunder of all our property. It has been so tried for centuries. Shall the time, my lord, ever come when it will be said to those missionaries of discord—Hold, enough! Cease to torture and insult a people who have given the highest and noblest proof of the sincerity of their attachment to the religion of their forefathers. Let them henceforward live in peace; and let those, who have in their hearts no sufficient hold of the truths of any religion—who are divided, distracted, and split up into all manner of sects: let them attend to their own salvation. An admonition, my lord, in these words, from episcopal lips, would meet, I hesitate not to say, the entire approval of every sincere and enlightened Protestant in the kingdom.

What has been gained, my lord, by tampering with the religion of the country? Have we not had enough of it already? Your Grace, I presume, must know that the proselytising societies, under a variety of names, and commanding a large cohort of scripture-readers, recruited from the lowest and most ignorant classes of the community, are spread like net-work over the whole face of the kingdom, to the intolerable annoyance of the humbler classes. They are, of course, like their instructors, imperfectly acquainted with the points really at issue between the churches, but they are well trained in the use of cutting words, which, as your Grace observes, will rankle like barbed arrows in the heart of an opponent. It is the art in which they excel, the missionary labour to which they zealously apply themselves; and having thus offended and lacerated the religiously sensitive hearts of the people, they return to their employers to report their triumphs and receive their pay.

Look to the enormous staff of “Irish Church Missions

to Roman Catholics." The seventh report gives the list of its officers. The vice-presidents are thirty-one in number, of whom six are members of parliament, fourteen marquises and earls, together with other members of the nobility; and a few naval and military commanders, all ready to take the field against Romanism, with the Bible or money in hand, as the case may require. It has besides the aid of forty-two local secretaries in England, nearly all clergymen of the Established Church. The underlings, agents, and scripture-readers make a total of 788 agents employed by the society. The income in the year 1856 was, in round numbers, £40,000. The exact sum is given at £39,759 15s. 5d.

Other societies, equally well organized and enriched, have sent amongst us their contingent of readers, and evangelical pioneers, forming a troop of several thousands, with an income of not less, I suppose, than £200,000 yearly. Was ever such an aggression made on the faith of a Christian people? Is it to be continued under your Grace's administration?

The proselytising parties carry on the warfare against Catholicism by false reports, insulting and libellous placards circulated by millions; advertisements and hand-bills, which are written, not to win converts to the thirty-nine Articles, or the Book of Common Prayer, but evidently to tease, to irritate, and offend Catholics.

Take the following as a sample of the hand-bill and placard controversy:—

1. "Roman Catholics, are you aware of the astonishing resemblance between Romanism and Paganism?"

2. "Can Dr. Newman or any priest of the Church of

Rome say in what respect does the Pope resemble St. Peter save in one instance of his denying Christ?"

3. "How many shillings, crowns, half crowns, and pounds are given in each of the chapels for all souls this year?"

4. "Why does Vice-Pope, Paul Cullen, prefer foreign missionaries to the home-bred offspring of the State-fed Maynooth?"

5. "Has not the Church of Rome borrowed the celibacy of her religious orders from Paganism?"

6. "Is the Pope Antichrist?"

7. "Is it not evident that Romanism is only Paganism baptised?"

8. "Roman Catholics are earnestly and affectionately requested to attend."

In the seventh report we read at page 16 a blasphemous story of a priest consecrating an ass, to carry the Blessed Virgin in procession. Sensational and stimulating paragraphs of this kind it was which drove the people of England in 1850 to burn in effigy bishops and priests, nay more, they consigned to the flames at Putney, amidst yells of exultation, the image of her who is the mother of the incarnate God. Oh! how the heart beats, and the brain burns to think of such indignities—of scenes so disgraceful to Christian civilization!

The placards and reports exhibit a fearful amount of ignorance and irreligion, parodies on the scripture, fabricated conversions from Romanism, calumnies and slanders against priests and nuns, and ridiculous stories, representing the whole nation as sunk in worse than Pagan ignorance. The reports are prepared with a view to spread and sustain the prejudices that exist against the Irish, and are always wound up by the most whining and hypocritical appeals for money, more money to carry on the blessed work in Ireland. There is

nothing in the world, not even in the infidel press, to equal the malignity, the recklessness of truth, honor and decency, which characterize the entire literature of the Irish proselytising societies.

You will observe, my lord, in the above extracts from the placards, that everything to offend and wound is said. At one time the clergy are assailed collectively; but that does not satisfy or appease the malignity of the gossellers. They select from our body the most honoured and respected names to offer them personal insults, posting them on the walls and gates of the city. What, my lord, I respectfully beg to ask, would be the condition of Dublin if Catholics, forgetful of charity and Christian forbearance, were to adopt the same atrocious system, covering the walls with placards, and filling the journals with advertisements offensive to your Grace and the clergy of your communion? There is not, my lord, I venture to assert, a Protestant gentleman in the country, of intelligence and a due sense of honour, who does not feel on this subject as I do. He feels that Protestantism is in no small degree compromised by the adoption and use of those low, malignant, vulgar arts of annoyance which men of truth and conscience can never employ.

With a large supply of those infamous placards and hand-bills, the vagrant gossellers enter the houses of poor Catholics, and, sitting at their fireside, assail the sacred mysteries of religion in the coarse, vituperative language of their school, and afterwards boast of having paid many thousand evangelical visits. The extent of this nuisance may be estimated from the fact that the pay of the Scripture-readers and lay agents (of only one of the proselytising societies), hired for the year ending May, 1863, amounted to £5,672 2s. 10d., while the posting

of placards and scattering of hand bills for the same year cost £1,294 12s. 7d.

Was ever a people so trampled upon and insulted—was ever religion so abused? The proselytisers, with bitter ingenuity, seem to direct the whole force of their mind to select the tenderest points of the Irish character where wounds could be inflicted, and disgust combined with suffering. Old and young ladies, fussy and fanatical, whose religious knowledge is on a par with that of the hireling proselytisers, and who are, of course, imperfectly acquainted with the points at issue between the Churches, engage also in this work, producing the effect so well described by Edmund Burke, “Of driving all religion from their own minds, and filling them with the violent hatred of the religion of other people.” Talk, indeed, of the Papal aggression! Was ever an attempt like to this made upon the religion and domestic peace of a faithful nation?

Twelve Catholic Bishops were substituted, in the year 1850, for the eight Vicars Apostolic who had hitherto administered the sacraments to those of their own communion. This arrangement is what was called the Papal aggression. It was simply this and nothing more, no matter what was said to the contrary. How, my lord, did England bear it? She screamed as if she had been wounded to the heart. She writhed in agony through all the ranks of her hierarchy and clergy, tossing to and fro, and refusing to be comforted until the legislature, to ease her conscience, passed a penal law against the Catholic Bishops. The most learned, calm, and dignified of your Grace’s Church, when they came to speak of this aggression, what language did they use? They denounced it, my lord, as “insolent and insidious,” as “foul and offensive,” “pestilent and horrid, subtle and

unholy," "malignant, frightful, mad, atrocious, revolting, and shameless."

What would they have said and done if, instead of twelve learned and virtuous men, some thousands of uneducated Popish controversialists had been sent over to tamper with the religion of Protestants—to denounce the Book of Common Prayer at the public fairs and markets—to scoff at whatever the Church of England holds as sacred. How long would England tolerate such an abuse? What time would she take to sweep such a lot of gossellers from her shores? And if she would not endure such a system of insult for an hour, is it fair, my lord, or right, or honourable, or decent, to inflict it, aggravated one thousand fold, upon a dependent Catholic nation? Is it doing unto others as we would be done by? Oh! how wonderfully one-sided is England! Her judgment in the case before us, shall, most certainly, meet no approval from Him who has said, "Divers weights and divers measures are both an abomination to the Lord."

I address this letter to your Grace, knowing that your high position in the Church and influence in the State will enable you to abate a nuisance, and put an end to insults which no nation in the world would endure unless under the pressure of some dominant power. If English gold, which quickens the spirit of proselytism, were otherwise employed—winning back to Christianity, for example, the pagan millions in the factories of England—the intolerable evil of which we complain would soon disappear.

Liberty and justice, my lord, which give protection to all, ascendancy to none, demand the extinction of this unparalleled abuse at your hands. It is the only service you can ever render to those of the old faith. Your Church,

I need not say, is unpopular, but its encouragement of illiterate and hireling gossellers and billstickers, to insult us, has rendered it, to the Catholic mind, as you can easily understand, utterly detestable. "In the long run," says a distinguished Protestant clergyman (the Rev. G. Webster, Chancellor of Cork), "I believe it will be discovered that the Irish Church Missions Society has done irreparable mischief to the Church (Protestant) in Ireland."

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

Carlow, January 31st, 1866.

XXXIX.

ON THE SOCIETY FOR IRISH CHURCH
MISSIONS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS.

TO HIS GRACE THE MOST REV. DR. TRENCH,

February 6th, 1866.

The means which have been invariably employed to subvert the faith in Ireland is a subject upon which great error still prevails; and one which your Grace, having influence in Church and State, might study with advantage to this country.

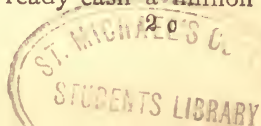
As an historical fact, it cannot be questioned that Protestantism has been introduced and sustained in Ireland by force and fraud, and strength of purse, never by the power of reasoning, or prayer, or the grace of God, the means with which alone, as your lordship knows,

Catholicity wins her converts, amongst the most learned and intelligent of your countrymen.

England first sought our conversion in a summary way. She interdicted Catholic worship, suppressed our abbeys, religious houses, and all educational institutions; she made it illegal for Catholics to keep a school at home, or to send their children abroad to be educated in the faith; she prohibited the reception of converts to the Catholic fold; the celebration of Mass, or the administration of baptism, or, indeed, any other sacraments by the Priest. She issued her proclamations at five different periods, from 1605 to 1678, commanding the Popish clergy to quit the kingdom. In a word, she made every act of Catholic worship a felony punishable by the severest penalties, of imprisonment, exile, or death, as the shortest way to end disputes; and she rigorously enforced her ordinances on these points for centuries.

We passed through this fearful ordeal with loss, it is true, of all earthly goods, and we are still in consequence the poorest people in Europe, but unshaken in the faith which our forefathers held to God. How strange it is, my lord, that such noble fidelity, and long suffering in a cause so holy and just, never elicited, not even in this age of enlightened progress, the sympathy and respect of the otherwise generous British public.

The controversial penal code had been fully tried, and having failed to convert the Irish, other proselytising agencies were soon brought into action, but with no better success. Schools, under a variety of names, took up the work as a profitable speculation; Trinity College was enriched with estates, to the enormous extent of 199,573 statute acres. The Royal Free Schools were liberally sustained, and to the Charter Schools alone, not to speak of others, the Parliament voted in ready cash a million



and a half of money to teach the little Popish natives the beauty and holiness of English Protestantism. Notwithstanding this immense outlay of public money, and Protestant zeal, there was no falling away in our ranks, no reduction in our numbers, no inroad on the domain of Popery. It was rather widening its boundaries every day. Thus matters progressed, when an event occurred in 1835 which excited and stimulated the piety of the Church to extraordinary activity. The Prime Minister of England, Lord Melbourne, in that year made a statement in the Lords, quoting, as his authority, the reports of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, that there are (in Ireland) 155 parishes with an income of £12,000 a year which do not contain one Protestant. There are 173 parishes, of which the income is £19,000 a year, and in each of which the number of Protestants is under ten. There are 406 parishes, of which the joint income is £54,000 a year, and in which the Protestant population seldom exceeds fifteen and never exceeds fifty.

This state of things, when brought by the First Lord of the Treasury under public notice, spread alarm through every rank and gradation of the Established Church. The dignitaries thereof, taking counsel together, said, we must by one means or other, bring down the overwhelming Catholic majorities, and get up Protestant congregations to fill our deserted State Church, otherwise we shall lose our rich benefices. "*Venient Romani*," they exclaimed like the Pharisees of old, "*et tollent nostrum locum et gentem*."

Proselytism, in consequence, became, with renewed vigour, the order of the day. Companies of *colporteurs*, tract distributors, bill-stickers, and ignorant biblemen were organized in every quarter and sent through the country, to do the work from which the educated classes instinctively shrink. They insulted and outraged the

feelings of the poor people beyond endurance. They first got up riots, then summoned those who resisted their insolent aggressions, before proselytising magistrates, and had them punished. We have all witnessed such scenes at petty sessions. Bible meetings at this time were regularly held in every town and village, and numerous attended. The gentry and some of the nobility, unemployed parsons, and half-pay officers, having little else to do, were easily enlisted in the holy cause. The spread of Popery was made the theme of exciting harangues by unfledged orators at all biblical re-unions. Some few of the parsons signalised themselves in the art of vituperation. The rector of our parish, the Rev. Mr. Massey, whom it would be unkind for me to forget, was not the least conspicuous. He had several competitors in the art, but, I believe, no equal. He distanced his rivals. He had a particular fancy in designating the Catholic clergy as "universally conscience-seared hypocritical liars." This compound epithet had, in his judgment, a magic power to overthrow the strongholds of Popery. Hence I find he reiterates it a dozen times in a few pages which now lie before me.

After this fashion, my lord, the crusade against us was carried on for many a dreary year. Never was so much work done, but without any visible effect in filling up the deserted temples of the Establishment. Events ran, at this particular-period, in full tide in the opposite direction. The most distinguished men in the universities—your Grace's earliest friends—were found coming over in considerable numbers to seek grace and peace in the ancient Church.

At length, the famine having fallen on the country, it occurred to the leaders of the proselytising movement in 1848, that what could not be done by penal laws, by

abusive tracts, blasphemous and libellous placards, or by outraging decency in every possible way, might, perhaps, be effected by bribes judiciously administered to a starving people. This was the last chance for adjusting the balance of numbers between the millions of the old religion and the thousands of the new faith.

West Connaught, where the famine was most severely felt in Ireland, was judiciously selected for the grand experiment, and every agency which Protestantism could command was brought into the field. England sustained the cause with its wisdom and its unbounded wealth. She formed a society on a large scale entitled "The General Irish Reformation Society," the committee of which reckons amongst its members a whole host of the nobility, gentry, and clergy. They appealed to the country for money, which, for proselytising purposes, is seldom refused, and, having obtained it, they issue their instructions to their missionaries, stating, without reserve, the means to be employed in gaining converts.

In their report, printed at Kirby, Lonsdale, in 1848, we read the following passages:—"If ever there was a time," they exclaim, "for England to make a great effort for the evangelising of Ireland it is the present; the poor are ready; the great distress has softened the heart of the poor." . . . "A famine shows the poor Romanist the incapacity and tyranny of the priest and the humanity and integrity of the Protestant clergy." . . . "Many converts from Popery have been kept from the grave, and many sincere inquirers after the truth have been enabled to come out of Babylon through our protection."

This report, my lord, emanating from an influential body, is the most reprehensible document that ever it has been my lot to consider. Whether its philosophy be from heaven or hell I shall leave to others to decide.

Let us, for a moment, view the missionary labours in the West, conducted on the principle inculcated in that report. The pious missionary patiently awaits the desired moment when famine softens the heart, deranges the intellect, and disturbs the judgment of the hungry man, to step in and offer, by a supply of food, to save him and his starving children from the grave, on the simple condition of his betraying the faith which he and his fathers had ever held to God. "Many converts of Popery (says the report) have been kept from the grave through our means." Yes, truly, those humane gospel messengers gave the poor people their choice to die of hunger holding their faith, or to profess Protestantism and receive food. There is a malignant refinement in this persecution. Was ever anything so ungenerous, so unmanly, so cruel as to avail oneself of the dreary and dismal hours of famine to torture starving creatures to change the religion which they inherited from their ancestors? Yet this is the shameless deed recommended, perpetrated, and avowed in their report by the lords and earls and parsons of the General Irish Reformation Society. These conversions, which would cause an enlightened Pagan to blush, are boasted of in English journals as works of Christian charity, as evidence of the progress of Protestantism.

The sanctimonious proselytisers gloat with infinite satisfaction over the wretchedness of the poor man, as affording a chance of subverting the faith of the Christian. Great distress, the honourable society assures us, softens the heart of the poor. Would to heaven we possessed the art of softening the corrupted heart of mammon, and of purifying it from that Pharisaical hypocrisy and lying which have aggravated the suffering of the people to an inconceivable degree.

The bulletin of the General Irish Reformation Society sent from England, wonderfully stimulated the auxiliary associations at home to avail themselves of the propitious influence of famine in making Protestants. It was about this time that the Society for Irish Church Missions was formed; and the work of pecuniary proselytism was carried on so openly and shamelessly that your Grace's predecessor, Dr. Whately, deemed it a duty to denounce the system publicly. In his pastoral of the famine year, he writes :—

"There cannot be a more emphatically unsuitable occasion for urging any one to change his religion and adopt ours, than when we are proposing to relieve his physical distress, because all the grace of a charitable action is in this way destroyed, and we present ourselves to his mind as seeking to take an ungenerous advantage of his misery, and as converting our benefactions into a bribe to induce him to do violence to his conscience."

Proselytism, notwithstanding this exposure of its iniquity, was carried on most vigorously. Miss Fanny Bellingham, 26, Upper Dorset-street, Dublin, under high patronage, and full of zeal, collected and disbursed considerable funds for the relief of—

"Converts and Children of Connemara."

of which she furnishes the following account :—

		£	s.	d.
Cash for meal,	...	1,092	15	4½
For rice, salt, milk, fuel,		52	11	5
For frieze, flannel, calico, &c.,		273	7	9½

Next follows an account of monies to the missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Kilbride, Macredy, Connolly, and Callaghan; and expenses for orphans' lodging, Conne-

mara nursery, boilers, tubs, postage, printing reports, account books, &c.

It was stated in the *London Standard*, September, 1851, that the missionary, Mr. Callaghan, "had on hands forty converts for confirmation, but whom," it is added, "he kept back on account of their dwarfish appearance, caused by famine, which made them appear only ten or twelve years of age, when in reality they were fifteen or sixteen."

In page 11 of Miss Bellingham's report is recorded a vote of thanks to the Ladies Boyle, Brackenbury, Bruce, and Brownlow, &c., &c., one hundred and seventy in all, "for bales and parcels of clothing for the Connemara converts, schools, and orphan nursery. Again, page 7, the missionary, Kilbride, writing to Miss Bellingham, concludes his despatch, February 24, 1852, exclaiming—"Oh! I would press upon you not to allow, if possible, the food to cease. Now is not the hour to fail when the enemy is endeavouring to snatch from them the Word of truth."

In a report for the year 1856, of the Ladies' Irish Association, under the superintendence of forty-four parsons; treasurers, D. C. La Touche & Co.; secretary, Miss Mason, Sackville-street, Dublin, I find the following passage:—

"We just mention that our relief fund is utterly exhausted, and that during the last twelve months we received very much less than any year since 1847, and yet the number requiring aid has not lessened; and need we add, it is no easy matter for the poor to procure the commonest necessities of life."

Another imposing society, under the presidency of Lord Roden, and vice-presidency of nine earls and lords, several members of Parliament; bankers, Puget & Co.

London ; Messrs. La Touche & Co., Dublin ; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. Colonel Inglis, Castle Douglas, Scotland, sister of Miss Mason, of Dublin, and Dr. Mason, who at that time was the secretary of the Irish Society.

This corporation went to work in the proselytising line with great liberality—sending their money in considerable sums to the parsons up and down through the country to feed their converts. I cannot, within the usual limits of a letter, lay before you the details of the Society's operations. Their ninth report, with its accompanying correspondence, fills thirty-six pages ; and if your Grace take the trouble of reading it (I can supply you with a copy thereof), your lordship will, I doubt not, agree with me that it is as unmitigated trash, hypocrisy, folly and falsehood as ever was printed.

The Protestant rectors who edited, in 1864, the correspondence of the Rev. G. Webster and the advocates of the Church Mission Society, emphatically observe at page 8, "That in Ireland the food, and clothes, and lodging are offered for the express purpose of inducing Roman Catholics to do what we know they believe to be sinful."

We see in these passages, my lord, the classes of persons, on the very verge of starvation, amongst whom Protestantism, by a supply of food and money, hopes to make its converts. A few hundreds of wretched orphans, or a few dozen of dwarfish creatures, stunted in growth by famine, would be very desirable in any of the 155 parishes wherein not one Protestant is found, and where the parsons receive £12,000 a year, or in the 406 parishes where the Protestant population seldom exceeds 15, whilst the parsons receive £54,000 a year.

These, my lord, are the grand results of the West Connaught Mission which you so highly eulogised. We

find up and down through the district lots of little three and four-year-old converts in the nurseries intensely hating Popery, reading and interpreting the Word on the principle of private judgment. We see the means employed in getting them up. They are fed for months, and then exhibited and paraded before the public, and boasted of as the splendid trophies of Protestantism. Was ever, my lord, iniquity so thoroughly frontless? How strictly has the principle, recommended by the Reformation Society, of starving Papists into Protestantism, been acted upon. Is there, my lord, an honest man in Dublin, a respectable Protestant in any part of Ireland, who will not condemn with his whole soul, this vile, unchristian traffic? Slavery, with all its abuses—to rid the world of which we paid twenty millions of money—has had nothing worse than this.

I have the honor, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XL.

A REVIEW OF MR. MASSEY'S LETTER PUBLISHED IN THE DAILY EXPRESS.

February 15th, 1866.

DEAR SIR—Have you read or heard of Mr. Massey's last utterance on the Cattle Plague—on disbelief in the Bible by men of science and Church dignitaries—on the sins of the nation, whose offence, he adds, is rank and smells to heaven—on the Irish rebellion, which he affirms is likely to burst out into a “terrible destructive con-

flagration"—on pharisaic ritualism amongst the clergy, and other national sins? These utterances, Mr. Editor, constitute the most pious piece of fanatical preaching that has, for a long time, fallen under my notice. They should not have escaped your attention; and you are not the man, I am aware, when the case comes before you, to put the shining light of another under your editorial bushel. Let us review the matter somewhat in detail.

In the first place, his reverence is angry, most unwisely angry, with the government "for not appointing a day of national humiliation for the cattle plague." He seems to think that Protestants cannot fast, and pray, and humble themselves, unless compelled by an act of parliament, or *exhorted* thereunto by a royal proclamation; and if he desired an order on that subject, would it not be more natural for him to call upon the rulers of the Church, rather than those of the State, to come to his aid; but he is angry also, in a high degree, with ecclesiastical superiors. Hear his words. "An evil spirit," he says, "of scoffing scepticism prevails amongst our men of science, and alas! even dignitaries of our Church conspire with them, in treating, in an irreverent Sadducean tone the sacred volume, though they profess to believe it God's most holy Word." This, Mr. Editor, is very sharp, and exhibits a sad state of things. What are poor Protestants to do under such guidance? How are they to make their way to heaven when they discover that their learned men and richly endowed dignitaries, according to Mr. Massey, are laughing and scoffing at the Bible, which they profess to believe.

But all have not gone astray. Three, Bacon, Newton, and Locke, have stood firm. "Their bold genius," writes Mr. Massey, "in its eagle flight carried them *extra*

flammantia mœnia mundi (wherever that is), and rose over the mists that obscured the temple of human knowledge, till itself became illuminated by the radiant truths of Christianity !”

Infidelity, notwithstanding the dangerous flight beyond the flaming walls of the world, prevails to a great extent in England. The operative classes have nearly all renounced Christianity. Millions are to be found in the factories who know nothing of it, so the census and other authentic reports tell us. Mr. Massey sees it, too, for, he says, “Pharisaic ritualism, now so prevalent in England, threatens to sap the faith in Christ.” If England goes a little farther in this course, and “shall have,” he adds, “returned to the shadows of death that shrouded the dark ages, Ichabod shall be written on her glory.” I shall leave it to you, Mr. Editor, to tell the world who this Mr. Ichabod was, and if you find yourself at fault, please to consult Mr. Mat Hoey, or old Rogers, or any of the learned philomaths of the county. They know all about Ichabod, and the *flammantia mœnia mundi*, as well as Mr. Massey’s congregation.

But what, Mr. Editor, is this pharisaical ritualism which troubles Mr. Massey? It simply means that there is a large number of Protestant clergymen who wish to act up to, and retain everything contained in and prescribed by the canons and rubrics of the Church, as they understand them—such as the confession of sin, the observance of feasts and fasts, and days of abstinence—amongst which the Book of Common Prayer enumerates all the Fridays in the year, except Christmas Day; and amongst the festival days it enumerates the Purification and Assumption of the B. V. Mary, and all saints. The clergymen thus seeking conscientiously to do their duty according to their lights, are those, in Mr.

Massey's opinion, who are sapping or undermining the faith of Christians. There is another and a much more numerous party who laugh at these observances, who will not submit to fasting or abstinence, or any other humiliation for sin, unless the Prime Minister orders it. They will not suffer their liberty to be restricted by any old rubric or canon of the Church. They want a new, freer and a better religion. The religion of the Book of Common Prayer is worn out—quite used up ; it was not to last for ever.

Changes, therefore, are every day demanded, and amidst this shifting and changing, some are nearing the gulph of infidelity, whilst others, solicitous about salvation, are coming to seek shelter from this confusion of tongues in the bosom of the one holy Catholic Church.

Not long since, it was with the Catholic priest Mr. Massey was angry. He had then an ugly, vulgar habit of calling us nicknames. This habit, we all know, is the usual, and often the only resource of bigotry in a passion, and Mr. Massey was unquestionably in his day at the head of that department. His writings afford numerous instances of this style. The priests, he said, were "hypocritical liars ;" but that was not enough ; he announced that they were "conscience-seared hypocritical liars ;" and even that did not appease his angry feelings, until he added "universally conscience-seared hypocritical liars." And there he stopped, to take breath, for the force of folly and bigotry could no further go ; but he never represented us as infected with an evil spirit of scoffing at the Bible, as he does some of the dignitaries of his own church. Now, when I first read these and similar passages in Mr. Massey's writings I put them by carefully, for it occurred to me it might be well,

at some future time, if he ever reverted to the habit of censuring his neighbours, to scourge him gently *in correctionem*, with the rod which he himself has put into our hands.

But Mr. Massey having lost all hope in the power of Church, or State, to stay the rinderpest, announces, through the public press, in the most formal manner, his determination to begin the work himself.

"As Ash Wednesday," he says "is the day annually enjoined by our church for public confession of sin, and supplication for pardon, I propose, God willing, to urge my people to humble themselves before the Lord in his house on that day."

Did he ever do it before? What brings him to church on Sunday if he omits to exhort the people to repent and humble themselves before the Lord? And now that he is going to do it, does he think it necessary to publish the extraordinary feat as an item of news in the public journals? and he complacently adds, "I am sure that my clerical brethren will generally follow this course." Hold hard, Mr. Massey! don't flatter yourself overmuch. You may tell him, Mr. Editor, that neither Catholic nor Protestant, neither lay nor cleric, is likely to be moved by his example. He spent years misrepresenting Catholicism, and insulting and maligning its professors, and now he commences a new career, pitching into the Protestant clergy, as sneering at the Bible. What will come next?

Does he suppose we forget all his past exhibitions—his mission farm speculation—his collection of funds for it in England and Scotland? Pray what has become of it?—and his converts in Graigue—where are they? Does he forget his libellous and insulting stories about the "7,000 altar curses," and about "the tens of thousands

of poor Romanist children rescued from the priests?" and, above all, his letter to Mrs. Colonel Inglis, in which he describes myself and curate in the following words:—"We are forced to keep the iron gates of our school-house *always* bolted, to keep out *those terrible wolves* from our lambs?" Does he suppose that we forget his tract, entitled the "Dark Deeds of Popery"—the most scandalous, libellous, and foolish trash that ever fell from the pen of nonsense?

Oh, that mine enemy would write a book! was the exclamation of some writer of old. Mr. Massey has written two, leaving himself on all sides fearfully exposed to the severest censures which justice can inflict—to the sharpest rebukes that honourable criticism can administer. It is the misfortune of this man always to mistake the folly of fanaticism for the devotion of piety, the unreasoning arrogance of bigotry for the just conclusions of theology, and the display of pageantry for the qualifications of learning.

I now leave him, Mr. Editor, in your hands to deal with him as you please, and to show your readers that he has not been misrepresented, I send you his own letter for insertion.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

N.B.—Mr. Massey's followers, for works of penance on Ash Wednesday, were a portion of his own family, a few police, and other officials, and some boys, &c., numbering in all a score of persons; in the Catholic chapel there were (same day) about 1,000. The gross injustice of sustaining, by the public money, a Church, which, after centuries of patronage, aided by penal laws, never secured the adhesion of the people, is now very

generally felt in England. But why do not Protestants in Ireland—to acquit themselves of all participation in the injustice—call for its removal.

XLI

ON PROSELYTISM IN THE WEST OF
IRELAND.

June 11th, 1866.

SIR—The discussion which Dr. Trench's letter on Proselytism in West Connaught has evoked, will not, I trust, be suffered to close until the nuisance of which the country indignantly and justly complains, shall be wholly abated.

His Grace confidently appeals to the liberality and Protestant feeling of England for means to sustain a war of aggression on the religion of our people. He praises and patronises the work, whilst he admits it to be of "an aggressive character." He goes into it, with Dr. Plunket, in right good earnest; he is ready to promote it in every way—declaring "that if any should be disposed to help it (the religious war), their contributions will be gladly accepted by the honorary secretary of the fund, or by himself." His Grace would not, I presume, if he held a dignity in the Turkish Empire, undertake to raise a troop of biblicals, and secure their pay by contribution from his country, to outrage the religious feelings of the Mahomedans, just as he proposes to do, in regard to one of the most ancient and faithful Christian nations in Europe.

It is a remarkable fact that an Archbishop of Dublin, and at the same time, one of Her Majesty's Privy Council, should become the advocate and collector for such a cause.

An attempt in the nineteenth century to raise money in England for the conversion of our island—as if it lay outside the pale of Christianity—is, to say the least, a very extraordinary proceeding. One wonders how a man of rank and character, who has conversed with our people, so remarkable among the nations of Europe for their unshaken fidelity to the religion of their forefathers, could put his hand to the work. Now, if there is anything in the world for which more than enough of money has been provided, it is surely the Protestant religion in Ireland.

It has already cost this impoverished country hundreds of millions sterling, and it is now sustained by an income of £700,000 a year, although not more than twelve out of every hundred of the population profess themselves members of that Church, and in Connaught the Catholics are 94 per cent. It has a large staff of unemployed dignitaries, deans, rectors, and vicars ; where, then, is the need or the room for proselytising missionaries ? There are 199 parishes in the kingdom, in which according to the latest census, there is not one member of the Established Church ; and 575 parishes containing one to twenty members.

In truth, there is no place in the whole empire where the State clergy have so little to do, and are so abundantly remunerated for doing that little, as in the united dioceses of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry, in West Connaught, under the superintendence of Dr. Plunket. The entire Church population in the united dioceses for which the money is to be raised, is, in round numbers, 20,000, *

watched over and cared for by 74 incumbents, with a good supply of vicars and missionary curates. One rector in the city of London, with three assistants, has a larger number of souls committed to his care, than the united congregations of all the parishes in West Connaught; and the Bishop of London has under his jurisdiction more than the entire Church population of all Ireland.

To go before the people of England, in these circumstances, to ask for more men and money to plant Protestantism in Ireland, three centuries after the reformation, is an act which it is hard indeed to characterize without using language inconsistent with the respect due to a High Church Dignitary. Over and above the ordinary Church revenues of the last three hundred years several millions (between four and five) have been lately expended in the evangelization of Ireland by the proselytising societies; and yet the cry is, money—more money. Protestantism, it appears, can make no advance, can never take a unit from the ranks of Catholicity, unless mammon takes it by the hand.

His Grace, in thus advocating the war of aggression on our religion, and seeking to raise money for the purpose, has not only forfeited the respect of the entire Catholic population, but he has fallen in the estimation of the sensible and moderate men of his own Church; and has finally committed himself to a fanatical section who have for the last forty years annoyed, insulted, and harassed the poor of the Catholic faith, almost beyond human endurance. His Grace's predecessor in the see of Dublin, Dr. Whately, a man of superior intellect, had too much sense and foresight to sympathise with religious hypocrisy and trading fanaticism, the evident characteristics of the proselytising movement in Ireland. The

system has been denounced, as well by Protestant as by Catholic ; indeed by all, save those who have a pecuniary interest in the work, and none have exhibited the iniquitous means in getting up school shows, and congregations for grand occasions, more thoroughly than some clergymen of the Law Church. "In the long run," says the Rev. G. Webster, Chancellor of Cork, in his published letters, "I believe it will be discovered that the Irish Church Mission Society has done irreparable mischief to the Church in Ireland ;" and the four rectors who edited the correspondence between him and the Rev. Messrs. Eade and Dallas, express their conviction (page 8) "that the English people are by no means prepared to support a society which only tends still further to demoralize the Irish Roman Catholics." See correspondence published by Hodges and Co., Dublin, 1864. This is the general feeling of the sober-minded clergy who have escaped the mania of proselytism.

Dr. Trench has one argument, and only one, to justify the project which he advocates, namely, the number of converts : and to give weight to his one argument, he enumerates very adroitly the converts in Connemara twice over ; first, he gives the number in the congregation, and then the number in the entire parish. Notwithstanding this *ruse*, to magnify his gain, to make it appear double, he must know right well, as everybody else knows, that the merit of proselytism, in which he is engaged, is not to be tested by the number of converts on the rolls ; for if bribes or other immoral means be employed, the greater the number, the greater the crime of the proselytising societies which he patronises ; and if Dr. Trench had been able to show tens of thousands, instead of a few hundreds of which he has heard in his five days' tour in Connemara, it would not surprise me,

or anybody else, considering the enormous sums expended in the work, and the trials, perils, and temptations arising from the extreme poverty to which the people were exposed. Indeed, the small number of those who have conformed, in the most trying circumstances, gives me the highest idea of the fidelity and attachment of the poor of Connemara to the church of their forefathers. Greater numbers fell in the early persecutions, which were not more severe than those of latter times.

As to the exact number who have conformed it is idle to inquire, for whether few or many, it is quite clear, as I now proceed to show, from the circumstances of the times and the means employed to pervert them, that they have been, one and all, the helpless victims of the most heartless persecution, and of the most degrading and debasing system of proselytism.

The normal condition of the west of Ireland during the period referred to was that of great destitution, reaching in certain seasons the lowest depths of human misery; and now and then rising a little above it. The hideous and appalling ruin of God's creatures in those days, when the proselytiser came down upon them, will be best told in the cold formal language of official communication.

The Poor-law inspectors reported that the people were dying of hunger by hundreds; their dead bodies were found in the vales and on the mountains, half devoured by the swine and famished dogs of the district, and even on the road side. Mr. Tuke, in his well-known pamphlet, reports "that a road inspector near Clifden," where Dr. Trench has found his largest number of proselytes," "had caused no less than 140 bodies to be buried which he found scattered along the highway." It was stated in

courts of justice, when hungry men were being tried for stealing a few field turnips to save life, that the poor had feasted on the carrion of dogs and asses; nay, more, but it is hard to record it, as bringing back the saddest reminiscences—a stipendiary magistrate in Galway saved a wretched man from imprisonment for theft by stating in open court that his wife, maddened by hunger, had eaten the flesh of her own dead child; that the body of the infant was exhumed, and the allegation, horrible as it was, was sustained by the view of the mangled body.

The number left unburied in those days of misery when the proselytiser reaped his harvest, gave occasion to the following Treasury Minute, dated 5th of March, 1847: “that some measures seem indispensable to prevent the spread of contagious diseases which might be the result of leaving corpses unburied.”

Passing over other testimonies, which exhibited in a fearful light the heartrending condition of the people, we beg to invite attention to a document published by the Relief Association of the Society of Friends, and signed by the secretaries, Jonathan Pim, now M.P., and Joseph Bewley, Dublin, 8th of the fifth month, 1849. It is as follows:—

“The paupers are merely kept alive, but their health is not maintained; their physical strength is weakened; their mental capacity is lowered; their moral character is degraded.”

That is the time, the propitious and fitting time, for the proselytiser. Will it be pretended that conversion was possible in these circumstances? and the same condition has continued with slight variations down to the present hour. W. A. Day, London, a gentleman of strong Protestant leanings, after his tour in Connemara, wrote to the *Standard*, December 15, 1865, in these words:

“ In dealing with the interests and feelings of the Irish, our rulers apparently discard all ordinary prudential considerations, and to such an extent is this systematised disregard carried, that they suggest conduct which brings into disrepute the personal humanity of the Queen. I travelled last year through a considerable portion of the south-west of Ireland, and among other wild districts I visited Connemara. On all sides there were evidences of want and misery, and the traces of what is there known as ‘the little famine’ were everywhere visible. I visited the convent of one of the Sisterhoods of Mercy in Clifden, and learned there many saddening details of the sufferings of the poor—of distress, famine, and pestilence, which had followed one another in their invariable rotation—of panic, which had driven multitudes away to seek the employment or charity of strangers, and of the painful and fruitless struggles for existence of hundreds of those who had remained; and then I was told with touching simplicity, and without one attempt at rhetorical exaggeration, that the lady to whom I was speaking had written to her Queen: ‘I saw the poor people dying,’ she said, ‘and I knew Her Majesty had given largely to relieve distress among the Scottish poor. I saw also that she had given munificently to assist the operatives in Lancashire, and I thought of her as the succourer and mother of her people, and felt sure that when she heard how they were perishing that she would give some trifling sum to enable us to save their lives. I sent the letter, and day after day watched for the post, hoping that it would bring me some good tidings, but no letter came, and at last I persuaded myself that mine had miscarried, and so I wrote again. A reply then reached me, signed by Sir C. Phipps, saying that

Her Majesty could do nothing for us ; and so the famine went on, and there was no help to be found.' "

These testimonies, without a particle of exaggeration, bring vividly before us the circumstances of the people at the time when the proselytisers, with the full sanction of the State bishops, boasted of their thousands and tens of thousands of converts, and predicted daily the immediate downfall of Romanism. Neither was there any concealment made of the iniquitous means employed to effect their purpose.

The missionaries selected for the work received their instructions from those as high in rank and dignity as Drs. Trench and Plunket, to avail themselves of the propitious moments of famine to lay waste the fold of the Christian Church in Ireland.

I have before me the second report, printed at Kirby-Lonsdale in 1848, of the

"GENERAL IRISH REFORMATION SOCIETY," which reckons on its committee three earls, five lords, members of Parliament, and a large number of parsons, soliciting subscriptions, as Dr. Trench is now doing, to carry on the work of proselytism. They say, "If ever there was a time for England to make a great effort to evangelise Ireland, it is the present. The poor are ready. The great distress has softened the heart of the poor. . . . A famine shows the poor Romanists the incapacity and tyranny of their priests, and the humanity and integrity of the Protestant clergy. . . . Many converts from Popery," they add, "have been kept from the grave ; and the very many sincere inquirers after the truth have been enabled to come out of Babylon through our protection."—p. 5.

Here we have without any disguise, the entire process

of the manufacturing of Protestants. Whether the theology of the business be from heaven or hell, I shall leave the public to decide.

Figure to yourself, Mr. Editor, the pious Protestant missionary in the wilds of Connemara, awaiting patiently the desired moment when famine softens the heart, disturbs the judgment, and deranges the intellect of the Christian man, to step in and offer by a supply of food, to save him and his starving children from the grave, on the simple condition of his denying the faith which he and his fathers had ever held to God. "Many converts," they exultingly exclaim, "have been kept from the grave through our protection."

Were the poor of any other Christian country ever tortured and insulted in a similar manner? Shall we never be permitted to practise in peace our religion, endeared to us by long sufferings? Has not our fidelity been already sufficiently tried by centuries of persecution? There is, Mr. Editor, a malignant refinement in this process of conversion which one can scarcely think of with patience. The old style of manufacturing Protestants by penal laws, by confiscation of property, by imprisonment, or exile, was less insidious, less hypocritical, and more honest. It had to deal principally with men prepared to suffer, and struggle for the crown of immortal life.

But here the whole force of the persecution is directed against the weakest of the human race, the mothers and fathers in the agonies of famine, surrounded by starving children. Good heavens! and forced conversions of this kind, which would make an enlightened Pagan blush, are boasted of by Drs. Trench and Plunket, in the English press, as works of charity and as evidence of the progress of Protestantism.

The faith of the Established Church has never been embraced in Ireland from conviction. Men have conformed to save their estates; to escape the dungeon, or the ruinous penalties inflicted for not attending Church service on Sundays; and latterly to save themselves from starving. From 1702 to 1773, as appears from a Parliamentary report, the number who apostatized to save their estates was 4,045. The State Church receives increase from other causes.

“Those who think little or nothing about any religion at all,” says Dr. Whately, in his last Charge, “will usually be content to swim with the stream, and to profess whatever religion is established; partly as a matter of fashion, and partly because they are saved from pecuniary expenditures.” This is quite true, but converts from conviction the State Church has never made.

A man who had once believed in the ancient Church, and now ceases to believe, never can have faith in any of the modern sects of latter time. This is the opinion of the most powerful intellects of the last and present century, of Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Lord Macaulay.

Johnson has said—

“A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery may be sincere. He parts with nothing; he is only superadding to what he already had. But to convert from Popery to Protestantism, a man gives up so much of what he has held as sacred as anything he retains—there is such a laceration of mind in such a conversion, that it can hardly be sincere or lasting.”

Edmund Burke is perhaps still more emphatic—

“Depend upon it,” says that great man, “it is true as nature is true, that if you force men out of the religion of habit, education, or opinion, it is not to yours they will go. Shaken in their minds they will go where the

dogmas are fewest—where they are most uncertain—where they lead them least to the consideration of what they have abandoned.”—*Letter to Sir Henry Langrishe.*

There is not a man of thought in the kingdom who will not endorse these opinions. If the dogmas of Catholicity are given up nought remains. If the ancient church which has conquered the prejudices of the first scholars of the day in our Protestant universities, cannot be trusted, what church can? Whoever leaves Catholicity, goes straight into infidelity, never stopping on his way down at any of the meeting-houses of the sectaries. “In the last century,” says Lord Macaulay, “when a Catholic renounced his belief in the real presence, it was a thousand to one that he renounced his belief in the Gospel too; and when the re-action took place, with the belief in the Gospel came back the belief in the real presence.” What impiety it is, then, to tamper with the faith of a Catholic people; and to what extent is that shameless impiety heightened by looking to the poor in Connemara as subjects of conversion, when famine has fallen on the land. Will it be asserted by any sane man that conversion in the circumstances is at all possible? Could men change their convictions or be converted from one faith to another, when the intellect is deranged, and no thought rests on the mind but how to get food? Is it not utterly impossible to communicate to a famine-stricken peasantry a knowledge of the Thirty-nine Articles, or induce them to give up their belief in the Seven Sacraments, the cherished faith of their forefathers?

I appeal to Dr. Trench himself if he has ever received into his Church a man whose motives in the change are above suspicion? Can he name even one convert, such as, to his own knowledge, have been received by hundreds, in his own day, into the Catholic Church? Prayer,

study of the holy fathers and calm meditation on the things that are above, have brought the *elite* of the Protestant clergy—sacrificing honours, dignities, and wealth, to seek peace and rest for their souls in the bosom of Catholicity. Can any man of that class be claimed as a convert to Protestantism? Is he to be found in the Priests' Protection Society? The voice from that depository, as well as from Connemara, is for money to save the Protestant converts "from relapsing (it says) outwardly to the Church of Rome." The printed circular marked private, and signed Thomas Scott, honorary secretary, calling for pecuniary aid for that purpose, lies before me. If Dr. Trench and Dr. Plunket, or the Bishops of Canterbury, Winchester, Carlisle, Ripon, and Rochester, who are all contributors to the Irish Missions Fund, had any faith in their own church as holding a divine commission to win souls to Christianity by prayer and legitimate persuasion, it is not to Connemara they would have gone, where the people hold all the truths of our divine religion, nor to the back lanes in the metropolis where the utmost distress is witnessed every day; they would, as honest men and sincere Christians, have bestowed their time and labour where most needed, namely, upon those committed to their own care. They would have gone to combat the wide-spread infidelity in England, and reduce the number of the unchristianised millions, of whom the Church Pastoral Aid Society speaks, and instruct "the myriads of the labouring people," whom the census represents "as ignorant of Christianity as were the heathen Saxons at Augustine's landing; and as much in need of missionary enterprise to bring them into practical acquaintance with its doctrines" (see abridged report of Horace Mann, p. 97). Or, acting on a point of honour, they would have gone to

reconvert the Newmans, the Wards, the Allies, the Mannings ; they would have entered the lists with their equals in knowledge and dialectics, over whom to gain a triumph would be no disgrace.

How the infidels must rejoice when they see the mitred chiefs of the empire concentrating their biblical forces and troops of proselytisers against a Christian people, to induce them in the days of distress to abandon the church of their fathers, with a view, no doubt, to make up congregations for the deserted temples of Anglicanism, whilst the men of no religion, repudiating all Christian doctrine, all belief in the mission of the Saviour, are left in quiet possession of the field !

Proselytism, as carried on in Ireland, and patronised by Dr. Trench, is a scandalous sacrilege, it is an outrage on rational nature ; there is neither truth nor sincerity in it, and the actors in the scene, whether they be the high dignitaries of the Establishment or the low and ignorant herd of trading proselytisers, will, where justice is administered without respect of persons, receive the due reward of such enormous iniquity.

As an old man, yea, very old, standing on the narrow isthmus between time and eternity—no longer, as it were, of this world—I may, perhaps, be permitted to say—Hold ! my Lord Archbishop, do not, I pray you, continue the attempt to draw a faithful nation from its sacred moorings into the troubled and ever varying stream of Protestant opinion. You must know what has happened in the dispersion of the faithful in England ; do not lend the sanction of your name and position to the impious purpose. The proselytiser may degrade and demoralise the Irishman, may extinguish the light of faith in his bosom, and cast him a moral wreck on society, but you can never make him accept your Church's teaching ; he

knows your Church only as an instrument of tyranny and oppression ; he views it as Edmund Burke did, when he exclaimed, conversing with Lord Brougham, " Don't talk of its being a Church ! It is a wholesale robbery" —see Hansard, vol. 44, p. 932. He knows it, my lord, as having aided in the enactment of laws, commanding priests and bishops to depart out of the kingdom, and condemning them to death if they returned. He knows it, as denying to his fathers the power of educating their children at home, and, at the same time, with barbarous cruelty never surpassed, prohibiting them from seeking education abroad. He knows that there was no right human or divine, which the Church did not violate, to accomplish their ruin. Knowing all this, you can never make the Irishman accept the teaching of the Anglican Church. It has never been accepted by any nation in the world, not even by Scotland or Wales, who have a form of belief of their own. Do not, then, I say, in God's holy name, corrupt the soul ; it is made to the Creator's likeness ; lay no hand upon it ; conviction is a sacred thing ; let it be the result of prayer and light, which has brought so many of the most intellectual, disinterested, and learned of the people in England and Germany to Catholicism ; but to shake the poor man's belief in the truth and efficacy of the sacraments, to induce him to abandon his faith by an offer of food, or a promise of clothing, whilst he and his family are on the brink of starvation, is a crime, the malice of which, involving the ruin of the soul, can scarcely be exaggerated.

If Protestantism can bring souls to God by prayer and preaching in West Connaught, is it not passing strange that it cannot retain them or win them back to its communion in London, the centre of Protestant civilisation, or in any part of England ?

Anglican proselytism never succeeds where the necessities of life abound, and where man is consequently raised above the temptation of bartering his faith for a mess of pottage.

A Protestant who sincerely believes in the teaching of his church cannot help often asking how it comes to pass that Protestantism, with all its learning, dignities, and wealth, honoured by the court, upheld by Parliament, patronised by all fashionable society, and sustained at the public expense, can never make converts in the educated and enlightened classes ; never amongst those who are ready to make sacrifices for the truth : such as we see not unfrequently going over to Catholicism. The Priests' Protection Society complains "that a few perverts to a false creed," they mean converts to the ancient church, "have founded, within a short period, 43 chapels and missions in England and Scotland." How can this state of facts be satisfactorily accounted for? Simply by admitting that Catholicity, although hated and despised by this world as Christ himself was hated, has in it that divine truth and power which subdues and captivates the heart, and wins its way to victory in the face of a thousand difficulties—whilst Protestantism, in its golden panoply, but uncommissioned by heaven, seeking only to conceal its weakness, collects the waifs and strays of society, the orphans of the poor in West Connaught, feeds them, registers them as Protestants, and boasts of them as converts. I defy the ingenuity of the most learned to account fairly for the facts on any other grounds.

Is this a system, Mr. Editor, worthy of English sympathy, or deserving the support or countenance of the new Archbishop of Dublin? Is religious harmony never to be established in Ireland? His Grace's administra-

tion of the metropolitan see promises badly for our future peace. It will, I apprehend, be remembered by a nation of Catholics as a period of discord—religious animosity, promoted by English gold, episcopal intolerance, and fanatical bigotry.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XLII.

THE ALLEGED "CONVERSIONS" IN CONNE- MARA.

June 21st, 1866.

SIR—The letter of his Grace, Dr. Trench, on proselytism, which has been received with great favour as an invaluable testimony to all those engaged in the proselytising warfare in Ireland, still engages public attention; but those to whom the letter has been addressed, and who wish to know the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, will hear, and carefully consider, what other competent witnesses—having the fullest opportunities of watching the progress of events, have to say on the subject. A witness of that class I shall now introduce to their notice.

An Irish peer, in a pamphlet of 42 pages, addressed to his Grace Dr. Trench a few months since, and published by Hodges, Smith, and Co., Dublin, gives the result of his long and careful investigation of the missionary movement in these words—"That whilst the efforts of proselytism hitherto have been unproductive of good,

they have produced much direct and indirect evil," p. 42 ; and again he observes, "that up to the present time, forty years of zealous proselytism in Ireland have achieved no appreciable success." Winding up his remarks, he thus addresses the Archbishop, p. 39—"I believe your Grace will consider that I have now sufficiently established my assertions—that proselytism has failed in Ireland ; that the attempts at conversion have produced bad effects, and were in mode, if not in nature, injudicious ;" and here I must add that the Irish peer who thus testifies so strongly against the proselytisers gives abundant evidence in his well-written pamphlet, that he is himself a decided Conservative and a steadfast Protestant.

Now the question arises, which of those conflicting testimonies, that of the prelate, or that of the peer, is most entitled to respect ? The former, who derived all his knowledge from the paid agents of the mission, eulogises proselytism as a successful and meritorious work ; the latter, who, at the outset, favoured the proselytising party, but having for years watched their proceedings, is at length compelled to admit that their efforts have caused much direct and indirect evil, and have been productive of no good.

If this weighty testimony of the peer is to be received—and who with any knowledge of Ireland can reject it ?—the prelate has most unwisely allied himself to an unscrupulous faction, who have imposed upon his credulity. His Grace's letter has inspired with hope the authors of much direct and indirect evil, and set in motion the agents of discord and religious animosity. He repays this poor country for his immense salary—at least £10,000 a year in pay and patronage—by upholding a system of proselytism and enormous fraud on the public,

which his equal in rank and scholarship, and with all the advantages of a long life residence in Ireland, pronounces to be a failure. And here, Mr. Editor, let me add that there is not a respectable Protestant in Dublin, who could not conscientiously endorse that opinion. Not only is the sham reformation, to which Dr. Trench lends the sanction of his rank and name, a failure, but the church itself, in which he holds the highest dignity, has utterly failed, as all Europe knows, to plant Protestantism in Irish soil. Is it then, I ask, fair, or honest, or honourable, to call on England to contribute its money to sustain a cause, without candidly stating that the labours of 300 years, and the expenditure of hundreds of millions sterling have utterly failed to sustain it against the will of the people.

His Grace's exertions in the cause will, I fancy, on the whole, prove very unsatisfactory to the Church Endowment Committee of West Connaught. He is altogether unfitted for the task. Having a character to sustain, his lordship did not go through his work with that recklessness of truth and boldness of assertion, in which the old proselytisers were unrivalled. Coming before the British public with a show of only a handful of converts, instead of tens and twenties of thousands, and without any sensational cases of Popish persecution, is a proceeding far more likely to injure than to serve the cause.

The proselytisers of years past, before their credit was fairly tested, never minced matters. They spoke out boldly, especially when they hoped to touch English money. The Rev. R. Bickersteth, one of the head-centres of proselytism, addressing a meeting—the report of which copied from the *Times* now lies before me—held in the year 1851, in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion House, London, the Lord Mayor presiding, supported by the

Duke of Manchester, Admiral Harcourt, and that great prop' of all such meetings, Mr. John Paul, said, "In less than three years 20,000 to 30,000 converts have been made through the operation of this society. In Conne-mara there were only 500 Protestants when they began, now there were from 5,000 to 6,000. . . All these have been brought out of Popery through the instrumentality of the preached Gospel." Money of course, had nothing to do in the business; but yet, in the next sentence, he adds, "Their great want at present was £10,000, not (he takes care to inform them) for the purposes of bribery, but for increasing the forces in Ireland of missionaries, schoolmasters, and scripture-readers," &c.

The Rev. R. Bickersteth, and those of his class, were the men to succeed in carrying out boldly this enormous imposition. Twenty or thirty thousand rescued from Popery was, observe, the result of only a season or two of evangelical labour—less than three years; it was not unusual in those days to boast of hundreds of thousands of converts, and then the money came. Nay, one very zealous rector in my neighbourhood, whom I have often called to order through the public press, gave, in 1858, the exact number brought out of Romanism at 700,000, a number far exceeding the whole Church population in Ireland; but that reckless overstepping the limits of truth did not at all mar the effect of the statement. English money could not be had on other terms. Dr. Trench evidently does not know how to work the mission.

The rector in my parish, the Rev. D. Massey, a first-class proselytiser, writing in 1851, the year in which Mr. Bickersteth exhibited in London, states, although he had not a convert in his parish, that "already twenty thousand converts from Popery have returned to the bosom of the Church within the last five years, and (he

continues most insinuatingly) "the generous aid of Christian friends in England gives good hope of a vast increase."

That is the kind of statement—twenty or thirty thousand converts—that tells in England. The last authentic enumeration of converts by a very zealous churchman, the Rev. Dr. Hume, of Liverpool, brings down the entire number of all the converts of all the societies in Ireland for the last thirty years, so low as 3,090. Contrast that return with the flourishing statements of the Rev. Messrs. Bickersteth, Massey, Garret, and all the head-centres of proselytism, and you may easily judge of the extent to which English credulity has been imposed upon, and the amount of insult, of calumny, and injury, that has been inflicted on our poor people. Is this a cause, I beg to ask, which an enlightened English Archbishop, located in Dublin, can, with credit to himself as a Christian and a gentleman, undertake to sustain? How kind it is of England before she has converted her domestic infidels, her un-Christianised millions, and sectaries of all kinds—to send us Dr. Trench to convert the faithful Irish. Oh, if the press would but let England see things as they really are, the vile system of lying, of collecting money, the cunning and hypocrisy of the proselytisers, and the sufferings and tears of the poor, the harassing of conscience, and insults for adherence to the faith of their fathers, to which they are subjected, we should soon see the end of this nefarious proselytising traffic.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

N.B.—The defence against the charge of bribery, which Dr. Trench offers to the public, shall be considered in our next letter.

XLIII.

ON PROSELYTISING SCHOOLS.

June 28, 1866.

SIR—In my last letter I promised to review that portion of Dr. Trench's address to the people of England, in which he comes to the rescue—with what success we shall soon see—of his friends the proselytisers, charged with carrying on their missionary labour, chiefly by bribery and other iniquitous means. No one knows better than his Grace that this charge has been preferred by witnesses of the highest credibility, both Catholic and Protestant. He himself states the case very fairly in these words :—

“ Much controversy has arisen,” he observes, “ both in respect of the actual extent of these conversions and the means by which they have been brought about. * * * * Some of our own communion, and Roman Catholics in general, deny *in toto* that any real work of conversion has gone forward. Whatever of this kind may seem to have been effected was, they affirm, the result of an extensive system of bribery, taking advantage of the extreme needs of the people during the years of famine ; that since that time these so-called Church missions have been stationary, or retrograde, being only hindered from perishing altogether by the lavish employment of the same unworthy means to which they were indebted for their first success. The whole story, they say, is an enormous deception.”

This is the charge, as preferred both by Protestants and Catholics, fairly stated by his Grace, and I beg to ask what he has to say in disproof thereof? How does he meet it? First, it is not denied, nor attempted to be

denied, that the children of Catholics have been taken in infancy, housed, fed, clothed, and brought up, in contemptuous violation of all natural and parental right, in the religion of the proselytiser, and not that of the parent. A respected dignitary of the Established Church, the Rev. G. Webster, Chancellor of Cork, in his published correspondence with the agents of the Church Mission Society, observes, "The terrible fact with which you have to grapple is, that under your society a Roman Catholic child receives his bed and breakfast, he is housed and clothed, on the expressed condition that he listens to Protestant teaching, and attends a Protestant place of worship," page 27. The fact is admitted on all hands ; and it is hard to imagine anything more iniquitous. An establishment for this purpose, the Birds' Nest, in Kingstown, for instance, is under the eye of Dr. Trench himself. A large number of those claimed as converts has been thus manufactured. With regard to the adult pupils, the proselytisers have been charged with drawing them to Protestant schools by doles of food and clothing, for the purpose of subverting their faith. The existence of those schools, and the *modus operandi*, are well known to every man in Ireland. The defence set up by Dr. Trench of the proselytising schools is of such a character that it must be given in his own words to do the subject justice.

In one part of his letter, speaking of the adult pupils, he says, "No one could have passed without remarking the clear, bright, intelligent looks of the elder girls ; their neatness, cleanliness, and singularly well-mannered ways ;" and then he adds, "I can only say for myself that when I witnessed the vigorous and healthy life which pervaded those schools—the affection of the children to their teachers—the hearty interest which they displayed

in their work ; this was enough to scatter to the winds the insinuation that a dish of oatmeal or of Indian corn was the attraction which drew the scholars to these schools."

That cause will, I imagine, be looked upon as wholly indefensible which a clever man seeks to prop up by such reasoning. What a burst of ridicule and laughter would await the lawyer if, in defending before a committee of the House³ of Commons, the return of some M.P. against the charge of bribery, he were to exclaim, in the words of his Grace, "For myself I can only say that the respectable appearance, the vigorous and healthy life, the clear, bright, intelligent looks of the voters, are quite enough to scatter to the winds the suspicion that such men had accepted bribes!" How hard it is to sustain respectably a bad cause! Such reasoning, even though from an episcopal throne, is not likely to have much weight with any class of intelligent readers.

His Grace, not quite satisfied with his own defence, afterwards adds—here again we quote his words—"I took pains to inquire about the matter of the oatmeal, of which, at a distance, one hears so much. In many of the schools this food—it is about a farthing's worth of value—is only given during three months in the year, those which immediately precede the coming in of the new crops, when distress amongst the poorest class of scholars is extreme."

He took pains to inquire! but has he heard of nothing more? Is there no suppression of important facts? He will not, I presume, venture to say so; for I myself, within the present year, had the honour of bringing under his notice the following items of a proselytising committee, under the direction of Miss Fanny Bellingham and the patronage of Lord Roden, "*For the Relief*

of the Converts and Children of Connemara for the Year 1852—I quote the words of the report:—

Cash for meal	£1,092	15	4½
Ditto for frieze, corduroy, flannel,					
calico, tailoring, &c.	250	17	4½
Ditto rice, salt, milk	43	0	8

Next we find a long account of bales and parcels of clothing for the Connemara schools and orphan nurseries, which must have been of considerable value, for the carriage thereof cost £23 6s. 5d.; and here, Mr. Editor, let me observe that this is only one account out of many which his Grace might have well consulted in his painstaking effort to discover the truth.

His Grace, in the spirit of candour, invites his readers to call him up “if he suppresses important qualifying facts, or puts matters in a wrong light.” Acting on this invitation, I respectfully beg to ask why have the accounts referred to been passed over, and why has the farthing’s worth of meal, putting matters in a very wrong light, been so prominently brought forward?

Again, observe, Mr. Editor, that his lordship declares that the adult pupil converts of Connemara are so respectable, so singularly well-mannered, so independent, as to be raised quite above all suspicion of being attracted to proselytising schools by a dish of oatmeal or Indian corn; and in the next sentence he states that the pupils are so wretched, in such extreme misery, as to accept a farthing’s worth of meal a day for three months in the year. How bewildered and inconsistent the clearest intellect becomes in the sustainment of a bad cause! “This half-pint of meal, given,” continues his Grace, “that the child may not hunger through the long hours of school, is a simple act of charity, which could not without cruelty be left unperformed.” It is quite

true that to clothe the naked or feed the hungry child, is an act of charity most acceptable to the Common Father of all: but to do so on condition that the child violates its conscience, abandons the religion of its parents and country, or puts itself in training for the purpose, is a crime, the malice of which can scarcely be exaggerated. What a much clearer and juster perception of the sound principles of morality did his Grace's predecessor in the see of Dublin possess when, writing upon this very topic, he said—

“There cannot be a more emphatically unsuitable occasion for urging anyone to change his religion and adopt ours than when we are proposing to relieve his distress. * * * We present ourselves to his mind as seeking to take an ungenerous advantage of his misery, and as converting our benefactions into a bribe, to induce him to do violence to his conscience. * * What,” he continues, “would be the feelings of any man of us if, when residing in some foreign country of a different religion from his own, he saw his children starving around him, and if he were given to understand it was expected that, in consideration of the relief offered, he should receive himself, and allow his children to receive, such religious instruction as he had been taught to regard as erroneous? Surely, if any one of you were so situated it is likely you would be filled with disgust, both for them and also for the religion itself, which they had thus attempted to force upon you.”—[Dr. Whately's Address to his Clergy in 1847, p. 8.]

How strongly, emphatically, and justly did Dr. Whately, in the vigour of his intellect, condemn that system which his successor so unwisely and weakly defends!

If there were schools in England conducted on the

same principle, in which it was known that Protestant children were taken in, fed, and clothed, on condition of renouncing Protestantism and of becoming Papists, how long, I beg to ask, would such an outrage on the rights of Englishmen be tolerated? Public indignation would at once suppress such schools or see them wrapped in flames. Do I, Mr. Editor, exaggerate? The attention of the House of Commons, and of all England through that house, ought to be brought to bear on this intolerable grievance. It is of so odious a character, that if properly exposed and perseveringly combated, it must ere long succumb.

Yours truly, .

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

XLIV.

ANGLICAN ATTEMPTS AT PROSELYTISM IN IRELAND.

July 20th, 1866.

SIR—To bring the case of Ireland fairly and fully before the British public, so that they might see it and feel it, as it really is, would task the highest powers of human intelligence; yet if the effort were made, and succeeded, I am convinced that many of the grievances of which we justly complain would, ere long, be redressed. The existence of an alien church, whose ministrations the people have faithfully resisted for 300 years, increases indefinitely the difficulties of the task.

Observe, Mr. Editor, how it has worked at all times, in season and out of season, up to the present hour, to oppress us. Everyone knows that whatever of liberty Ireland has won, these last eighty years, in her one hundred hard-contested struggles, all has been achieved in the face of the most unrelenting and pertinacious opposition of the Church: nor is there at present the least evidence of increasing liberality of sentiment in the clerical body. Ireland cannot now, it is true, as of old, be fined nor imprisoned for the absence from Protestant service on Sundays, but she can be, and she is, harassed and insulted in various other ways. The proselytising societies, which Dr. Trench patronises, and which no free people in the world would tolerate for a season, are known as a source of bitter annoyance, and yet the highest dignitary in the Establishment becomes their patron and advocate. He pleads their cause before the British people, and offers his services to collect funds for their sustainment. He knows full well, that the proselytising system, according to the unanimous opinion of Catholic Ireland, and of a very large and enlightened section of Protestantism, is an insidious and insulting effort of malignity to degrade and demoralise a faithful nation. His Grace states, in his letter to the *Times*, in the plainest terms, that it is almost universally reprobated. "Some of our own communion," he writes, "and Roman Catholics in general, affirm that proselytism is the result of an extensive system of bribery, taking advantage of the extreme needs of the people during the years of famine. The whole story they say is an enormous deception."

With this knowledge of Irish opinion, he hesitates not warmly to espouse the cause of souperism, to keep alive and in activity all the evils which pecuniary proselytism

engenders. It is, however, some relief to know, notwithstanding his Grace's labours, that the English mind is beginning to view this subject aright. Dr. Trench has been sharply reproved for his advocacy of those mischievous societies, by the *Church Times*.

If the Bishop's report of conversion be true, "the people," says the *Church Times*, June, 1866, "have in that case abandoned a religion which, however it may be overlaid with accretions, is yet substantially Christian; for a belief, which is certainly not Christian at all, nor even commonly reverent and decorous. The coarse ribaldry and horrible blasphemies which are the staple of the theological utterance of the school which professes to have converted West Connaught, have no affinity with the Gospel, and a Christian scholar and gentleman like Richard Chenevix Trench ought to have more sympathy with the religion of Bernard and Fenelon, of Vincent of Paul and Francis Xavier, than with a system Antinomian in theory, and scurrilous in expression."

The just and well-merited rebuke of the proselytisers and of their most reverend patron evidently indicates the setting in of a sound opinion on the subject in England. Wherever these men fall to work they render religious harmony amongst Her Majesty's subjects an impossibility. In the days of famine they are seen hovering like ill-omened birds of prey about the cabins of the poor, tempting the hungry inmates to barter their faith and that of their children for the food that perisheth.

But when distress has passed away, the proselytisers change their tactics, they try what can be gained by the evangelical use of unceasing Billingsgate and falsehood on a gigantic scale, and in this department of literature they are pre-eminently distinguished. Abuse, in fact, is one of the choicest weapons in their armory. They value

it as highly as the Prussians do the needle gun. Its use is recommended by their highest authorities. The Rev. R. Bickersteth, a very leading man in the ranks of the Irish Church Missions, at the great meeting held in London in 1851, the Lord Mayor of the city presiding, announced that, "the grand principle of the society was to use no concealment, no reserve in the language they made use of with respect to Popery." And never has a principle been more strictly adhered to. Vituperation of the most offensive character, wounding our religious sensibilities, is poured out on everything Catholic in speeches at their meetings, in sermons in the streets, in reports, handbills, and placards. Bill sticking is a powerful instrumentality in the working of the mission. The walls where proselytism is carried on are covered with controversial placards in large attractive type. Thus, "Is not the Pope Antichrist?" and "Rome the Babylon of the Apocalypse," "Is not the Pope the man of sin?" and "Rome the mother of Harlots," "Has not the Church of Rome borrowed the celibacy of her religious orders from paganism?" "Romanism is only paganism baptized." "The papacy came hot from hell, and its presence makes a hell upon earth." "Roman Catholics are affectionately requested to attend."

The printing and scattering on the highways of those infamous handbills, and the posting up of those blasphemous and insulting placards, is stated, in the Society's Report, to have cost £1,229 16s. 8d., for the year 1863; and the hire of lay agents and Scripture-readers, who carry out the grand principle of vituperation to the greatest extent, amounts, in the same year, to the good round sum of £5,842 5s. 4d. Thus, for abusing and defaming us, with a view to our conversion to Protestantism, the proselytisers expended, according to

their own account, in twelve months, £7,072 2s.—(see Appendix to the Fifteenth Report of the Society for Irish Church Missions); and since the adoption of the principle, fifteen years ago, of no reserve in language, in speaking of Popery, the expenditure in slander and defamation, taking 1863 as an average year, must have exceeded one hundred thousand pounds. These are facts, Mr. Editor, which admit of no question; and it would be hard to discover, in the history of the most barbarous nations, anything so thoroughly impious, insulting, and scandalous. No wonder, then, that the *Church Times*, in the interest of Protestant civilisation, denounces the theological utterances of the West Connaught proselytisers, “as coarse ribaldry, and horrible blasphemies,” having no affinity with the Gospel, or just claims on the sympathies of Dr. Trench.

Why did not his Grace, writing to his countrymen, enlighten them on this interesting and novel mode of introducing Protestant Christianity into Ireland? He was certainly acquainted with the system, for I had the honour of bringing under his notice, last January, a fair sample of the controversial handbills and placards which the societies issued at such enormous expense.

Latterly I am happy to perceive that the intolerable placard nuisance has been greatly abated; in some places it has wholly fallen into disuse. The opinion of the laity, unwilling to violate all the decencies and proprieties of society, has made itself felt in the camp of the proselytisers. Gentlemen, too, in the clerical order, untainted by fanaticism, have stongly disapproved of it, as discreditable in a high degree, to Protestant civilisation. “In the long run,” exclaims the Rev. George Webster, Chancellor of Cork, “I believe it will be discovered that the Irish Church Mission Society has

done irreparable mischief to the Church of Ireland." What are men of honour and principle to say to this system of organised vituperation, or, as the *Church Times* has it, of coarse ribaldry and horrible blasphemies? How will enlightened English opinion deal with it, even though it claims and enjoys the patronage of an archbishop?

There is another point in the proselytising movement upon which some light should have been thrown. England should have been honestly told what is the expense of raising a crop of converts in Ireland, what is the expense per head, the market price of a convert. The Irish beneficed clergy who complain of their limited means, never embark their capital in such unpromising speculation.

The *Saturday Review*, October 31, 1863, in a very interesting article headed "Costly Converts," states the cost of one in Jerusalem to be £1,111. They are cheaper, he observes, in other countries. The Jew at Jerusalem, he continues, is a costly and noble convert, and is, doubtless, cheap at £1,000. An African Jew can be bought up at much a lower figure. The average expense in Bucharest, Bagdad, &c., is at the rate of £600 per convert. Now, I have not the least doubt, all things duly considered, that to convert Popish Paddy, into a pure Protestant, costs England much more than even the Jew at Jerusalem.

The Protestant Church in this country has wealth, power, and state, has highly-cultivated intelligence, immense and varied learning, great zeal, in fact, it has everything which the world can give in a high degree; but it has no converts, simply because it has no commission from above to make them, and to conceal its failure in the presence of the Catholic Church, it

patronises the Proselytising Societies, who utter falsehoods on this head without limit or scruple. But I must return to this subject in another letter.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.,

Carlow-Graigie.

XLV.

TO HIS GRACE DR. TRENCH, ON THE
ENORMOUS EVILS OF PROSELYTISM.

Sept. 28th, 1866.

MY LORD—Public opinion is irremediably opposed to the Church of which your Grace is the chief ornament and highest dignitary. . The latest reports from England are in the following words:—

The *Times* writes, Sept. 19:

“The Irish Establishment is an institution, which, to be condemned, needs only to be seen. . . . It was originally conceived in deadly antagonism to Irish sentiment, and it has since been upheld against the all but universal dissent of the Irish people.”

The *Telegraph* writes, Sept. 21:

“Had an enemy of Ireland wished to doom the people to years of untold misery, he could not have more effectually attained his end than by planting such a church within its shores.”

The *Saturday Review* writes, Sept. 15:

"Reformation and the reformed religion in Ireland were purely foreign inventions, thrust down the throats of the Irish people at the point of the sword."

Lord Brougham, 1838 :

"I well remember a phrase used by one not a foe to Church Establishments—I mean Edmund Burke—'*Don't talk to me of its being a Church—it is a wholesale robbery.*' It is a thing (continues Lord Brougham) wholly peculiar to Ireland, and could be tolerated nowhere else."—"Hansard," vol. 44, p. 932.

The *Morning Post*, an unscrupulous defender of the Establishment, admits its unpopularity, September 16, and writes :—

"Some hold the Church to be the cause of all Ireland's disquietudes, and, therefore, a thing to be got rid of as summarily as possible."

This class includes nearly all who have no pecuniary interest in the matter.

This, my lord, is a sad history in a few words ; and here, let me add, that there is not a statesman of note in England who has not, at one time or other, within the last thirty years, expressed opinions as strongly against the Church as those just quoted. One of the most irritating and offensive abuses of this institution is of such a nature, that your Grace, if so minded, may, with very little delay or inconvenience, effect its removal, and thereby abate, to a certain extent, the feeling of hostility which is so generally entertained against it. I mean the organisation and sustainment of the proselytising bodies in Ireland, who carry on all their operations, by a system of fraud and falsehood, to which I now beg leave respectfully to direct your attention.

The societies engaged in this work, under a variety of names, and having branch societies in London, are very

numerous, and sustained in great part by funds raised in England. Their mission is simply to turn the Catholic population of this country from the religion of their forefathers. It matters not what religion they embrace in its stead. Anything will do, provided only the converts cease to profess Catholicity. They may become Independents, Latter-day Saints, Unitarians (denying the divinity of Christ), or any other Christian dogma. They may believe as little or as much as they please, or lapse into infidelity. The object of the societies is gained if they renounce the ancient faith ; and if this result is ever brought about, the proselytisers promise to dissolve their several societies at once.

This mission, my lord, exasperates the Catholic, and renders him deeply discontented, whilst it is viewed as a dead swindle by the intelligent Protestant. Both consider proselytising, through the agency of an ignorant horde of bible-readers, hired for the service, as an act of deep hypocrisy and unparalleled insolence. The latest writer of your Grace's church, who has noticed the subject, the Rev. Richard Littledale, LL.D., in the "Essays on Questions of the Day," observes, p. 48: "It is enough to say that even if the reports of the proselytising societies, were as true as they are unscrupulously mendacious, the result would be a very poor return for three centuries of monopoly!"

The extinction of this enormous grievance as a peace-offering to a long persecuted creed, is, my lord, imperatively demanded in this age of progress as well by Protestant as by Catholic sentiment.

Those societies are now, I rejoice to say, greatly on the wane ; their folly and their impotence have become evident, almost to all.

To ascertain, my lord, what sums are annually

expended in this anti-Christian business of Protestant proselytism is not an easy task. The Irish Church Mission Society, in its cash account for the year 1856, published the following item :--

Total of ordinary income from England,	£32,247	15	6
Total from England and Ireland ...	36,735	15	3

If the other proselytising societies, about twenty in number, be at all as successful in collecting money, their united income for the suppression of our religion, without including the immense wealth of the Established Church or of Trinity College, or the endowed schools, will probably range between two and three hundred thousands a-year.

This is a state of things, my lord, which has never existed in any other Christian country, nor would it be tolerated in any.

The means employed for the suppression of Romanism, as our religion is offensively styled, and the maintenance of the proselytising bodies are well worthy of their object. First, Ireland is to be represented in all their reports as thoroughly demoralised, lying outside the pale of civilisation, a moral wilderness, a howling waste, and sitting in the region of the shadow of death. Whole volumes of descriptive eloquence of this kind have been prepared for circulation in England to awaken Christian sympathy for a lost people, and to stimulate the charity of the wealthy to contribute their money. It is deserving of remark that in all the charges against the ancient religion, it has never been said that we have ceased to believe in Christ, or any of the doctrines of Christianity. No; that is not our offence. On the contrary, our offence is that of adhering with unshaken fidelity to that form of Christianity in all its integrity which we have received from our forefathers. This is the head and front of our offending.

Secondly, the Irish themselves, fallen though they be, are always to be represented as hungering and thirsting for a free Gospel, and as having lost all respect for priests, nuns, and Popish practices, and are therefore coming out of Romanism in thousands and hundreds of thousands into the glare of pure Protestant truth.

The circulation in England of these defamatory and offensive reports has been found, on trial, to be the most efficient means of raising funds for the conversion of Ireland.—“Payment for result,” we all know, is one of the cries of the day, and our gospellers are too wide awake to ask England to pay unless they exhibit on the face of their reports a work of conversion in some degree commensurate with the vast sums sought to be raised. Hence, my lord, the necessity of those unscrupulously mendacious reports of which the Rev. Dr. Littledale speaks.

The agents, both English and Irish, employed in reporting, have executed their task in lofty defiance of truth, justice, and honour. We shall quote the testimony of only a few; we have that of hundreds before us, but those we select are, perhaps, the most prominent and most generally known.

The Rev. R. Bickersteth, M.A., as agent of the Irish Church missions, delivered his testimony at a meeting in London in 1851, the Lord Mayor presiding, stating, as reported in the *Times*, “that in less than three years 20,000 to 30,000 converts have been made through the operation of the society.” The Rev. Alexander R. Ç. Dallas, as honorary secretary, supported the statement of his friend, and asked “for a contribution of £10,000, which he added would enable him in the course of six months to send agents to the strongholds of superstition, and open the minds of the people.”

The Irish witnesses had to give evidence of further progress, and they executed their task without any qualms of conscience.

The Rev. Dawson Massey, B.A., the head centre of proselytism in Leinster, with whom, as being rector of my own parish, I have had a long acquaintance, informed his English readers, in 1851, that "already twenty thousand converts from Popery have returned to the bosom of the church within the last five years, and the generous aid of Christian friends in England gives (he adds) good hope of a vast increase."

It is quite evident, according to this hope of Mr. Massey, if England would only send him money enough (and he has collectors in London, Bath, Birkenhead, New Brighton, Isle of Wight, and Edinburgh), all Ireland would in a few years more be gathered into the Protestant fold.

The testimony of the next Irish witness, the Rev. James P. Garrett, Kellistown, Hon. Sec. to the Carlow branch of the Irish Society, shows great progress. In his report for 1854 which lies before me, he states "that God has honoured and blessed our Society's work with an almost miraculous success. Tens of thousands in Ireland have openly left the Church of Rome, and tens of thousands of Irish emigrants have done the same in America." The miracle is that no one has seen those large armies of converts, nor can it be discovered where they bivouac. "Vast," he exclaims, in a fit of wonder, "is the turning from Romanism," and "when Romanism shall fall, then our society and kindred ones shall dissolve, but until then we appeal to you and the favoured churches of our empire to help us." Money, my lord, English money, as the means of conversion, is the great desideratum in Ireland. Conversion to Protestantism is never lasting, never perfect, unless mammon takes the convert by the hand.

Following up the idea of miraculous success, Mr. Garrett gives, in the year 1858, the number of Romanists taught from the beginning by the Irish society at about 700,000, "who, otherwise," he adds, "must have remained in ignorance and superstition." "The society has," he continues, "26 flourishing missions, 422 agents, sixteen missionary clergymen ministering to congregations of converts." According to this report, the number rescued from Romanism and superstition, by this one society, exceeds by far the entire church population of all Ireland; but no matter, the statement was required. It was absolutely necessary, if funds were to be raised for proselytising purposes, to assure England, the great paymaster, that all Ireland was entering *en masse* into the Established Church, or joining some form of dissent or sectarianism of English growth. The principle of payment for results required the statements.

The Bishops of Rochester, Canterbury, Winchester, Armagh, and Tuam, whose letters I have before me, are more reserved and measured in their statements than the parsons. They never report, like Messrs. Bickersteth, Massey and Garrett, tens or hundreds of thousands of converts. They judiciously abstain from giving exact numbers, but the vague phraseology of "mighty operations," "numerous converts," "churches crowded," "meetings thronged to overflowing," "late-comers swarming like bees all round the building," "and new congregations"—this style of writing which they cautiously employ, affords ample margin to their imaginative and enthusiastic readers to put down any number of converts they please.

To reprove, my lord, and confound the spirit of false witness and deceit so evident in those reports, and so injurious and insulting to the Irish character, I can desire

nothing better than your Grace's own testimony, in your letter to the *Times* last May. Your Grace visited West Connaught, the head-quarters of proselytism ; you have traversed it for five days, surrounded by the paid agents of the movement ; you have received their statements, and they neglected no means of impressing your Grace with a high idea of the success of their labour, knowing that you had come to report progress, and through your report to enable the missionaries to collect more money. Now, my lord, I beg respectfully to ask, have you seen the tens of thousands who have openly left the Church of Rome—can you endorse any one of their reports? Are they not, as Dr. Littledale has said, unscrupulously mendacious? You have seen the country dotted with little missionary chapels, seminaries, and nurseries, erected principally by English money to deceive the tourist, and make him believe that a great work is in progress, and with money those buildings could be got up anywhere. You have seen the little children who are styled converts—the two and three-year-old theologians—in the hands of the proselytisers. But besides these, and the paid agents which your Grace has noticed, have you met with the tens of thousands reported by Messrs. Bickersteth and Massey? Have you seen even one convert who is not of that class which the sagacity of the peasantry has designated soupers—one whose motives and conduct are above suspicion. You will not, my lord, venture to say you have.

Conversion, everybody knows, is never effected by turning loose on society a low, ignorant rabble, designated Bible-readers, hired to abuse religion and circulate enormous falsehoods and insulting reports. It is the work of prayer and meditation, and of God's grace obtained through prayer. No other agencies, your Grace knows,

were employed in the universities and pious families of England to bring men in hundreds, whose motives are respected by all, to a knowledge of the Catholic truth.

The monstrous mendacity of those evangelical reports will be brought out still more strikingly, by placing them side by side with later reports from zealous proselytising clergymen, but who, having a character to sustain, decline the use of wholesale falsehood to forward their purpose.

The Irish Society held a meeting on Tuesday, the 19th of March, 1861, in the Divinity Hall, Trinity College, Dublin, the Rev. Samuel Butcher, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity, who has lately been promoted to the See of Meath, being in the chair. The report for the year 1860 was read and adopted. Speaking of the Irish Church, in promoting Protestantism, the report states "that her converts as yet have been comparatively few, but she is convinced that her work has not been in vain." Again the committee say, "It may seem a small triumph that we should be able to boast of a convert here and a convert there, but we must look beyond facts." I suppose into the region of fiction.

Compare, my lord, these reports, examine them without prejudice. One class of witnesses, the most renowned proselytisers, the Revs. Messrs. Bickersteth and Dallas, report twenty to thirty thousand converts, in 1851, gained by the Irish Church Mission Society, in less than three years; and Mr. Massey has twenty thousand gained by another society, in five years, and progressing at that rate of increase those last fifteen years, they should now be able to show at least 150,000 converts.

Again, Mr. Garrett reports, in 1854, tens of thousands of converts, which may mean any number you please; and, in 1858, he reports congregations of converts under a regular ministry, whilst other witnesses, the Professors

and Fellows of Trinity College, under the guidance of Dr. Butcher, after a careful survey of the whole field of missionary enterprise, honestly declare that they can discover only a convert here and there, and further they candidly admit that the converts of the Irish Church are comparatively very few. Was false witness against our people and their religion ever carried to so daring a pitch?

The Rev. Maziere Brady pronounces the statement oft repeated by Protestant historians, that 25 Irish Bishops separated from Rome in Elizabeth's reign, to be "the most impudent falsehood in all history." I cannot subscribe to that opinion. The falsehoods which I am now engaged in exposing, are far more impudent and audacious. To assert that the Irish people of the present day, amongst whom we live, whose faith is spoken of throughout the whole world, have apostatized in tens and twenties of thousands, is evidently a calumny of a more malignant and foul character, than the slanderous assertion that Irish Bishops conformed to the Established Church 300 years ago.

A clergyman, the Rev. G. D. Haughton, who has lately published his opinions in the *Fortnightly Review* of August last, p. 755, asks, "How is it that the Anglican Church is stopped in its growth. . . . Even in England, with all its social pre-eminence, more than half the nation stands aloof from it, the Scotch disdain it, the Irish loathe it, and the Welsh reject it;" and he afterwards adds, "Three centuries of domination and monopoly have failed to give it a hold on the Irish soil; it is as hateful a stranger there as ever."

This, my lord, is the truth, the simple truth, stated in the plainest language, the truth known to every intelligent man in Ireland, and the report of the proselytising

bodies, got up with a view to levy money in England, is one shameless defamatory, gigantic falsehood.

How long, my lord, shall the confidence and simplicity of your countrymen be abused, and the character and fair fame of Ireland be malignantly, blasted by those mendacious reports? The persecuting enactments of the past century against Catholics have, it is true, been repealed, but we are still assailed by weapons scarcely less offensive; our national pride is wounded; a low rabble of evangelicals are sent to teach the children of St. Patrick the truths of Christianity; our character is stigmatised. We are represented by the hired agents of a foul conspiracy, as a nation of apostates from the faith of our forefathers. If Ireland boasts of anything in the face of the nations of Christendom, it is of her long tried and invincible fidelity to the ancient religion, and if men wish to touch us where we feel most intensely, and make us tremulous with virtuous indignation, they have only to report, as the societies do, that we have in tens of thousands abandoned that religion.

This proselytism is one of the most nefarious projects which hypocrisy, avarice, and the spirit of lying have ever devised. And suppose, my lord, the people, forgetful of ancient honour and the sufferings of their ancestors, were to go forth from the home of their fathers, the Catholic Church, where shall they find peace and rest for their souls? whither shall they go? The Established Church is open to receive us. "Don't talk of its being a Church, it is a wholesale robbery," was the exclamation of the first statesman of the last century. The *London Telegraph* of the other day, August 7, very truly declares that "all the sophistry in the world will not blind them (the Irish), that they

are cursed with the most absurd and iniquitous ecclesiastical institution which the perverted ingenuity of man ever devised." Another journal, the *Scotsman*, on the same date, states, "The Irish Church has no parallel in the world—it is both a folly and an insult in principle—it has been not only a failure but a monstrous mischief in practice."

Viewing the Church as fairly represented by English journalism, and the soundest judgment, and highest talent in the empire, is it not evident that a Catholic can no more enter it from conviction, than become a worshipper of Mahomet in a Turkish mosque? and if some poor, hungry creatures have entered it, or sold, their children to it, who can doubt that their motive was to escape all the misery of slow starvation?

To you, my lord, the opportunity is given of abating the unparalleled nuisance. A word will do it. Your Grace has only to tell England that Protestantism has made no progress in this country, that the reports of the proselytising bodies are the most impudent and shameless falsehoods in the annals of history, that the infamous project of separating the people of Ireland from the faith of their fathers by penal laws in times past, and by falsehood and fraud at the present day, has been not only a failure, but a monstrous mischief. Announce the truth in the words of a divine of your own communion, the Rev. Dr. Littledale, "that three centuries of domination and monopoly have failed to give the church a hold in the Irish soil. It is as hateful a stranger there as ever." This truth circulated in England through the press would at once dry up the sources of proselytism, and leave the Irish people at the end of centuries to practise the duties of their religion in peace. This course, I respectfully recommend, would

serve both England and Ireland. It would save the one from fraud and imposition, and the other from insult and injury ; and perhaps it is the only service you can ever render to this Catholic nation.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

P.S.—Established etiquette, I am aware, exempts your Grace from the necessity of noticing the remonstrance of an humble priest ; but the rector of my own parish, whose testimony I have impeached as utterly and shamefully false, can claim no such privilege. But will he reply ? He has gone far beyond all our assailants in vulgar abuse, in hypocrisy, and low scurrility. He has written volumes in that style. But will he reply ? No. He knows the truth is on our side, and he will prudently prefer to remain under the shelter of an ignominious silence rather than incur the risk of a further exposure.

J. M.

XLVI.

ON SOME STATEMENTS OF ARCHDEACON GOOLD.

Nov. 5, 1866.

SIR—Having read, about three weeks ago, in the provincial press (*Tipperary Vindicator*) a letter from Archdeacon Goold, I resolved at once not to let it pass unnoticed, but the cholera breaking out just then with great violence in my parish, I could not give a moment to the subject until now.

The venerable archdeacon is evidently a man behind the age in liberality, intelligence, and good breeding. His letter, on which I am about to make a few observations, irresistibly leads the mind to that unfavourable conclusion.

The reverend gentleman, having been asked by his Catholic neighbours for a plot of ground whereon to build a chapel, not only refuses the favour, but avails himself of the occasion to pour out a flood of abuse on priests and people—broadly insinuating that their chapels have been used for wicked purposes. Being reminded that churches are places for religious instruction, he replies, “undoubtedly, provided the people are taught therein their duty to God and to their neighbour, but if they are desecrated by coarse, scurrilous, and unchristian denunciations * * * they become dens of cursing, scolding, and strife.” Continuing in this strain, he writes, “What I am dreadfully ashamed of—what brings the burning blushes to my cheek, both as an Irishman and a Christian, is, that when I see Roman Catholic priests heading drunken and brutal mobs, hounding them on to deeds of insult and riot, preaching up Sabbath desecration, and trying to set landlord against tenant, and tenant against landlord. The sad sight, so familiar to my eyes, leads me, every day I live, on bended knees to bless and adore God that I was born, nurtured, and educated in the bosom of the reformed church.” Again, he says, “I am no logician, but God has not deprived me of the use of reason.”

There is not, I imagine, Mr. Editor, a Christian, either Protestant or Catholic, in the country, who will not at once admit that these passages contain an elaborate and fearful misrepresentation of our practices, and a foul, malignant libel on Catholic society. The reverend gen-

tleman candidly avows, what everybody perceives, that he is no logician, but when he describes Catholic churches as dens of cursing, scolding, and strife, and desecrated by coarse, scurrilous language, he will find it hard to persuade his readers that he is not to some extent deprived of the proper use of reason. He seems to enjoy a positive pleasure in uttering those outrageous and reproachful speeches.

The people, it is ungenerously insinuated, are not taught their duty to God and their neighbour!! What people on the face of the earth have given more abundant proof of such teaching? What prevents the archdeacon from seeing things as they really are? Does he not know that as soon as the penal laws were relaxed, and Catholics were allowed to raise their heads, and worship God according to the dictate of conscience and the ritual of the ancient Catholic Church, they began to collect the scattered stones of the sanctuary which Protestantism had pulled down, and in their poverty to build up temples to the living God? does he not see that in a short time we covered the country with magnificent churches, the beauty and glories of which make us almost forget the days of sorrow and ruin through which we had passed? Does he not see our educational establishments, our colleges and seminaries, our convents and Christian Brothers' Schools, and our institutions of charity, destined to alleviate every sort of human woe? Is he not aware that the poor of Ireland have not only equalled, but far excelled, the worshippers in the richly endowed church in all those grand works of Christian charity? And is there no evidence in all this, that the people have been taught their duty towards God and their neighbour? And if the archdeacon could not see those things with his own eyes, he might well take the

facts on the authority of Dr. Trench, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, who, in his Charge last year, p. 21, writes, "It must be owned the costly and oftentimes beautiful chapels and cathedrals with which the Roman Catholics are everywhere covering the land might well provoke us even to a livelier jealousy, and to a more earnest effort, not to be *wholly* left behind."

Is the dignity of the Established Church in a position to reproach the Catholic priesthood with leaving our people in ignorance of their duty to God? What is the religious condition of the multitudes committed to the teaching and guidance of his own Church? The census, as abridged by Horace Mann, informs the British public, p. 97, "that myriads of the population are really as ignorant of Christianity as even the heathen Saxon at the landing of Augustine." Are these the people who have been taught their duty to God? The oldest bishop in England, he of Exeter, in his Charge, 1845, p. 56, declares that "absolute heathenism, and worse than heathenism, intense hatred of the Christian faith, is raging in many parts of England." Those facts cannot be unknown to the archdeacon, and surely they ought to teach him modesty and forbearance. He should take the beam out of his own eye, if he were wise, before he undertakes to remove the mote from the eye of another.

Having described the people and the priest, the venerable archdeacon draws, with a considerable dash of rigmarole, his own portrait. Although a staunch Protestant, he boasts, "that not a mere tributary rill, but a large volume of Catholic blood flows through his veins;" and he adds his belief that it is the Catholic blood, or, as he calls it, "the good old drop, which has enabled him to act as a fair landlord and a tolerable neighbour,"

whilst the Protestant blood, he continues, "exhibits itself in occasional scolding and snappishness."

There is the church dignitary, the reformer of abuses, just as he wishes to present himself to the public. I regret that he has not given under his hand better evidence that nature has endowed him with something more generous, more elevated, more ennobling, than those unamiable dispositions, which have come to him from his Protestant descent.

Towards the close of his letter, the venerable archdeacon changes his style of attack from vulgar vituperation to that species of rhetoric designated nicknaming—the ready weapon of the weakminded. He writes in one paragraph "Romish priests," "Romish chapel," "Romish requirements," and "Romish Hierarchy." This style of controversy is used not to convert the Catholic but simply to *insult* him. Gentlemen and scholars, of the present age, know, and invariably use, his recognised title of Catholic clergymen. It would be wholly inexcusable on our part to invent and always use the analogous terms of "Londonish Parsons," when speaking of the clergy of the Established Church.

In paragraph 5 he brings the novel charge against the Catholic priesthood, of desecrating the Sabbath, and of setting landlords against tenants and *vice versa*. We are accused, as at all times, of every vice and folly; but our accuser seems not to know that he himself is mischievously engaged, whilst charging others, in embittering the relations which exist between those parties, by depicting the weak and undefended party in the public press as brutal, drunken mobs, hounded on by priests to deeds of outrage and insubordination. Could the reverend gentleman, who has considerable vituperative power, say anything worse? We are, however, a patient people,

and can quietly bear the calumnies of the archdeacon, contradicted by the solemn testimony of the judges of the land, who, not regarding the teaching of the archdeacon, have not unfrequently pronounced our people to be fond of justice, unstained by crime, and unsurpassed in patient endurance amid great privations. Oh! it is hard to calculate the amount of evil which an archdeacon's eloquence may produce, who, in his constant intercourse with the landlord class, speaks of priests as hounding on their brutal followers to crime and outrage!

A lecture for priests, against desecrating the house of God by anti-Christian denunciations, was little expected from a dignitary of the Established Church. Has he ever read what Edmund Burke has written on the pulpits of another people? He would do well to study the brilliant pages of Burke, the first philosopher and statesman of his day; they might teach him Christian forbearance, and abate that snappishness of character which too clearly characterises his letter from first to last.

Burke writes (vol 9, p. 272), "We ought to recollect the poison which, under the name of antidotes against Popery, has been circulated from our pulpits and from our presses, from the heads of the Church of England, and the heads of the Dissenters. *These publications by degrees have tended to drive all religion from our own minds, and to fill them with nothing but a violent hatred of the religion of other people, and of course, with a hatred of their persons.*" If we accept the testimony of Mr. Burke, and his honour and truthfulness have never been questioned, it is quite clear that churches have become dens of cursing, scolding, and strife, but not the churches of Catholic Ireland.

In the last paragraph of his letter, the archdeacon indiscreetly becomes emphatic on the subject of toleration.

The archdeacon, I doubt not, knows, as everyone, in any degree conversant with our history, must know, what means were employed to introduce and uphold in Ireland the religion which he and his family have embraced. He knows that the property of the laity was confiscated and wasted by fines and penalties to compel their attendance at Protestant worship on Sundays. The priests were handled more roughly. They were thrown into prison or sent into exile, and if they returned they were sent to the scaffold for simply worshipping God as he had been always worshipped in the Christian Church. We suffered for centuries under those laws, which the Protestant bishop, Dr. Fitzgerald, the other day described as "framed apparently for the express purpose of crushing down the Roman Catholic population into a state of hopeless poverty, ignorance, and discontent, and undying hostility to everything that bore the hateful name of English." What a strange people we are, not to love and admire English Protestantism under the soothing operation of penal laws.

These were the evangelical and tolerant means employed to convert our forefathers, means which it appears have proved successful with the archdeacon's ancestors; and I suppose there is abundant evidence in his family, records of confiscation of property, unless, perhaps, the Goolds, to escape poverty and persecution, abjured the Catholic faith at the first moment of trial; and when in latter times our rulers grew tired, as it were, of insulting us, and the liberality of the age called for the repeal of those cruel laws, even then, the archdeacons and dignitaries who now lecture us on toleration, resisted to the last the work of emancipation. These are the models from whom we are to learn the Christian doctrine of forbearance, and these are the men who unwisely talk of the wild

crusade against what they call their church, but what the enlightened Catholic and Protestant opinion of the day denounces as a degrading despotism, an insulting badge of conquest—a gigantic injustice—and the foulest blot on modern civilisation. It is hard, indeed, to understand the piety of throwing oneself every day on bended knees to thank God that one has been born, nurtured, and brought up under such a system.

No Protestant clergyman in our part of the country, it gives me pleasure to state, would use the language of Archdeacon Goold. As a general rule the clergy treat us with ordinary courtesy and respect. Some few thought with the archdeacon that scurrility and vituperation might be fairly lavished, “to any extent, on Romish priests,” but whenever they thus offended, the Editor of our local journal called them to order, pointing out the gross and intolerable impropriety of their conduct; and the happy result has been, the entire abandonment of practices so abhorrent from the feelings of the Christian and the gentleman.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XLVII.

THE REV. JAMES P. GARRETT ON RITUALISM.

December 24th, 1866.

SIR—The extraordinary letter of my neighbour, the Rev. James P. Garrett, rector of Kellistown, addressed to all the bishops and archbishops of England, and widely

circulated through the English press, is the legitimate subject of criticism. Cant, hypocrisy, fanaticism—in a word, shams of every kind degrading society, should never be suffered to pass unnoticed and unreprieved. Our religious liberty, our peace of mind, our character as a nation cannot be preserved unless our assailants, who adopt those arts, be strictly called to order.

The reverend gentleman, who has often distinguished himself by reporting that Catholicism was dying out in Ireland, that the people were going over *en masse* to Protestantism, has now discovered a new subject; one of a quite opposite character—in fact, he is labouring under dreadful apprehensions regarding the safety and stability of the Protestant Church in England. He has seen sights on a late visit to that country, which have quite overpowered him. He saw with his own eyes, clergymen praying in Protestant churches in ecclesiastical costumes, or (as he describes it) “decked out with many of the meretricious ornaments of the apostacy,” observing rites and ceremonies, which, in his judgment, bear some resemblance to Catholic worship, but which the men of prayer consider as only adding to the decorum and solemnity of the homage due to the Creator; and he gives timely warning, that unless bishops, archbishops, and godly laymen come to the rescue of the Church and drive out Romanism, lost souls shall cry out against them on the day of judgment. “If these things,” he prophetically exclaims, “are permitted, the Church of England must fall.”

But, to avoid all misrepresentation, it is better to state Mr. Garrett’s case in his own words, omitting now and then some of his prophetic announcements and his swelling words, in which he largely indulges. He thus begins:—

"My Lords—I am an aged minister, who lived above twenty years in England, and lately revisited your country, and there witnessed what I thought Protestant England would never permit. I saw churches and professed ministers of the Gospel decked out with many of the meretricious ornaments of the apostacy, Romanising doctrines taught, and many deluded by these false and Jesuit ministers. No wonder the lover of the Church is sorrowful, for not only are many of the higher ranks falling away to Rome, but pious members are leaving our communion in despair. If these things are permitted, the Church of England must fall."

There is quite enough in this to trouble Mr. Garrett's peace of mind. But he does not state what proportion of the people have abandoned the Church in despair.

The Rev. G. D. Haughton, better informed on the subject than the writer of Kellistown, in the *Fortnightly Review* for August last, p. 755, is more explicit and satisfactory on that point. "Even in England," he writes "with all its social pre-eminence, more than half the nation stands aloof from it (the Church). The Scotch disdain it, the Irish loathe it, and the Welsh reject it." This, Mr. Editor, is the beautiful result of the glorious Reformation!

Higher authorities than Mr. Haughton, the bishops themselves, in the Eighteenth Report of the Pastoral Aid Society, speaking of the condition of England, use these words:—"Is it not a fact that there are multitudes in this country altogether ignorant of the Saviour, and in a state little, if at all, removed from that of heathen nations? . . . Each day," the report continues, "discovers to us the increasing spiritual necessities of unchristianised millions."

This, no doubt, is a sad picture; but how does Mr.

Garrett propose to deal with it? How are the educated and higher classes to be prevented from returning to the ancient Church? How are the unchristianised millions to be brought within the fold of Christ? and how are the pious members of the State Church to be kept from leaving it in despair? Is the work to be performed by the circulation of a free Bible, by preaching the Word, by prayer, or friendly remonstrance, or learned controversy? Nothing at all of the kind. Mr. Garrett knows something far better. He relies on the arm of the flesh, and proposes to stamp out the evils of indifferentism and infidelity by a sweeping Act of Parliament.

“If the bishops (he says) have not the legal power, let them seek it from Parliament without delay, and let our Church be purged from everything doubtful, so that not one, even with a taint of Romanism, can hold any office in her communion.”

In support of his views, Mr. Garrett quotes and adopts the opinion of one whom he describes as of “high rank and influence,” who has written to him, saying:—“My blood boils in my veins to read of the infamous doings in the Tractarian churches, especially in London; and if I was a bishop, I would run all risks, and lock the church doors against these wretched men, with their incense and false doctrine. God will not much longer forbear to visit England with some sore judgment for this falling away from the truth.” Mr. Garrett and his friend of high rank are evidently both prophets.

And what, Mr. Editor, are those clergymen sneeringly described by Mr. Garrett as “professed ministers of the Gospel,” “false and Jesuit ministers,” “wretched men?” They are, in a word, the most zealous, learned, and earnest men in the Protestant Church. Even those who disapprove of rites and ceremonies freely acknowledge

their extensive learning, disinterestedness, and great virtue. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, the Right Rev. Dr. Ellicott, who must know more of them than the rector of Kellistown, whilst strongly disapproving of the Ritualistic movement, emphatically states in his sermon preached at Bristol, and published in the *Times* (which now lies before me), November 6, 1866:—"That the greater part of those whom common observation would single out as the leaders of the movement, are not only men of eminently pure lives, but are men who, in the hour of need and trial, amid the dreadful shadows of the now departing visitation, have shown a true Christian courage and a love for the souls that Christ came to save;" and he adds—"The movement is by no means confined to our spiritual teachers—*whole congregations* are now clearly expressing their sympathy with the widening development, and by their earnestness and devotion so far tending, not only to enhance, but to commend it. . . . We may see too in the movement," continued the bishop, "a loyal antagonism to that secret denial of our own dear Lord that carps at his incarnation, and calls in question his Godhead."

These are the men, Mr. Editor, with "the taint of Romanism," that is with the courage and devotion of the Catholic priest, with a full belief in the Godhead of our blessed Saviour, which Dr. Elliott avers, other clergymen secretly deny—these are the very men whom Protestantism cannot tolerate, in whose face Mr. Garrett and his friends would slap the doors of the church, and who have lately been hooted and hissed in the performance of religious service, by the un-Christianized millions of England, and the organised Protestant mobs in Dublin. Where Mr. Editor, is this impiety and violence to end? Are mobs to rule supreme in the Church? Are men to

be cashiered simply because their lives give evidence of a belief in the truths of revelation? The nonsense and worse than nonsense, which men have heard from early infancy about Popery, the Scarlet Lady, the Beast, and Antichrist, and no peace with Rome, has driven religion from their minds, leaving as a substitute not a belief in any form of Protestantism, but a wide-spread infidelity and a blind hatred of the religion of other people.

I have never had a very high opinion of the discretion or prudence of the Rev. Mr. Garrett, although I esteem him on other grounds; but it never occurred to me that he would venture to write to the Bishops and Archbishops of England against the most distinguished members of his own Church, who are anxiously seeking for the truth, denouncing them as "false ministers," "Jesuit ministers," "wretched men."

It is insolence and fanaticism and cant of this kind which have rendered the Protestant Establishment so odious and hateful to sober-minded men, and have brought it to that condition described by Mr. Haughton as contemned by the Scotch, loathed by the Irish, rejected by the Welsh, and abandoned by half the English nation.

Hired Scripture-readers, distinguished only by their ignorance and absence of all religious propriety, are prime favourites with Mr. Garrett and parsons of his stamp; but learning or piety, or self-sacrificing spirit, or all taken together, seem, in Mr. Garrett's judgment, to unfit men for a profitable study of the Bible, as generally leading to the Catholic Church.

Turning from the sad vision of a dissolving church in England to that of Ireland, Mr. Garrett finds comfort in the contemplation of its beauty and holiness. "She is,"

he exclaims, "a great bulwark of truth and loyalty, and if overthrown the sister Church in England (here the prophetic spirit lays hold on Mr. Garrett again) will quickly follow. Alas! how is it with the dear old Church of our fathers!" What nonsense. Does he know nothing about it? He should recollect what Edmund Burke, in conversation with Lord Brougham, said of the dear old Establishment: "Don't talk of its being a church; it is a wholesale robbery;" and he might have added in scriptural language, "It was the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." Does not the *Times* use the same language the other day, September, 19, 1866: "It is, in a manner, a gigantic confiscation, it seizes the whole of the ecclesiastical endowments of the country and appropriates them to the use of a small minority, to a large extent of a foreign race and an alien religion." Is not this a wholesale robbery? And later the *Times* writes, November 6, 1866—"England still retains and supports out of the tithes of Ireland a church whose religion is not the religion of the people—an irritating badge of conquest, and a memorial of oppression." Is not this a wholesale robbery? The Right Hon. Charles Buller, discussing the Church question in 1844, observed, "It is clear as noonday that we impose it on the Irish, because we scorn their weakness and their feelings to such an extent that we think we may dispense with observing towards them the commonest rules of fair dealing." This, Mr. Editor, is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Never has the motive of injustice and wrong been more unreservedly stated.

Does Mr. Garrett wish to know more about his dear old Establishment? He foolishly calls it the bulwark of loyalty. It is wholly impossible that the church, as

described by the *Times* and every statesman of eminence in the country, could teach the people anything but hatred and disloyalty to the power which imposed it upon the neck of a subject nation.

Look across the Atlantic. Does it flatter our pride or raise our character in the eyes of civilised nations, to see myriads of men standing in a free country, who have left our shores with anything but a feeling of loyalty in their hearts towards the church and State under which they once lived and suffered. No such phenomenon has ever appeared in any other part of the world, simply because it has never happened before, that an attempt, extending over three centuries, has been made by a nation, professing Christianity, in violation of the sacred rights of conscience, to thrust an alien church, at the point of the sword, down the throats of a Christian people. Oh, it is a world-wide scandal. The English people, I believe, desire its removal, but our present rulers, if they can, will not permit it.

Instead of assailing others, Mr. Garrett should look to his own affairs. As honorary secretary to the Irish Proselytising Society, he wrote, "that God has honoured and blessed our societies' work with an almost miraculous success; tens of thousands in Ireland have openly left the Church of Rome, and tens of thousands of Irish emigrants have done the same in America." . . . "Vast is the turning from Romanism." Now, every man in Ireland knows this statement to be false, and intensely offensive to Catholics. Could anything more deeply wound the sensibility of one who loves his country and his creed than to represent the people with whom he is identified as having apostatized *en masse*? Could any calumny be more injurious to our national character? I have called on Mr. Garrett to retract it. Why has he

not done so? If all such calumnies were retracted, and the truth made known in England, the proselytising societies of this country would soon become a bankrupt concern. Let not Mr. Garrett wrap himself up in a panoply of prejudice and ignorance, and call clergymen, who are his superiors in intellect—indeed, in every quality which raises one man above another—"false Jesuit ministers," "wretched men." He knows that a large number of the most distinguished for talent, learning, and virtue in the Protestant universities has, in his own time, come over to the ancient Church. Let him imitate their zeal, their piety, their disinterestedness—giving up everything for the sake of Christ—and then we shall hear him with respect, but until then he had better hide his prophetic light under a bushel, and write no more letters to the Archbishops and Bishops of England.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XLVIII.

TO THE REV. LORD SIDNEY GODOLPHIN
OSBORNE, ON CONFESSION.

January 22nd, 1867.

MY LORD—Your correspondence with Dr. Pusey, on the subject of Confession, displaying great learning, logical acumen, and candour, is not, after all, much calculated to enlighten the public mind, simply because, and I say it with great respect, neither the advocate nor

the opponent of the thesis fully or scientifically understands the theology of the question. Without at all entering into the controversy, may I be allowed to state Catholic doctrine, as briefly as possible, on the subject under discussion.

Dr. Pusey asserts his claim to be heard as having experience, for eight and twenty years as confessor, of the beneficial results of the system ; how much more may I presume to speak, having experience extending over fifty years ? and besides, it is most probable that I have heard more confessions in any one year than Dr. Pusey has heard, as an amateur, in his entire life ; for, in truth, the reconciliation of the sinner with God ; in the sacred tribunal of penance, is the work, almost the entire work, of the priest who faithfully discharges his duties.

Now, with regard to our doctrine on this subject, we believe the sacrament of penance—when the sinner confesses with proper dispositions, and the priest, duly authorised, absolves—to be the ordinary channel appointed by God through which the grace of justification passes into the soul of man who has fallen from his baptismal innocence. We believe, by this justification, that man, from being unjust, becomes just, *ex inimico amicus*, so as to be made an heir, according to the hope of eternal life. He is not only reputed but really is just, receiving justice according to the measure which the Holy Ghost distributes to each as he freely willeth, and according to the proper disposition and co-operation of each. We believe the *efficient* cause of this justification to be a merciful God, who gratuitously forgives and sanctifies us, sealing and anointing us with his promised Holy Spirit—the pledge of our inheritance ; the *meritorious* cause, our dear Lord Jesus Christ, who, while we were his enemies, on account of the exceeding great

charity wherewith he loved us, merited justification for us by his sufferings on the Cross, and made satisfaction for us unto God his Father.

The Almighty, in this great work of the renovation of sinful man, disposing all things sweetly, yet effectually, prepares gradually the soul for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. First, he breathes, in a manner, on man spiritually dead, awakening the faith that is within him, the root and foundation of justification. Aided by this gift, and strengthened by the grace of God, man freely and firmly assents to what God has revealed, believing without hesitation in all His promises and all His menaces. The belief in the menaces introduces fear, the beginning of wisdom ; whilst the faith in His consoling promises introduces the sweet angel of hope, by which we confide that God is disposed to pardon us, through the merits of our dear Saviour. We then raise our heads, and look to Christ on the Cross. We see Him, as it were, stretching out His arms to embrace us, bending His head to give us the kiss of peace, offering His side, open with a spear, as a safe passage to His loving heart, and we hear from his dying lips that the great mystery of man's redemption is completed—*consummatum est*. This hope again, under the operation of grace, becomes incipient love, the sweetest daughter of heaven ; for how can we consider the charity of God, who sent His only begotten Son to die for us, or confidently lean on His mercy, without beginning to love Him as the source of all mercy and justice. We begin also to detest our sins as an offence against God, and this salutary hatred of iniquity disposes the offender to amend his life—to become, in a word, a new creature, prepared rather to die than offend any more. With these dispositions, grace working within us, we co-operating, we run con-

fessing our sins to the minister of religion, whom we recognise not as the Lord, but the steward and dispenser of the treasures of mercy committed to him. We know that he can forgive only in the circumstances in which his own Divine Master would not refuse forgiveness. Whom Christ would pardon, him only can the priest absolve—viz., the penitent, detesting his sin for its essential deformity and opposition to God, and resolved, with the aid of divine grace, to sin no more ; to make reparation, as far as possible, to God, whom he has offended ; to his neighbour, if in any way he has injured him in person, property, or character.

The penitent thus disposed, and approaching the tribunal of divine mercy, and humbling himself by a sincere acknowledgment of his guilt, hears with joy the blessed words of reconciliation—I, by the authority of Christ committed to me, absolve you from your sins, in the name of the Father, &c. I confess I cannot see how any man who professes to receive the doctrines of Christianity can reject the teaching of the Church as to remission of sin, thus explained in all our authorised Catholic works.

All the labours of the priest in his ministry are directed more or less to prepare the people committed to his care for the due reception of this great sacrament. First, we preach the Gospel, from the pulpit, every Sunday and holiday, to all the people. It is the work of about an hour ; but we preach the same Gospel every day, for several hours, in the confessional, applying it to each separately, as the necessity of his case requires, and absolving him from sin.

The quadruple commission to *teach*, to *baptize*, to *remit sin*, to *offer sacrifice* must be carried out fully. If you mutilate it, striking off one of its parts, it will not work.

You bring down the commission of heavenly origin to the level of a human institution, divorced from the grace of God, hence the admitted failure, in pagan lands, of missions conducted on Protestant principles.

A sermon on Sunday, ever so well arranged and delivered, is, after all, but a fractional part of the duty which the divine commission imposes on the priest. It frequently, no doubt, awakens sinners to a full consciousness of their unhappy state, and if they resolve *bona fide* to amend their lives, and work out their salvation through the aid of divine grace, our experience is, that they come invariably, soon after the sermon, confessing their sins, asking pardon of God, and grace and strength, through the reception of the sacrament, to fulfil their good resolutions. In fact, the priest must every day preside in the sacred tribunal, in season and out of season, completing and perfecting the work to which the preaching on Sunday gave the first impulse.

If, on the other hand, the Catholic hears unmoved, as often happens, the Word of God, if he be in the habit of sin, and unwilling to break his chains, if, in a word, he gets, as it were, tired of the practice of virtue, and weary of the restraints on his evil passions, which the divine law imposes, our experience is, that he gives up, for the time, all idea of confession, and becomes, in practice, a Protestant. He knows right well that the habit of sin and justification through the sacrament are incompatible. One or the other must necessarily be given up; and if grace at length prevails, our experience is that the confessional is again resorted to: and we know that those who confess every week, examining carefully their conscience, and ever mindful of the divine presence, lead lives of extraordinary purity and sanctity. In truth, our conviction that the grace obtained by confession and

• holy communion preserves the health of the soul, is quite as strong and as clear as that the proper use of food preserves the health of the body and allays the feeling of hunger. Without confession *in re vel in voto* the work of conversion is never well done.

The office of physician is somewhat analogous to that of which we are treating. He may write learnedly and lecture eloquently upon the various ills to which human nature is heir, and in a general way prescribe remedies ; but his patients, we all know, are never satisfied with his public lecture. They must see the physician in his study, and disclose to him their ailments, how long they have suffered, &c., &c., and hear from his lips the remedies required in their particular case. So it is exactly with the penitent wishing to recover God's favour ; he, too, discloses the wounds of his conscience to his spiritual physician, adopts the remedies suggested, and under judicious directions recovers and preserves the health of his soul.

If the priest neglects, after the Sunday's instruction and offering of sacrifice, the confessional duties, he frees himself at once from the most important, and the every day labour of the priestly functions ; and perhaps he may call it a reformation ; and if the physician refuse to see his patients in his study, every day in the week, it is unnecessary to say that his professional labours will be neither onerous nor profitable.

Does any one believe, my lord, that if the 15,000 clergymen of England, *duly authorised*, after their Sunday's lecture to the public, had held stations amongst the people during the week, spending several hours a day in the sacred tribunal, pointing out to each penitent individually the mercy and love of the Saviour, the enormity and malice of his sins, and the remedies which

prevent a relapse—does anybody believe, I ask, that under such a salutary discipline, it could be said with truth, as it has been said, in the Census Report for England, p. 97, that “Myriads of our labouring population are really as ignorant of Christianity as were the heathen Saxons at Augustine’s landing.” There is not a priest in the world my lord, hearing confessions, but knows, that a word in the confessional, or an appropriate text of Scripture addressed to the penitent confessing his sins, often does more to excite sorrow of heart and a detestation of sin than the most elaborate and eloquent sermons in public. Thousands of times have I seen the penitential tear on the cheek of guilt which seemed before confession hardened in iniquity.

The *Times* states, so long ago as March 19, 1844, “That the most serious feature of the age is the increase of infanticide. . . . What we have set down,” it adds, “as the worst blot in the imperfect civilisation (of pagan nations) is becoming the characteristic of England.” Matters have not since improved. The London *Telegraph* writes, in 1863, “The sound of the tiny death-shrieks has risen to a volume which is heard in the ears of all. Our courts are full of such cases ; we pick up the infant corpses in gardens, unfinished houses, and waste places ; we find them washing up and down with the tides of the river ; they are taken out of servants’ boxes, dug up from back yards, and disclosed by the half dozen from the roofs of churches.”

Dr. Lankester and other philanthropists are quite at a loss to discover a remedy for those enormous evils. Some call for severe legislation on the subject, others suggest the opening of houses of refuge, inviting to their aid some kind-hearted and benevolent ladies of the higher classes—Protestant sisters of mercy who feel in

some degree dishonoured by the atrocity and unnatural crimes of those of their own sex. Alas! alas! England has no means to counteract the dreadful evil. The suggestions of philosophy, the measures of human legislation, the appliances of benevolence, are all equally valueless. The divine institution which the Saviour ordained for the purpose, for the renovation of sinful man, is all but abolished; and those who attempt to re-establish it are fiercely decried.

Those crimes, it may be said, are unknown in Ireland amongst our poor people, and will your lordship tell us, or will the *Times* inform us, to what cause are we indebted for the absence of those moral plagues? Is it to a higher degree of pulpit eloquence on the part of the Catholic clergy, to greater learning, or wider intelligence? By no means. Is it to the sinlessness of our Celtic nature, or to the climate, or our insular position? Evidently it is not. What, then? The sacred tribunal of penance, instituted by divine wisdom, and upheld amongst us through centuries of persecution, stands out prominently, and evidently as the cause of our exemption—*Dominus illuminatio mea et salus mea*. He alone hath the knowledge and the power to heal the wounds and purify the corruption of the human heart, by His divine ordinance, administered according to His holy will.

The advantage and usefulness of confession has been fully recognised by many of the opponents of our religion. It is known that men are for the most part tortured with remorse after having sinned grievously, and have been saved from rushing in despair into more criminal excesses by confession. The philosophic infidel, Voltaire, saw the matter clearly. "There is not," he says, "perhaps, a more wise institution than that of confession; it is a bridle on habitual crimes; it disposes the ulcer-

ated heart to forgive; it moves the unjust man to restore the property of which he has defrauded his neighbour. The enemies of the Roman Church who have denounced this salutary institution have taken away from man the greatest restraint that can be put upon crime."*

But it is said that the confessional has been abused, and that penitents ought, therefore, to be warned of the danger; and what is it, however holy, that has not been abused? Are we, therefore, to give up its proper use? There is nothing more sacred than the name of God, and yet it is every day profaned. Shall we, therefore, cease to invoke it? Preaching the Gospel has been abused to the inculcation of the grossest errors, and the most dreadful blasphemies. Is the Bible, therefore, to be a sealed book? Go into the Divorce Court, where Catholics never appear, and, no doubt, you will come away under the conviction that the greatest abuses prevail in the married state. Ought marriage, therefore, be decried, and, in its stead, promiscuous intercourse be permitted? Again, it is objected that improper questions are asked in the sacred tribunal? Is it supposed that a confessor, properly educated, as a priest ought to be, cannot avoid all such danger? or is youth so sinless in this corrupt age, that asking a question prudently and guardedly is likely to stain the purity of his soul? The youthful sinner often learns, and for the first time, that the acts in which he had long indulged, are grievous violations of

* "Il n'y a peut-être point d'établissement plus sage que la confession, elle est une chose excellente, un frein aux crimes invétérés, elle est très bonne pour engager les cœurs ulcérés de haine à pardonner, et pour faire rendre aux voleurs ce qu'ils peuvent avoir dérobé à leur prochain . . . Les ennemis de l'Eglise Romaine qui se sont élevés contre une institution si salutaire, semblent avoir oté aux hommes le plus grand frein qu'on pût mettre à leur crimes."—VOLTAIRE.

God's holy law? Is he injured by this knowledge, and where could it be communicated to him so prudently and safely as in the tribunal of penance? Is he demoralized by learning that sins of thought are often grievous offences? *Omnis qui viderit mulierem ad concupiscendum eam, jam mæchatus est eam in corde suo*; or is he injured by knowing that *neque fornicarii neque molles neque masculorum concupitores regnum Dei possidebunt*?

The priests, who discharge their duty conscientiously—and blessed be the God of Mercy, their name is legion—need not care if the reporter of the *Times* sat by their side in the sacred tribunal, to communicate their words to the world at large. Is it fair to suspect men whose lives are above reproach, who never shrink from visiting, by day or night, any of their flock stricken by plague or pestilence (and this is the known character of the body), that at other times they employ their ministry to defile and corrupt. If any one abuses the sacred tribunal, he does so at his own risk: at the risk of everything he holds dear on earth and in heaven, whilst the Church, solicitous for the honour and purity of its ministry, has guarded all the outworks of her sacred tribunal, and planted on them, round and round, her most awful thunders to terrify and strike down the sacrilegious monster who would dare to pervert his holy office to any evil purpose.

Permit me, my lord, at parting, to say that although I fear we cannot be benefited by your controversial writings, Ireland can never forget the services you have rendered her when famine and misery had fallen on the land; you came amongst us, spoke words of kindness to a suffering people, extolled their patience, and eloquently and earnestly recommended them to the care and

generosity of the rich, and to the attention of government.

I have the honour to be,

Your Lordship's obedient servant,
JAMES MAHER, P. P.

XLIX.

REMARKS ON A LETTER OF THE REV.
MR. DRAPES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CARLOW POST."

February 7, 1867.

DEAR SIR—The correspondence between the Relief Committee of Tullow and the Rev. John L. Drapes, rector of the parish, should not be suffered to pass unnoticed. The reverend gentleman, by sending the correspondence to the *Sentinel*, places himself before the public in a position which a man of good taste, ordinary discretion, or common sense, would feel deeply ashamed to occupy. I do not undertake to say how Mr. Drapes feels on the occasion. Let us, however, examine, without further preface, how the case stands, and consider it solely on its merits.

The Relief Committee ask him in the usual way for his contribution, and inform him, at the same time, that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul are actively engaged in the distribution of the charity. The reverend gentleman might have refused, as some few have done, and so let the matter rest. But that course would not satisfy

the Protestant spirit of Mr. Drapes. He not only refuses, but, in the midst of our dire distress, he tells his Protestant neighbours, through the public press, that "he has reason to believe that many of them are induced to subscribe to the above society through ignorance of their principles." He afterwards, with rare inconsistency, lauds and insults, almost in the same breath, the gentlemen of the committee. He has confidence in their honour, yet, he has found out from Mr. Ozanam, in Paris, whom he ignorantly styles the Founder of the Order, that they are disguised proselytisers, and, therefore, he can have nothing to do with them.

What, I beg to ask, has prompted Mr. Drapes to assail the good and humble lay Catholics of Tullow as proselytisers—as attempting to win over persons to their creed "*by means of alms?*" Have they perverted, or attempted to pervert, anyone? What have they ever done to justify this false and insolent accusation?

Mr. Drapes knows—at least every man of ordinary intelligence in the country knows—that the converts to the ancient religion are not bought by alms. They come from the highest classes in society, bearing the most honoured names—from the most distinguished and learned of the Protestant clergy—from the masters in theology and the professors in every department of knowledge—from the celebrated Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the other great schools of England. He knows, too, that they have come to the Catholic Church, sacrificing wealth, honours, and high position, not by the persuasive words of human eloquence, but by the all-powerful grace of God, obtained by fervour and perseverance in humble prayer, by the practice of virtue, and by daily reading and meditating on the sacred Scriptures with the light and aid of the Saints and

Fathers of the early ages—means which, if properly employed, might convert even Mr. Drapes himself. With Divine truth—on the Catholic side, powerful, as everybody sees, to captivate and subdue the highest and proudest intellect of the age, we have evidently no need of the proselytising efforts of the good, the humble, and unpretending shopkeepers and farmers of Tullow, or of any other locality.

Besides, Mr. Drapes knows, and the knowledge ought to make him very civil and sparing of his reproaches, that tens of thousands of pounds are annually collected in England to buy up the poor children of Catholic families, on the verge of starvation, and rear them as Protestants, in nurseries, and orphanages, and Birds' Nests, in Spiddal, Clifden, Galway, and Dublin, with a view to keep up the appearance of Protestant congregations in the Irish Establishment, and as missionary work, to be referred to, in return, for its ecclesiastical wealth. No doubt the charge of pecuniary proselytism has been indignantly denied, just as the leading agents in corrupt boroughs repel the charge of bribery, notwithstanding no one has the least doubt of the fact in either case.

He knows also that his Church cannot extend its boundaries by religious means. It has had a trial of three hundred years, backed by persecuting laws, and all the power of the State, and has utterly failed. Nay, it cannot keep its own. Millions have fallen away, some into dissent, some into infidelity, leaving the Church, as a neighbouring parson, Mr. Garrett, has lately said, "in despair." "Even in England," writes the Rev. G. Haughton, in the *Fortnightly Review* for August last, p. 755, "with all its social pre-eminence, more than half the nation stands aloof from it (the Church). The Scotch disdain it, the Irish loathe it, and the Welsh

reject it." With the Church in this wretched condition, when Protestantism is crumbling to pieces on every side, when its myriad schisms and heresies are either separating into new phases of belief, or perishing like untimely fruit, the last thing a sensible parson would think of doing would be to offer insult to his Catholic neighbours. In truth, no one can say a kind word of his Church. It has fulfilled none of the ends for which churches have been established. The Protestant press of England denounces it as "an unparalleled nuisance," "an insulting badge of conquest," "a gigantic confiscation," "a wholesale robbery." "Don't talk to me of its being a Church," said the greatest statesman and philosopher of the last century, Edmund Burke, "it is a wholesale robbery." In a word, it is condemned by the universal conscience of mankind.

With these facts of corrupt proselytism, as broad as daylight, before his eyes, and the verdict of mankind against the Irish Ecclesiastical Establishment, what evil genius prompted Mr. Drapes to write as he did when asked for a small contribution to relieve distress?

No layman would do anything of the kind. We had several relief meetings in Carlow, attended by persons of every class. The shopkeepers and traders were there in large numbers: and the priests, the members of the Vincencian Society attended; also the rector of the parish and his curate, whom all respect—for none exhibited more zeal and readiness in the good cause. Besides, we had all the Protestant gentry, who subscribed most liberally; but, fortunately, no unmeaning growl was heard to mar the charitable effort to feed the hungry and clothe the naked.

The Rev. John L. Drapes, of Tullow, has appeared on the stage before. With what advantage to himself and his cause we shall soon see. At a large meeting in

Baltinglass, in 1863 (I quote from the *Daily Express*), after discussing most eloquently the utility of an "unfettered Bible," he made the following offensive statement: "He himself had known Roman Catholic parents, who, when visited by a scripture-reader, would take him into their bedroom, open their box, and show him a secreted Bible, which they delighted to study, but were obliged to hide from their own children, who were agents for the priest, and would inform upon their parents."

Observe, Mr. Editor, the low, grovelling, stupid malice of that paragraph; examine its words carefully; see the hypocritical bible-reader closetted in the bedroom with the matrons of the family; the box cautiously unlocked, the hidden book brought forth, and read with delight—whilst the young detectives, agents of clerical tyranny, and trained to betray their parents, were all excluded.

No one believes a word of it, although endorsed by the Rector of Tullow. It is evidently the figment of Mr. Drapes's brain. He attempts to exhibit the priest as opposed to scriptural knowledge and parental authority, which attempt, however, results only in placing himself in the public stocks, to be pointed at by the finger of indignant scorn. The whole scene is quite characteristic of that low, cunning trickery, assumed fanaticism, and real hypocrisy of the souper parsons.

The *Express* reports that the passage caused a sensation. Very likely, indeed—a sensation of inexpressible disgust and condemnation amongst the men of truth and honour at the meeting.

I have before me a large lot of filthy tracts, some written by the parson of my own parish—the Rev. Dawson Massey; in every page of which we meet the drivelling, malignant nonsense of which the above cited

passage is a fair specimen. I often wonder how respectable Protestants can be induced to swallow such garbage, and to tolerate at their meetings such unprovoked insolence to their absent Catholic neighbours. I know Protestant clergymen and lay gentlemen who detest the system quite as much as I do, but they are generally too forbearing, and too seldom raise their voice against it. Catholics, it is true, can bear and despise those things, and now and then, at our leisure, exhibit our assailants as malevolent bigots by the simple process of publishing their words.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

P.S.—There is another passage in the Baltinglass speech, so characteristic of the gifted speaker, that it is quite right to quote it for the benefit of your readers. Mr. Drapes is complaining of our rulers. “They thought,” he says, “to realise the dream of the happy family, where dogs, and cats, and bears, and lions are at peace, soothed by the grinding of a barrel-organ; but the discords were there still.” How beautiful! Men of Tullow rejoice in having the genius of a Drapes to guide you.

L.

ADDRESS TO HIS PROTESTANT NEIGH-
BOURS OF CARLOW-GRAIGUE.

July 12th, 1867.

You have always allowed me, as an old man, the privilege of stating my opinions on every subject, without the

least reserve, and using that privilege now for which I am grateful, I shall do you, I hope, a good service in directing your attention to the following article from the *Times*. It will teach you, I have no doubt, to think more charitably and more favourably of the ancient religion—the religion of all your ancestors; and more humbly and more truly of modern Protestantism. It is eminently entitled to your careful consideration. It gives a most accurate sketch in a few words, of the Protestant Church and of the Catholic Church in this country. In transcribing it from the columns of the *Times*, I have omitted some irrelevant matter, but the remainder is given word for word.

Describing the system of Protestantism in Ireland, the *Times* writes, June the 29th, as follows:—

“It was planted in triumph in the whole island as the only national church in the realm, was fenced round by unjust laws, and was given a monopoly of wealth and authority.

“Its complete ascendancy was secured in the first years of the seventeenth century; from that time *almost to our day*, it was propped up by penalties and disabilities, imposed on other forms of religion; and to this hour it is in possession of the church property of the Irish nation. Yet it has remained the church of a small minority, sustained in the country by force only.

“During a large part of the seventeenth century it was in a state of lethargy and decline; in the eighteenth it was thoroughly corrupt; and, though it has improved in the nineteenth, it has not, in spite of its apparent power, made the *least* impression on the body of the people. No church has had fewer real proselytes; none has suffered more from selfishness within.

“It has had *few* divines of eminence, and a *long*

succession of inglorious dignitaries ; it has, owing to its territorial status, some supporters in every part of the country, although in many they are a mere handful.

“The Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has had a very different history. In spite of proscription and continual affront, it has never lost its hold on the nation. It was stripped of its wealth in the days of the Tudors, and exposed during the seventeenth century to continual humiliation and injustice. It was subjected to the tyranny of Strafford, struck down by Cromwell with remorseless force, and discountenanced even by the later Stewarts.

“At the Revolution and for a century afterwards, it was placed under the ban of laws which aimed directly at its destruction ; which made the exercise of its rites a crime, and classified its priesthood as criminals, and the people within its pale were declared to be pariahs and outlaws in their own country. Yet it passed through the ordeal unscathed ; though condemned and treated as an enemy by the State, it retained the allegiance of four-fifths of Ireland ; and if it was alienated from the Government it was indirectly its real ally, for it kept the mass of the people *Christian*, though sunk in misery. Since the abrogation of the penal code the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland has given abundant proofs of life, and flourishes with remarkable vigour, and has lost any symptoms of decay bequeathed to it by the eighteenth century. It is at this moment, in spite of the emigration, the church of the vast majority of Irishmen. Of late years it has accumulated wealth ; its spiritual energy is visible to everyone ; and, though we may think its teaching erroneous, and though its influence is opposed in some respects to our laws and government, it would be most unjust to question the good that it has done in training the Irish

people. It is not necessary to say anything on the causes of this remarkable contrast. It is a striking proof of the folly of attempting to impose a faith upon a nation by force, and of the triumph, in spite of discouragement, of the religion that has the hearts of a people. But what is the case of the Irish Establishment, and how does it justify the possession of the ecclesiastical property of Ireland?

“This institution has a lordly episcopate, and a great body of subordinate dignitaries; it has a parochial clergy settled in the land, and its revenues exceed £600,000 a year, the glebe lands being much undervalued. But the episcopate has little to oversee, *except* its palaces and demesnes; the dignitaries often hold sham offices, the parochial clergy, in too many places, have empty churches and nominal flocks; and the national church has its wealth applied for the benefit of a ninth part of the nation.

“For results such as these a gorgeous staff of prelates, deans, and rectors are kept up, spreading over the land in costly uselessness, while in many parishes there are no churchmen, in many only a few individuals, and the Roman Catholics around form an overwhelming majority of the population. Such a church truly, as Macaulay observes, reverses the moral order of Scripture, and fills the rich with good things to send the hungry empty away.

“Compare now with this state of things the position of the Roman Catholic Church. With the exception of the grant to Maynooth, that Church has no endowments from the State—it is sustained wholly by the voluntary contributions of one of the poorest races in Europe, and two generations have hardly passed since it was subjected to severe disabilities. Yet it is the church of four-fifths

of the Irish nation, having a majority even in Protestant Ulster; in Leinster, a large superiority of numbers; in Munster and Connaught, almost all the people.

“The material condition of the Catholic Church is such, that since 1800, £5,000,000 have been expended in buildings consecrated for its uses; that while men living can recollect when its places of worship were wretched conventicles, its churches, in many places, now put those of the Establishment to shame; that funds are always forthcoming in plenty for any purpose connected with it. As for its spiritual influence, it maintains a numerous episcopate and large hierarchy, for real work and not for display; the authority of its priesthood is immense, perhaps greater than that of any clergy; and Mr. Godkin observes with truth that the congregations, overflowing its churches, the evident earnestness of its ministers, and the fervour shown in performing its services, contrast painfully with the apathetic lethargy and remissness often seen in the Establishment.

“In short, we may think the fact unfortunate, but the mass of Irishmen are zealous Catholics, and their church accordingly is strong and flourishing. Such being the state of the churches in Ireland, we fully agree with Mr. Godkin, that it shocks all notions of right and justice. The church of the wealthy few monopolises the ecclesiastical property of Ireland, with no result but injury to it; the church of the indigent nation has nothing but voluntary alms and moral claims; and the power of the empire upholds this iniquity. That is the whole question; and the poor sophistry by which the Establishment is defended proves only that the cause is untenable.

“The people of Ireland have a right to complain that a church which should exist for the nation exists for a small minority in it; and, owing to this, the Catholic

millions are compelled to support their own church out of contributions from their property. This misapplication of ecclesiastical property is a penalty on the many for the benefit of the few, it hands over to a small class what should be the common inheritance. Yet the grievance of the Irish Establishment is rather moral than of a material kind ; but it is not the less distinct and positive. It preserves the ascendancy of class over class, that worst mischief in Irish politics, and its influence, penetrating in many ways, keeps up memories of the domination of sect, that if Ireland is to prosper, must be effaced. It has, moreover, especially estranged from the State that most powerful body, the Catholic priesthood, who resent keenly its clear injustice ; and though not in a very definite form, it is one of the grounds of the vague discontent seated in the hearts of the Irish peasantry. As usually, too, is the case with injustice, it has not succeeded in its own ends ; it has made the Protestantism of Ireland unamiable, a harsh, narrow, and stern religion. We agree, therefore, with Mr. Godkin, that the time is at hand when the churches in Ireland must be placed in new relations with the State. It is impossible that the Establishment can *last very* long. We are quite aware of the difficulties of this question. Yet these difficulties must be met and overcome, for the interests of England are involved deeply in a settlement of this important matter. The maintenance of the church system of Ireland puts us in the wrong in the opinions of the world ; it adds fuel to Irish disaffection, and creates for it no little sympathy, and, in our judgment, it discourages Protestantism and increases in Ireland the power of Romanism. This state of things must come to an end."

Please to read those passages again, always bearing in mind that they have been written by the leading Protestant

journal in England. The writer has no wish, as we all know, to say anything unkind or untrue of Protestantism, neither does he desire to eulogise or extol Catholicity; yet see what a picture he has given of one and of the other. The Protestant institution, he tells us, has been established in Ireland by force, by cruelty, and confiscation, and sustained by penal laws of the most barbarous character; he represents it as an enormous injustice, as a great iniquity. He drops now and then, a kind word in its favour. He says, "it had a *few* eminent divines, and a *long* succession of inglorious dignitaries—a gorgeous staff of prelates, deans, and rectors, is kept up over the land, in costly uselessness;" whilst of the Catholic Church he says, "it contains a numerous episcopate and large hierarchy for real work and not for display, and it would be most unjust to question the good that it has done in training the people." No journalist in England would have written in this style fifty years ago. It is now written and published simply because the truth is making its way surely and slowly, and will ere long prevail. Every educated man of ordinary intelligence in England who has turned his mind to the subject, thinks precisely as the *Times* does. The rising generation of the high and intellectual classes, is turning its eyes with fond desire to the religion of their forefathers. So much so, that the Bishop of Oxford complained lately in the House of Lords that his time was very much occupied in answering their objections against Protestantism. The clergy, too, of the Established Church, in large numbers, and amongst them dignitaries of the highest order of intellect and scholarship, have resigned their rich benefices, and returned to the religion from which their fathers were driven by fraud, violence, and regal tyranny.

But do Protestants in Ireland think in the same way?

No, not at all. As a body they know nothing, and they wish to know nothing, of the character and origin of Protestantism. The great object of the establishment, with all its auxiliaries of Church Missions, Bible and proselytising societies, is to abuse the Catholic religion as a vile superstition. Thousands of tracts have been written and circulated amongst the people for this purpose. The late rector of our parish—the Rev. Mr. Massey—distinguished himself in this cause. Priests and Nuns were the principal objects of his pious hatred. The priests, he had the superhuman audacity in one of his virulent tracts, to call, half a dozen times, “conscience-seared hypocritical liars.” I exhibited his spirit of piety in this way so often, that his Bishop, Dr. O’Brien, of Kilkenny, thought it right to translate and promote him.

The church party have too much to lose, ever to suffer their followers to know or understand the origin and history of Protestantism. Would men remain members of that establishment if they believed it to be, as the *Times* and the enlightened opinion of England described it. Some would, no doubt, remain, because it has three quarters of a million of money to give annually to its supporters. Multitudes, however, would fall away, not willing at the risk of their salvation, to be participators in so great an injustice.

In what a fearful state of ignorance men were kept who have been taught to believe for centuries, that the system of Protestantism, imposed upon our oppressed country, by force, violence, and confiscation, and upheld by the sword and infamous laws, was a true religion, nay a reformed religion, a perfect model; perfect indeed in tyranny, in seizing upon all the property of the ancient church and of the poor, and reducing them to a state of poverty unknown elsewhere. “Don’t talk to me of its

being a religion," said the great Edmund Burke, "it is a wholesale robbery." Such is the beautiful system which men were taught to believe in, as a divine institution, and in resisting which, as the *Times* says, Catholics were subjected to the tyranny of Strafford—struck down by Cromwell with remorseless force, and robbed of all their property. They were taught, moreover, to believe that the undying Catholic religion, with its never failing vitality, with its sacraments and sacrifice instituted by Christ, with its rich spiritual gifts—Catholicity, which has withstood the powers of this world, and resisted the gates of hell for nineteen centuries, has been a vile superstition, a corrupt religion. Of such men it may be truly said, in the language of inspiration, that, as irrational animals, they blaspheme those things which they know not.

This dreadful illusion is, thank God, fast clearing away, and before the end of the century it will have entirely disappeared. Millions in England, rejecting Protestant teaching, have already fallen into open infidelity, others will unhappily follow—but the remainder will, by retracing their steps, return to the ancient religion, which has, in our day, won to its ranks the highest intelligence and purest minds outside its pale.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

LI.

LETTER TO THE HON. AND VENERABLE ARCHDEACON STOPFORD.

August 8th, 1867.

VERY REV. SIR—The *Carlow Sentinel* informed us a few days since, that you presided at the last meeting of

the Protestant Orphan Society in this town, and I was glad to observe that the tone of your observations differed widely from that, in which, on a former occasion, you addressed the same society. At the time referred to, you were reported in the *Carlow Sentinel* to have said :—

“If they (the Protestant orphans) had not their support, what would they do? After thirty-six years’ experience as a clergyman, he knew what would become of them. They would have been tempted by Satan, and would, most probably, have been led captives by the enemies of truth. But this is not all; they had another enemy to contend with—Romanism. Instead of being those happy-looking children, they would have been the slaves of that system, and their souls would not be in that happy state which, he hoped, they were then in; for, he trusted, they were growing up in the way of salvation.”

In reply to these taunts, for which no apology has since been made, and in vindication of our church and creed, I had the honour then of addressing to you a few observations, which even now, may be read and considered with advantage by those who, having very little clerical duty to perform, fill up their time by abusing the Catholic religion in the most offensive terms. After quoting the above paragraph, which furnished abundant cause of complaint, I wrote to you in the following words :—“If you, reverend sir, deemed it necessary to allude to Catholics at all, instead of describing them as the slaves of Romanism, and of sin, it would have been more in harmony with the objects of your meeting, and, I venture to say, more befitting your dignity and high character, to have referred to them in the spirit of Christian rivalry; pointing out the extraordinary success of our

religious communities, and Christian Brothers, in training, educating, and disciplining youth in habits of virtue. A most decided superiority in that department has been frankly and fully awarded to them in the Report of the Endowed Schools Commission, p. 132.

You might, indeed, have advantageously proposed their example, so worthy of imitation ; their disinterestedness and sacrifices, so deserving of praise, to the notice of the leading members of your society. But by some strange—shall I say—perversion of Christian and social instincts, you preferred rather to infuse the acids of bigotry into the minds of your auditory, and thereby deprive the weakest and poorest of the community of that generous sympathy which our higher classes, unless excited by religious stimulants, are ready to bestow. Sir, your best friends, I have no doubt, will tell you that your language, of which I complain, was, to say the least, in bad taste and very ungenerous, as no Catholics were present to reply.

Your Irish Ecclesiastical Establishment has rendered no great service of any kind to humanity, to justify its dignitaries in speaking contumeliously of the religion of Catholics. There is nothing in its history to which you can proudly appeal. Nobody can speak an affectionate or enthusiastic word for it. You must not, indeed, have read much, nor thought a great deal in your thirty-six years of missionary experience, unless you have long since learned what everyone, at all read in history, knows : that your Church, as such, has been the most signal, utter, and disastrous failure, of which we have any authentic record in the annals of time. Let us view it for a moment. Possessed of vast resources ; backed up by a most powerful Government ; hedged in by a code of laws which made the practice of the ancient

religion felony ; with sword in one hand and Bible in the other, using one with a vengeance, the other being inoperative, it has, notwithstanding, made no progress. Its support from the commencement has cost this wretched country a sum equal perhaps to the national debt of England ; it has been upheld by bishops and archbishops, with an innumerable staff of chancellors, archdeacons, deans, canons, rectors, vicars ; lauded and defended by an able and zealous press, by novelists, historians, and literati ; it possesses the richest university in the kingdom, together with a long list of schools of royal foundation ; this Church, in a word, having every element of success, *save a mission from above*, comes out at the end of three centuries, amid a population of 5,764,543, numbering as its followers, according to the census just published, 678,661.

This, sir, is a startling fact, challenging your attention ; you can scarcely ignore it. Honest men seeking the truth will ask what has branded your communion with such sterility. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for, unless on the principle that your hierarchy, in every rank and degree, has been all along contending against the truth of God ? I have considered the difficulty from every point of view. I have turned it over in my mind, and can find no other solution. I can well understand, how a Church might be put down by penal legislation, by the sword, by confiscation, by the wholesale extermination of the people—an experiment tried in Ireland against us ; but to see it dying out, dwindling away, never taking hold of the public mind, less now than it was a hundred years ago, meanwhile upheld and fostered by the State in every possible manner, is a fact which in my judgment admits of no solution but the one already suggested.

To counteract the force of this argument which you foresaw and feared, the proselytising parties in your Church applied themselves, for years, with great zeal to get up and organize a complete system of deception. They held meetings throughout the provinces; assembled the gentry in their churches, town halls, and even in the Presbyterian conventicles; they made speeches, publishing from hundreds of platforms and through the press, daily and monthly accounts of fabricated conversions and lying wonders, until they themselves became believers in a lie. The work went on. They raised money by appeals to English prejudices for the evangelization of Ireland, as they call it. They covered the whole country with a net-work of Clerical Committees and Ladies' Associations, Hibernian and London Societies. The like was never seen before. They sent round a whole host of tract and bible-hawkers, and ignorant scripture-readers, the pioneers of heresy and infidelity; everywhere proclaiming that Catholicism had lost the public confidence, and priests their influence. They inaugurated the lie with religious solemnity, returning thanks at their meetings, for their miraculous success, as evidence of Divine assistance. They felt the necessity of falsehood to cover the imbecility, the sham, the utter failure of their ecclesiastical organizations. At length the census is published in the year of grace 1861, and behold the entire structure of misrepresentation, of boasting and slander, erected at such expense, comes tumbling at once to the ground. and the utter falsehood and long-sustained deceptions in all your proceedings have been made manifest to the whole world.

Sir, your Establishment, which you superciliously contrast with Romanism, has long been considered by men of all parties in the empire, nay, by every intelli-

gent man in Europe, not alone of being no advantage but as one of the greatest scourges ever inflicted on a nation. It has been so described by the first men in the House of Commons and in the House of Lords.

"It is my deliberate opinion," says Lord Macaulay, "that of all institutions now existing in the civilised world, the Established Church of Ireland is the most absurd and indefensible. Take the opinion of foreigners, whether from Europe or from America, whether Protestant or Catholic, they one and all state that Church to be such an abuse that they hardly conceive how it exists."—*Speech on Mr. Ward's motion, April 23rd, 1850.*

"In the unanswerable speech," said Earl Grey on the same occasion, "of my right honorable friend, I entirely concur. I regard the Irish Church in the actual condition of that country, and upon the foundation upon which it is placed, to be opposed alike to justice, to policy, and to religious principle."

"I believe," said Lord Campbell, late Chief Justice of England, "the Protestant Church in Ireland to be one of the most mischievous institutions in existence. I believe it is considered now, and I believe it will be so considered by posterity; and it is only because your lordships are familiar with it that you are not shocked by the picture."—*Speech on the Maynooth Bill.*

These, sir, are strong testimonies, which you would do well to treasure up in your memory, as tending to soften that acerbity of tone in which you refer to the religion of your country; but they are as nothing in comparison of other testimony to which I now crave your attention—the testimony, I mean, of your own brethren, of the most distinguished of your own order,

men who have had the best opportunities of knowing your Church thoroughly ; who have been nursed in its lap, and instructed in all its traditions ; who have studied its philosophy, read with care its great theologians, walked within its sanctuary ; who were second to none in the various departments of science and literature ; who, in fine, were bound to your sect, by a thousand ties, enjoying its dignities, and having position and wealth in its high places. Now, those men, in considerable numbers, some hundreds, after much prayer, and carefully searching the Scriptures, and long waiting for the guidance of the Spirit, have, one after another, borne their impartial testimony against your Church—not, in railing words, or angry declamations, or platform speeches, but by quietly surrendering its honours and riches, and separating themselves for ever from its communion, as having no basis of truth on which to rest. If ever men thoroughly understood your Church, or had a deep interest in pronouncing in its favour, it was surely those who have thus borne their silent and overwhelming testimony against it by noiselessly quitting its pale for ever.

If they had left you, through a desire of the honours or the luxuries of a richer establishment, or the shelter of a laxer system, where the passions were less restrained, or if they had been seduced by regal power or intimidated by despotism, their testimony would be of no value ; but taking it fairly, as it is, the undisputed, untainted testimony of men who have given undoubted proofs of sincerity, it cannot be safely disregarded by those who honestly seek the truth. Sir, it is enough to shake the nerves of the boldest advocates of Protestantism, or make them, at least, somewhat modest and reserved in the assertion of its excellence above all

other systems. On what national principle can the defection from your establishment of men of high character, of learning, piety and disinterestedness be accounted for? What is there in Catholicism, so despised, so hated, so looked down upon by all fashionable society : out of favour with the parliaments, decried by the press, and ill-treated in courts of law ; what is there in it, for which men are prepared to suffer all manner of reproach? What power does it wield to captivate the enlightened intellect of men if it be not the surpassing beauty of eternal truth lodged in its bosom, and clothed with light, as with a garment, "*amicta lumine, sicut vestimento.*"

Your Church has never been able to effect any good. It has not been a match for Presbyterianism nor Unitarianism—the one denouncing Episcopacy, the other denying the Divinity of our Saviour. But to comprehend fully its imbecility, you must mark its progress and the issue of its antagonism with the venerable and suffering Church of our fathers. Catholicism, whose light you sought to extinguish by proscribing education—whose limbs you loaded with heavy manacles—whose endowments you seized upon, "with (as Grattan said) all the hands of all the harpies"—whose churches you appropriated, ruined and desecrated—whose monasteries and seats of learning you ruthlessly suppressed—whose clergy you imprisoned, exiled, and hunted to death—whose priestly functions you impeded by a thousand penal statutes, the last being the Titles Ecclesiastical Law (and in these penalties lay all your strength)—this Catholicism, resting on the promise, '*Behold I am with you all days,*' came out of the fires of such an ordeal, at the end of centuries, with increasing numbers, as vigorous,

as healthful and hopeful as the young Church of ancient days emerging from the Roman catacombs. Oh, holy Church of our fathers, purified as by fire, how like art thou to thy Divine Founder!—the Church ever persecuted, reviled, blasphemed, despised, suffering in every member, bleeding at every pore, yet surviving, and, in the end, ever triumphant! See its antagonist of earthly origin set up by the State—jealous, vindictive, intolerant of the truth; its hands filled with bibles and penal statutes, boasting of liberty, yet ever urging parliaments to resist the emancipation of the people; full of false zeal, boasting of evangelizing Ireland, when its followers were fallen away; full of worldly pride, full of gluttony, empty of true religion; the house divided against itself, adopting every heresy, preaching infidelity through its late Essays; approving of divorce, admitting polygamy, despising the grace of regeneration after having discarded all the other Sacraments of the new law, broken up into sects, decrepid, old, consumptive, and dying out; its friends, the first statesmen of the empire, unable to allege any reason for its continuance—save the enormous difficulty of removing at once an abuse of so long standing and of such gigantic proportions. Such, sir, is your Church; such it appears without exaggeration, or any false colouring before all men, save those who are corrupted by its favours, or perverted by its erroneous teaching. Statements of this nature, which cannot be obscured by sophistry, or evaded by subtlety, have forced, you are aware, your own brethren in considerable numbers—men of honour and intelligence—to leave your establishment. You may not have the grace and strength to make the necessary sacrifices of position and wealth, to follow their disinterested example,

but you will be enabled at least to respect the Church, which alone can make such conquests, and against which the powers of this world cannot prevail.

I have the honour to be,

Very Rev. Sir, yours,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LII.

ON THE EVILS OF PROSELYTISM.

TO MISS WHATELY.

December 7th, 1867.

MADAM—A friend of mine who loves religion and hates souperism has, not long since, received through the post the last report of the Ragged Boys' Home, with a letter and other papers, signed "Ellen Smyly," soliciting support for the institution, and, not wishing to reply himself, he put the whole correspondence into my hands to deal with it as I pleased.

The few observations which I deem it right to make shall be, with all due respect, addressed to you as being one of the most prominent persons even more than Mrs. Smyly, in the management of the "Home," which all persons even moderately acquainted with the doctrines of morality, and not blinded by bigotry, must consider as a demoralising and degrading system of proselytism.

The evils of the system as tending to degrade our nature, and extinguish all religious sentiment in the mind, have been denounced in the strongest terms by one whom

you ought to regard, the late Protestant Archbishop of Dublin. The unfortunate people who barter their religion for a supply of the means of living, excited his pity; rather than condemnation, but the offence of the proselytiser he looked upon as unpardonable. To his work on this subject I shall direct your attention, just now.

The principal object of your society is to subvert the faith of Catholic youth by supplying food and clothing and other relief in their distress. In your last report the Home is said to be "essentially a missionary institution," and that "numbers of Roman Catholics are inmates of the Home." To feed the hungry and clothe the naked is a work of charity, but to do it as an inducement for the recipients to renounce the religion of their fathers, is the work of Satan. The Scriptural type of the proselytiser, creeping into the houses of the poor, is the serpent tempting Eve with the apple in the garden. Is it no harm to violate the parental rights of the poor, in the person of their children, because they are poor? Can there be a more flagrant infraction of the plainest dictates of the natural and the moral law? Is such a course in accordance with the first lessons of Christianity—that of doing to others as you would wish that others would do unto you? In what light would you view, or in what terms describe, the conduct of Catholic ladies collecting money from house to house, to feed Protestant children on condition of their renouncing their creed and embracing Popery? If you give up the work of proselytism, the home, or missionary institution, will not receive one shilling from the ladies who now sustain it.

Is this, then, a work in which a lady can conscientiously engage? Hear now what Dr. Whately has stated on the subject in an address to his clergy, 1847, when proselytism, in consequence of the misery of the poor, was most

rampant. "What," he asks, "would be the feelings of any one of us, if, when residing in some foreign country of a different religion from his own, he saw his children starving around him, and if he were given to understand it was expected that, in consideration of the relief offered, he should receive himself, and allow his children to receive, such religious instruction as he had been taught to regard as erroneous? Surely if any one of you were so situated, and if you were driven by the extremity of distress to make a compromise of principle, it is likely you would feel—at least when the present emergency was passed—that your own conduct was pardonable, and that of your convertors unpardonable. It is likely you would be filled with disgust, both for them, and also for the religion itself which they had thus attempted to force upon you."

Have you ever read that passage before; or, having read it, have you made up your mind to continue in that course which your father has so justly condemned? Would it not be prudent for you and Mrs. Smyly, and others of your class, to hold a conference on the subject, asking yourselves the question, "Is our proselytising mission so dishonourable and mischievous and immoral as to fill with disgust, as well for ourselves as for our creed, all those with whom we come in contact?"

Your conduct, madam, as agent of the Ragged Boys' Home, has been severely censured in the *London Times* by a clergyman of your own church, the Rev. P. Hains. You must have read his letter, but you would do well to read it again. He writes thus: "In the *Times* of last Wednesday appeared a letter from Miss Whately, daughter of the Archbishop of Dublin, appealing for support on behalf of the Dublin Ragged Boys' Home. Far be it for me to breathe a syllable against ragged homes, or schools for the poor. But when they are opened only

upon the condition that the wretched inmates be taught to renounce that form of Christianity in which they have been brought up, then it is time to pause when English money is sought for such a purpose. I would not envy any person the possession of those feelings that would not revolt at the idea of taking advantage of the deep distress and utter dependence of some poor city outcasts, to endeavour to bribe them by the prospect of food and clothing, to enter the ranks of Protestantism.

"Signed, PHILIP HAINS, Incumbent of St. Matthias, Liverpool, April 7, 1862."

It would be hard, I submit, to imagine anything more opposed to an enlightened sense of honour, of fair play, or truth, than the proceedings which Mr. Hains so justly and severely characterizes, and if the directors of the Ragged Boys' Home were capable of comprehending fully the plainest principles of moral law, these proselytising nuisances, after the condemnation of Dr. Whately and Dr. Hains, would have been long since suppressed.

In watching the movements of the proselytisers on their tour of moral disturbance and religious agitation, from Dublin to Connemara, my eye lit upon the following passage, taken from a report on street preaching inserted in your letter:—

"In Dublin there are 200,000 Roman Catholics. These Roman Catholics are utterly ignorant of the Word of God. They cannot know it, for it is practically a forbidden book, and the teaching they receive from their priests is directly contrary to it."

In another letter, extolling your work of proselytism, you write, "It has brought the blessings of pure Christianity to multitudes who were sunk in darkness and virtual heathenism."

"Signed, E. J. WHATELY, 5, Elgin-road" (no date).

If these passages, which I have extracted from your letters, had not been written ; and if it had been said that the Archbishop's daughter had uttered such reproaches against a religious Catholic people amongst whom she came to live, the statement would most probably be rejected as a malignant invention to injure his Grace's character by bringing discredit on those of his household. It would be asked, how could she be so intensely uncharitable, so thoroughly pharisaical, reporting her 200,000 Catholic fellow-citizens as sunk in virtual heathenism, and she herself a vessel of election, drawing multitudes out of the darkness of infidelity ? or how could she venture to say that, to them, the Bible was a forbidden book, knowing, as she must know, that thousands of bibles are exposed for sale every day in Dublin with the full approbation and knowledge of the Catholic hierarchy ?

One is really filled with surprise at the utter recklessness of truth, of charity, and good breeding which these utterances display. There is, I am aware, no law to restrain your liberty in this matter ; but one cannot well understand how men of honour and intelligence, in the mercantile and professional classes in Dublin, can permit their daughters and sisters to carry on and support that pecuniary proselytism which, if Dr. Whately be a good authority, fills every enlightened mind with disgust.

Did it ever occur to you, madam, or the ladies who co-operate with you, to examine dispassionately the missionary work, in which you are engaged, in the Protestant Establishment, and compare it with that work of grace and heavenly influence which is always silently operating in the ancient Church of the country ? The case stands thus :—The Protestant Church is sustained by the most powerful human agency, by wealth,

authority, and regal favour, by the parliaments and the laws—sustained by a richly salaried episcopacy, having a full staff of deans, archdeacons, dignitaries, rectors, and curates, with, in many places, no work to do—this Church, fully equipped and upheld by every earthly power, seeing that it made no progress in promoting Protestantism, either by inflicting cruel penalties, or confiscating Catholic property, or by prayer, preaching, or argument, has been for the last half century principally engaged, through the agency of proselytising societies, to rob the poor of the faith, the great gift of God, and raise a crop of Protestants from amongst the destitute, wretched, beggared children of the land, to fill the empty churches of the State. This has been especially its field of labour. Wherever poverty and destitution are known exclusively to prevail, the district is immediately covered with a net of proselytising societies, composed chiefly of a vulgar, illiterate horde of agents, designated Bible-readers, hired at a few shillings a week, which they seek to earn by ridiculing, reviling, and blaspheming the religion of Christendom, the only task which their education enables them to perform. Every year they give their reports, made up principally of bitter calumnies, of insults and reproaches against priests, nuns, and monks, together with fabulous accounts of thousands and tens of thousands of conversions, where none exist, and hypocritical exclamations, of “the vast turning away from Romanism,” of “the falling away of priestly influence,” and “the wide spread of pure orthodox Protestantism.” And here let me add that these societies have intensified the hatred and utter contempt of every rational man in the kingdom against that section of the Church which has employed them.

Turn now to the Catholic Church during the same period. She stands before us poor, oppressed, discountenanced, and scorned by the great ones of this world, like to the Christian Church under the pagan emperors, yet evidently doing a work—not of man, or within the power of man, but a work of divine grace, carried out unostentatiously by the sacraments of God's Church and other heavenly influences. Catholicism, by its innate beauty and force of truth, captivates the understanding, and wins its converts from every class of society, save those who have lost all religious convictions, and are ready, therefore, to profess any creed for a mess of pottage. They are gathered into the ancient fold by *hundreds* from amongst the intellectual, the learned, the disinterested, the religiously-minded—in a word, from all those who are honestly seeking the kingdom of heaven. Look round, madam, and see in the ancient Church a body of men who were lately the pride and ornament of the English universities ; men of the first order of minds, of deep research, of high standing, to whom the tempting succession to the richest sees in the world and other dignities was no distant prospect. Those men knew your church as well as it could be known ; its merits or its deficiencies could not be concealed from their searching gaze. They walked within its sanctuary ; they studied its history ; they knew its corrupt origin and its mode of existence ; they learned its philosophy and theology, in which they were distinguished amongst their fellows ; they partook of its good things, its rich benefices, and high posts of honour, and had the strongest inducements to think favourably of it and cling to it. Yet, madam, it is a fact—we all know it—they abjure it. Having weighed it in the balance of the sanctuary, and found it wanting, they gave it to the winds. They

rejected it as not affording the sacramental means of salvation appointed by Christ.

These conversions were not, as some imagine, a fancy business, a fondness of change, an indulgence of temperament. No ; they were evidently a full renunciation, after long consideration and prayer, of the goods of the world, to follow Christ on the road to Calvary. It must have cost them many a painful struggle to give up home and all who ever knew them, loved them, valued them, and become in their estimation a by-word and an outcast. Well might they exclaim, in the words of inspiration—" *Posuisti nos opprobrium vicinis nostris, et derisum his, qui sunt in circuitu nostro. Hæc omnia venerunt super nos, nec obliti sumus te.*"—*Ps. lxiii.*

Such conversions, madam, are clearly the work of divine grace, bringing souls that are to be saved out of heresy into the house of the living God. By what other agency, let anybody ask himself, could such converts be reached or moved ? What could have induced them to cast off, as the serpent does its skin, the prejudices of their whole lives, and embrace the very doctrines which they were taught to consider as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits ;" what could have worked so wonderful a change ? What but that power which St. Paul describes as "mighty under God, unto the pulling down of fortifications, destroying counsels, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." The late Dr. Whately, possessing certainly highly-cultivated logical powers, attempted, but in vain, to account on other principles for the secession to the Church of Rome, from the high and intellectual classes of England. He said—I quote his words—"Converts to Catholicity were led and considered it

right to be led, by a craving for the beautiful, the splendid, the picturesque."

How thoroughly and evidently inadequate is such a motive! To what straits are men of acknowledged ability driven who once leave the path of truth!

Is there nothing beautiful to captivate the imagination in a rich rectory, in domestic endearments, with £1,000 a year, and the prospect of succeeding to the See of Canterbury or Dublin, with city and country palaces? Catholic converts were led by divine grace, which St. Paul has so magnificently described, and yielding to its powerful, sustaining, yet gentle influence, they entered upon the rugged road of penance, and in many instances of voluntary poverty, to escape the lot of Dives in the world to come. Nothing in this life could have afforded them so many opportunities for enjoying the beautiful and picturesque, for the gratification of taste and fancy, as the richly-endowed Anglican heresy; but the fires that are never extinguished were too visible in the back ground, and, aided by divine grace, they turned from them.

Every other half century of the two Churches, since England has sought to force her modern creed upon our people, presents the same sad picture of unceasing persecution on the one hand, of confiscation of Catholic property, until nothing was left for the hand of avarice, of insolence and unbridled tyranny; and on the other hand, centuries of long sufferings and undying fidelity to the faith of their fathers, deprived of everything, of the liberty of worshipping God according to conscience, of the liberty of education; and here let me observe, that the efforts by our rulers to reduce us to barbarism, that we might be the more easily oppressed, was never attempted even by the Pagan emperors. Am I indulging

in exaggeration? The bishop of your own Church, Dr. Fitzgerald, in his Pastoral for August, 1866, describes the laws under which we lived as "laws framed apparently for the express purpose of crushing down the Roman Catholic population into a state of hopeless poverty, ignorance, discontent, and undying hostility to everything that bore the hateful name of English," and he adds, "The revenues of the Church, instead of being applied to their proper purpose, were made a prey to shameless rapine." All history concurs in this view of the case, and when the time arrives that this unchristian proselytism shall have ceased, and its history shall be written, the lady missionaries of the present day will hold the unenviable position of bringing up the rear, at the end of three hundred years of the most satanic persecution that ever disgraced and afflicted humanity. May heaven in its infinite mercy open your eyes, and those of your fellow-labourers, ere it is too late, to the impious folly and glaring absurdity of attempting the conversion of a nation by spoon-feeding it in the nursery, or, in modern phraseology, in the Birds' Nest, or the homes of rags and wretchedness.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LIII.

TO LORD BANDON, ON THE ESTABLISHED
CHURCH.

February 28th, 1868.

MY LORD—The vindication of the Protestant institutions of this country, especially that of the Established Church, is, no doubt, a difficult task, and public opinion has already emphatically pronounced—(see the *Times*) that your lordship's zealous exertions in that line, and those of your party, have been a most signal failure.

The Protestant Defence Association, at whose first meeting your lordship presided, has indeed proved, what the country so often affirmed, namely—that the disendowment of the Established Church is demanded as a condition, without which social peace, equality, contentment, general respect for the laws, unity of sentiment and action for national objects, can never prevail in Ireland. This is a great point gained, for which we are principally indebted to your lordship, and to the great meeting at the Rotundo.

We have heard of late a great deal of Protestant principles; of the necessity of upholding Protestant principles; of standing together in defence of Protestant principles; and of showing the British public and the British government that the Protestants of Ireland, as your address has it, "firmly protest against any alienation of the endowments now enjoyed by our Protestant churches." And what does all this mean? It is simply the rallying cry of Protestant ascendancy, "Protestant monopolies for ever," and "No surrender;" and would it not be more manly and honourable to state the question

thus plainly, without the disguise of ambiguous terms? The great Protestant principle which the Association asserts, is that none but Protestants, nay, that none but a small, yet rich and influential section of Protestants shall even touch a penny of the public property set apart for the religious instruction of the nation. Non-Conformists and the whole body of the Presbyterians—as numerous as the 39 article Protestants—are excluded. Dissenters, no matter of what class, shall have no share in it, but above all and before all, nothing can or ought to be given to the great and impoverished mass of the people—to the four millions, five hundred thousand of the ancient religion, who have been robbed of their churches, cathedrals, and all church property. For he that hath, to him shall be given and he shall abound; but he that hath not, from him shall be taken away that also which he hath.

Thus matters have been managed these last 300 years, and for this very reason, and no other, although the system is unjust, iniquitous and productive of intolerable evils, it shall be continued for ever. Do I, my lord, interpret your resolutions unfairly?

It would, my lord, be no disparagement of your admitted talents to fail in advocating a cause which admits of no just and honourable advocacy, but there was no necessity at all, whilst making the attempt, of saying so many offensive things; and making so many statements, which are evidently at variance with the truth, and which after all, in the long run, can injure only those who utter them. There is scarcely a paragraph in the whole address to the Protestants of Ireland which does not contain its own special misrepresentation and insult.

Why, my lord, did you complain, in very uncivil terms, of the highest dignity of the Catholic Church in this

country by name, as being adverse to your ecclesiastical establishment? What is there in it, which could win his approval? Why not rather in fairness remonstrate with those distinguished men of your own communion, who every day tell us that your establishment is the grossest injustice in existence; a scandal to modern civilisation; a discredit to England in the eyes of foreign nations; a badge of conquest; a symbol of degradation; an abuse without parallel in history; admitting of no defence; condemned by the universal conscience of mankind. There is scarcely a statesman in the empire worthy of that name, or philosopher, or high literary character, who has not within the last 30 years, one time or other, told us of the enormous iniquity of this institution, and expressed his astonishment how it was, that a nation could be compelled to endure it so long. Was it honourable or fair, in these circumstances, to select a Catholic Archbishop for reprobation, in most offensive terms, for holding an opinion which every man of intelligence in England, not having an interest in the sacred injustice, *in re vel in spe*, is ready to endorse?

You are, my lord, I believe, unable to comprehend the injustice of the church system, and your inability, allow me to say, arises from the fact, that having lived under it so long, and profited so extensively by it—that having been accustomed to it from early infancy, when your mind was unable to distinguish between right and wrong, and being then led to believe that the establishment was not only not unjust, but, on the contrary, most just, and holy, and profitable—you cannot now, casting off the prejudices of the nursery, and the still deeper prejudices of temporal interests, at all discern, how directly opposed this favoured institution is to the great principles of justice and rectitude and fair play, nay, to the very

instincts of unprejudiced and uncorrupted nature. The Brahmins in the east, a very rich, influential, and conservative class, accustomed for centuries to the unholy rites of the Suttee immolation, cannot yet fully see the criminality and the impiety of the system.

What, my lord, is the opinion of the world, outside Great Britain, as to the Irish Protestant Establishment? Lord Macaulay is as good an authority on the subject as can be desired. He says "What traveller comes amongst us, who is not moved to wonder and *derision* by the Church of Ireland? What foreign writer on British affairs, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether partial to England or prejudiced against England, ever mentions the Church of Ireland without expressing his amazement that such an establishment could exist amongst reasonable men? And those who thus speak of it," continues his lordship, "speak justly. Was there ever anything else like it?"—Hansard, vol. 79, page 1274.

What do you say, my lord, "to that testimony?" The fact is that you will not find on the face of the globe a dozen upright intelligent men, who, having no interest in the matter, think it right and just on the part of the State to pay the clergy of the upper class of society—a rich but small Protestant minority—about the one-tenth of the nation—who could so well afford to pay for themselves; whilst it expends not one penny for the other nine-tenths of the population, comprising, as they do, the poor and the oppressed, more wretchedly provided for than those of the same class in any other country in Europe. What does the world say to such legislation? What will a God of infinite justice say to it in his own good time? Why, my lord, it is as universally condemned as the burning of widows in times past, on the funeral piles of their husbands in British India.

Again, we hear the complaint, that the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin had said "that the Protestant clergy had no orders"—in fact, that they were not clergymen at all. Now, is it possible that your lordship does not know that this is the belief of an overwhelming majority of the whole Christian world? It is the belief of two hundred millions of Catholics inhabiting every country on the face of the globe. It is the belief of the Greek and Armenian Schismatics, indefinitely more numerous than the Protestants of the Empire; and, without looking out so far, it can scarcely have escaped your attention that some hundreds of the most learned, distinguished, and earnest men have left your church in your own day, because, amongst other reasons, there are no orders in that church. The Newmans, the Fabers, the Mannings, the Wilberforces, the Oakleys, the Wards, and a host of others, who had a deep interest in sustaining the validity of Protestant orders, have, notwithstanding, after years of laborious investigation, considering the subject before God with a view to their salvation, decided against it, and have humbly sought ordination in the Catholic Church, or have consented to live and receive the sacraments as the rest of the laity in that Communion. Is it any wonder, then, that a Catholic bishop should hold with the Christian world that there are no orders in the Protestant Church, or is he to be sharply reprovèd for giving expression to that belief?

Again, my lord, you state as chairman of the Defence Association, in the name of your party—"that in defending the Protestant institutions, we are pleading the cause of the Roman Catholic laity against an ascendancy of the ultramontane party, as odious to many of them as to us." How you could make, my lord, such an assertion, with the full knowledge of the fact that all

the Catholic nobility and gentry of Ireland have lately affixed their signatures to the declaration that the endowment of the church of a rich minority, is unjust, unwise, impolitic, and yet whilst sustaining it you aver that you are pleading the cause of the Roman Catholic laity. It would be hard, I imagine, to say anything more evidently untrue and calumnious ; but I do not charge your lordship with any such offences, because we all know, upon the highest authority, that there are those who have ears to hear, and hear not, and eyes to see, and see not. *Nescierunt*, says the psalmist, *neque intellexerunt, in tenebris ambulans*.

When prejudices have gained full possession of the mind, it is no more capable of understanding what is taking place around it, than the traveller deprived of sight is of admiring the beauty of our rural scenery. Men of a certain class can see nothing in the ancient religion, but evil ; and in the alien church, imported and established here by the sword and cruel laws, their gladdened eyes can see nothing but the grand prizes of the Establishment. If their Church be not rich in virtue and holiness, they feel, and know, that it enriches beyond measure certain episcopal families : and there is no power in argument or eloquence, either to gainsay or refute this statement. The nursery, my lord, in early life, and episcopal revenues in after times, have settled for ever the Church Question in the minds of the favoured few.

Has it ever occurred to your lordship to review the missionary operations of the State Church, as they appear to all mankind, save the episcopal families, and contrast them with the work of grace always silently operating in the Church of our forefathers ?

The case stands thus. The Protestant Church is sus-

tained by wealth, by authority, and regal favour, by the Parliament and the laws—sustained by a richly salaried episcopacy, having a full staff of deans, archdeacons, dignitaries, rectors, and curates, with, in many places, no work to do—this Church, fully equipped and upheld by every earthly power, seeing that it made no progress in promoting Protestantism, either by inflicting cruel penalties, or confiscating Catholic property, or by prayer, preaching or argument, has been, for the last half century, principally engaged, through the agency of proselytising societies, to rob the poor of the faith, the great gift of God, and raise a crop of Protestants from amongst the destitute, wretched, beggared children of the land, to fill the empty churches of the State. This has been especially its field of labour. Wherever poverty and destitution are known extensively to prevail, the district is immediately covered with a net of proselytising societies, composed chiefly of a vulgar, illiterate, horde of agents, designated Bible-readers, hired at a few shillings a week, which they seek to earn, by ridiculing, reviling, and blaspheming the religion of Christendom, the only task which their education enables them to perform. Every year they give their reports, made up principally of bitter calumnies, of insults and reproaches against priests, nuns, and monks, together with fabulous accounts of thousands and tens of thousands of conversions, where none exist, and hypocritical exclamations, of “the vast turning away from Romanism,” of the “falling away of priestly influence,” and “the wide spread of pure orthodox Protestantism.”

Turn now to the Catholic Church during the same period. She stands before us, poor, oppressed, discountenanced and scorned by the great ones of this world, like to the Christian Church under the Pagan

emperors ; yet evidently doing a work—not of man, or within the power of man, but a work of Divine grace, carried out unostentatiously by the sacraments of God's Church and other heavenly influences.—Catholicism, by its innate beauty and force of truth, captivates the understanding, and wins its converts from every class of society, save those who have lost all religious convictions, and are ready, therefore, to profess any creed for a mess of pottage. Converts are gathered into the ancient fold, by *hundreds*, from amongst the intellectual, the learned, the disinterested, the religiously minded—in a word from all those who are honestly seeking the kingdom of God. Look round, my lord, and see in the ancient Church a body of men who were lately the pride and ornament of the English universities ; men of the first order of minds, of deep research, of high standing, to whom the tempting succession to the richest sees in the world, and other dignities, was no distant prospect. Those men knew your Church as well as it could be known ; its merits or its deficiencies could not be concealed from their searching gaze. They walked within its sanctuary ; they studied its history ; they knew its corrupt origin, and its mode of existence ; they learned its philosophy and theology, in which they were distinguished amongst their fellows ; they partook of its good things, its rich benefices, and high posts of honour, and had the strongest inducements to think favourably of it and cling to it. Yet, my lord, it is a fact—we all know it—they abjured it. Having weighed it in the balance of the sanctuary and found it wanting, they gave it to the winds. They rejected it as not affording the sacramental means of salvation appointed by Christ.

Have I, my lord, in this sketch of the two churches, misrepresented either one or the other ? Have not the

facts above stated, occurred under your eyes? but how do you interpret them? Converts to Catholicity, it is said, have been attracted by gorgeous ceremonies, by ritualism and clouds of incense, "they have been led," said Dr. Whately discussing the case, "and consider it right to be led, by a craving for the beautiful, the splendid, the picturesque." The conversions, my lord, were evidently a full renunciation of the goods of this life, to follow Christ on the road to Calvary. It must have cost them many a painful struggle, to give up home, and all who ever knew them, loved them, valued them, and become in their estimation a by-word and an outcast.

Such conversions are clearly the work of divine grace, bringing souls that are to be saved, out of heresy into the house of the living God. By what other agency, let any body ask himself, could such converts be reached or moved? what could have induced them to cast off, as the serpent does its skin, the prejudices of their whole lives, and embrace the very doctrines which they were taught to consider "as blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits;" what could have worked so wonderful a change? What, but that power which St. Paul describes as "mighty under God, unto the pulling down of fortifications, destroying counsels, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ."

Led by a craving for the beautiful! Is there nothing to captivate the imagination and subdue the will in a rich rectory, in domestic endearments, with £1,000 a year, and prospect of succeeding to the See of Canterbury or Dublin? Catholic converts were led by divine grace, which St. Paul has so magnificently described, and yielding to its

powerful, yet gentle influence, they entered upon the rugged road of penance, of self-denial, and in many instances of voluntary poverty, to escape the lot of Dives in the world to come. Nothing in this life could have afforded them so many opportunities for enjoying the beautiful and picturesque, for the gratification of taste and fancy, as the richly-endowed Anglican heresy; but the fires that are never extinguished, were too visible in the background, and, aided by divine grace, they turned from them.

Every other half century of the two Churches, since England has sought to force her modern creed upon our people, presents the same sad picture of unceasing persecution on the one hand, of confiscation of Catholic property, until nothing was left for the hand of avarice, of insolence and unbridled tyranny; and on the other hand, centuries of long sufferings and undying fidelity to the faith of their fathers, deprived of everything, of the liberty of worshiping God according to conscience, of the liberty of education, and here let me observe, that the effort by our rulers to reduce us to barbarism, that we might be the more easily oppressed, was never attempted even by the Pagan Emperors. Am I indulging in exaggeration? The bishop of your own Church, Dr. Fitzgerald, in his Pastoral for August, 1866, describes the laws under which we lived as "laws framed apparently for the express purpose of crushing down the Roman Catholic population into a state of hopeless poverty, ignorance, discontent and undying hostility to everything that bore the hateful name of English," and, he adds, "The revenues of the Church instead of being applied to their proper purpose, were made a prey to shameless rapine." All history concurs in this view of the case.

Your lordship and the Protestant Defence Association

may retard for a time the triumph of justice over monopolies, of equality over class interests, but the now clearly pronounced verdict against your establishment, of enlightened society all over the world, will, ere long, despite your exertions, give the victory to truth, justice, and the unconquerable fidelity of the Catholics of Ireland, to the faith of their forefathers.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LIV.

TO THE REV. EDWARD WM. WHATELY, A.M.,
CHANCELLOR OF ST. PATRICK'S AND
RECTOR OF ST. WERBURGH'S, DUBLIN,
ON SOME OPINIONS OF DR. WHATELY.

March 3rd, 1868.

REV. SIR—We are somewhat indebted to the amiable vanity and strange inconsiderateness of your learned sister, Miss Elizabeth Jane Whately, for having in the memoirs of her father, brought out the true character of the late Archbishop of Dublin on one important point, and placed it before the public in a fit and proper light.

The lives of eminent men who have failed in what honour and duty demand, should be always written so as to prove a warning against their seductive example. Your sister has executed her task imperfectly, and wherein she has failed, I shall endeavour to supply the deficiency. The equivocal principles which his Grace

dare not openly avow, and which have characterized his ministerial life, should have been brought out most prominently, and marked most distinctly, with the view to render the memoirs harmless in the hand of the student.

Dr. Whately was, it cannot be questioned, a man of great talent, and of highly cultivated logical powers; his writings afford abundant evidence of depth of thought, great originality, richness of illustration, and not unfrequently of grace and beauty of language, which render his works generally attractive; but there is in them also evidence of eccentricity, scepticism, occasional obscurity, and a dogmatising turn which greatly detract from their value.

As archbishop he was introduced to Ireland, as a fine specimen of the highest type of the English character, straightforward, honourable, strictly impartial, above disguise, and all false pretences; in fact, a rare combination of those splendid and sterling qualities, moral and intellectual, which England justly claims as characteristic of her better classes.

Invested with this fine character, his Grace on coming to Ireland soon became one of the principal members of the Board of National Education, established on the principles of religious equality, and to be administered in such good faith as to raise it, according to the idea of Lord Derby, above the suspicion of proselytism. Nothing was to be attempted in the schools under the Board, as having a tendency to undermine or subvert the faith of the people; and when the working of the system awakened the fears of the Catholic hierarchy and clergy, they were told to have confidence; to be reassured as the system was under the superintendence of Dr. Whately, whose "manly independence," said the

Times, "liberal views, and scrupulous impartiality, ought to secure the entire confidence of the Catholic people."

This high character of his Grace, as being above all other men incapable of deceit, of tampering with the faith of children under pretence of educating them, has been most sadly and irremediably damaged by the following statement of his views, which Miss Whately has extracted from Mr. Senior's journal—one of those friends from whom the archbishop kept no secret:—

"The education," says Dr. Whately, "supplied by the National Board is gradually undermining the vast fabric of the Irish Catholic Church. * * * I believe, as I said the other day, that the mixed system is gradually enlightening the mass of the people, and if we give it up, we give up the only hope of weaning the Irish from the errors of Popery. But I cannot venture openly to profess this opinion; I cannot openly support the Board as an instrument of conversion. I have to fight its battles with one hand, and that my best, tied behind my back."

Was there ever such a scandalous avowal of deep hypocrisy and of long-concealed treachery against a Catholic nation! Where is the honour, the straightforwardness, the common honesty of the life that was spent, in vain effort, during his long episcopal career, of subverting the faith of our people in violation of all honorable engagements. The Board, the archbishop says—and he himself was the Board, for he wrote its books and directed its operations—is undermining the Roman Catholic Church, "but I cannot openly profess this opinion; I cannot openly support the Board as an instrument of conversion." And why could he not? Simply because he was well aware that such conduct, reprobated as it is by all honest and honourable men, would ruin his character for ever with the world.

England, in her pride of ascendancy, has sought for centuries to impose her modern creed upon our country, by penal laws, confiscation, and the sword, and having utterly failed, she sought at last to do the work by fraud and treachery, and sent us Whately. Feeling his inability in open and honourable warfare to subdue the fidelity of the people to the ancient religion, he approached us as a non-combatant, with his hands tied behind his back. He comes as a friend professing to educate, but in truth a foe to filch away the faith which we have upheld against his country by untold sacrifices.

If anyone had charged his Grace with playing so dishonourable a part, doing in private what he dared not openly profess, seeking under false pretence to cheat the people out of their religion, which they value above all earthly things, and to preserve which they have suffered the loss of all, he might well be prosecuted as libelling the archbishop : but now the whole truth comes out ; the secret machinations, the inmost thoughts of his Grace are given to the public ; and, by a just retribution, the dishonour of the mitred chieftain is proclaimed to the world by those of his own household.

It is fortunate, indeed, that the revelations have been made, as they leave no doubt on the mind of the inheritors of the old faith, that Englishmen, who are generally just and liberal, can never in matters of religion and education do us justice, or act fairly towards us since their separation, three centuries ago, from the faith of Christendom.

The dishonourable plotting in the school-room against the faith of Old Ireland is not the only offence, nor the worst to be laid to the charge of Dr. Whately.

He has offended more deeply against the Established Church, the doctrines of which, although pledged by his

ordination and consecration vows to maintain, he rejected. He denied the fundamental doctrine of the Trinity, and with it the other mysteries of holy religion dependent thereon. No one can rise from the careful perusal of his works without a clear perception of his errors and infidelities on this head.

But as this impeachment needs the support of clear evidence, and calm, deliberate discussion, the subject must be reserved for a second letter.

I have the honor, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P

LV.

ON THE APRIL PROTESTANT MEETINGS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE LIBERAL PRESS.

April 7th, 1868.

GENTLEMEN—The month of April, upon which we have just entered, was, in the olden time, devoted by unthinking youth to making fools of their play-fellows, but, for some years past, both April and May have been dedicated by a certain section of the State clergy, and some of the laity, to the bitter vituperation and extravagant abuse of their Catholic fellow-subjects, and of everything which they hold most sacred.

The work of slander, insult, and ribaldry for these months is annually begun in Dublin under the auspices of the highest dignitaries of the Church, and circulated far and wide through the metropolitan press ; and after-

wards clerical deputations are sent to the provinces to bring the offence home to our very doors; so that if Catholics are not stung and irritated by the wanton reproaches of an alien Church, it is no fault of hers. Her missionaries cover the towns through which they pass with infamous placards, every line of which is written with the sole view to wound the feelings of a religious and sensitive people. The subjects which they propose to discuss are thus announced in the placards and advertisements, a lot of which now lie before me :—

“Is not the Pope antichrist?” and “Rome the Babylon of the Apocalypse?”

2. “Is not the Pope the man of sin, and Rome the mother of harlots?”

3. “Has not the Church of Rome borrowed the celibacy of her religious orders from Paganism?”

4. “Romanism is only Paganism baptized.”

5. “The Papacy came hot from hell, and its presence makes a hell upon earth,”

6. “Roman Catholics are *affectionately* requested to attend.”

We have here displayed in its true character the spirit of an alien and unsympathising Church Establishment, together with all the insolence which an unjust ascendancy creates. What, I beg to ask, is the meaning of this shameless scurrility? Does it serve Christianity to denounce the two hundred millions of Catholics as Pagans? Is it for carrying out this programme that the parsons are quartered on the Irish public, and sustained by British laws? Does anything like it occur in any other country in Christendom?

Our Protestant missionaries would not be satisfied with stating that Catholics have erred, in one or other point of doctrine. No, they must publish to the world

that we are mere Pagans, and that Catholicity is Paganism in another form. Any statement short of this would not appease the bigotry, or satisfy the malignant zeal of our paid instructors.

To show to what length this anti-Christian spirit drives men, it is necessary to state that the cost of printing, of circulating, and posting up those infamous placards, and of scattering handbills of the same character on the public roads, by the Irish Church Mission, amounted in the year 1863 to £1,229 16s. 8d., and the hire of the Bible-readers and other lay agents engaged in this work of national slander for the same year was £5,842 5s. 4d. Thus, for abusing us and defaming us, to make us good Protestants, the proselytisers of one society expended in twelve months the enormous sum of £7,072 2s. (see the 15th Report of the Irish Church Mission Society). Some hundreds of thousands have been expended in slandering and defaming the people of Ireland, with the full sanction and approval of the State Church dignitaries, since those societies have commenced operations.

It would, indeed, be hard to tell why sane men, professing any religion, carry on their annual proceedings after this fashion, unless on the supposition that there are some natures so perverted by bigotry and unjust laws, and so degraded by fanaticism, that they actually feel pleasure in wounding the religious sensibilities of a nation, because of its invincible adherence to the religion of its ancestors. On what other principle can it be accounted for?

Fully recognising, as I do, the great influence of the press, when properly directed, I have no hesitation in saying that you, gentlemen, who so ably conduct it, could, with very little effort, put an end to the abuse of

which we complain—an abuse which offends and disgusts every right-minded man in the empire, whether Catholic or Protestant.

The alien Church in this country, it is admitted on all hands, is the most intensely unpopular institution in existence. It is evidently dying out, under the universal anathema of civilised society ; and yet the very persons who have the greatest interest in its sustainment do everything in their power, in the meetings held in April and May, by speeches and sermons, handbills and placards, to increase and intensify public antipathy against it.

You, gentlemen, can scarcely understand how deeply pained the Catholics of Ireland are when the hordes of reverend proselytisers and untutored Bible-readers are let loose on the country every year, to malign and misrepresent us, and to proclaim to the world that we are simply pagans and idolators.

Would it not be a noble work of charity and a blessing to this insulted country to check these dishonourable and dishonouring proceedings ? to tell those missionaries of discord that their business is not to defame, to calumniate, and insult those amongst whom they live ; and who, we are driven to ask, in self-defence, are those men who thus assail us ? They come, we are told, to teach ; but who has sent them ? what are their qualifications ? how have they obtained their orders, their titles, their benefices ?

Upon these points we have some important information to communicate, which we shall give, not in our own words, but in the language of the ablest and best informed Protestant writers. Speaking of the nomination of bishops and parsons, and the services for which they are promoted, and the qualifications necessary for their office,

that great organ of Protestant opinion, *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. 28, No. 113, observes:—

“A great number of livings are private property. On what principle (he asks) are they disposed of? The owners fill them without the least regard for qualification; they practically give them to their relatives while yet in the cradle, and these relatives enter into orders for no other reasons than to enjoy them as private property; or clergymen or others buy such livings solely for private benefit.

“These are some of the inevitable consequences of the system. In the first place, the office of clergyman is sought by the very last people who ought to receive it. Before it is decided that a youth shall be a barrister, a physician, &c., it is ascertained that he possesses the requisite ability or turn of mind, but the lack of these is too often the reason on which it is decided he shall be a clergyman; however brainless or profligate he may be, he still must enter into holy orders, because his friends have property or interest in the church. Perhaps they select him for it in preference to his brothers, because he happens to be the dunce of the family. Whilst the most improper men are thus impelled to enter into orders, the most fitting ones are restricted from it.

“When a bishop dies, where is the man who dreams that the new one will be chosen on account of his qualifications for the office, or that the lower vacancies, caused by the event, will be filled with reference to merit? When a living in the gift of the Lord Chancellor is to be disposed of, who is so foolish as to imagine that it will be given to the most deserving parish clergyman? In both cases qualification is disregarded. The most worthy are passed by. The trusts of the Church are used as patronage in the most vulgar and corrupt sense

of the term, and the minister of the State, who bestows them regularly, does it to enrich his connections or bribe his opponents.

“Why, then, is this man made bishop? He has been a tutor in one noble family, or he is connected by blood with another, or he enjoys the patronage of some female favourite of royalty, or he is the near relation of a minister, or at the nod of the premier. Why is this man made a dean? He has married a relation of the Home Secretary, or it is necessary to prevent some powerful family from going into opposition. Why is this stripling invested with an important dignity in the Church? He is the illegitimate son of a member of the Royal Family, or he is the same to some nobleman, or he belongs to a family which, in consideration of it, will give the ministry a certain number of votes in Parliament. And why is this man endowed with a valuable benefice? He has potent interest, or he has voted at an election for a ministerial candidate, or his connections have much election influence, or he is a political tool of the ministry.”

These passages deserve to be considered with great attention. They fairly state the qualifications and services for which men are raised to dignities and benefices, and are sent as religious instructors amongst us. The system cannot fail to produce men of the lowest and most irreligious character, so insolent and so forgetful of all propriety as to announce that the head of the Christian Church, of 200,000,000 recognising his title, is *antichrist*, and they cover the walls with insulting placards, on their tour of discord, with whatever they think will offend Catholics most deeply. Blackwood, and other Protestant writers, stating those facts, have had no wish to make things appear worse than they really are, and I have only to add that if men feel

satisfied with this system, which appears to us an utter abomination, and destructive of the purity and sanctity of all religion ; if they insist on having their spiritual directors selected on such political and worldly motives, we shall have no quarrel with them ; but let them not, in Heaven's name, attempt to force it upon a Catholic nation by their proselytising societies and their herd of bible-readers.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LVI.

WHY DO CATHOLICS REFUSE A STATE
ENDOWMENT ?

May 20th, 1868.

SIR—The question is every day asked by gentlemen of the Established Church, why do the Catholic bishops and priests refuse a State endowment ? What honest motive can there be for such refusal ? Would they not, it is said, be far more comfortably circumstanced in this life when relieved from the necessity of seeking contributions from their own poor people ?

Those who are anxiously making this inquiry, seem wholly unable to comprehend that high sense of duty which prompts the Catholic Church to reject State favours: whilst others vociferously claim them, and profess their determination to hold them at all risks. A gentleman in my parish of the "No surrender party," an ultra-Protestant, yet one whom, on other grounds, I

very much respect, pressed me for a solution of this difficulty not long since. Seeing therefore that the question attracts considerable attention, it may be profitable to examine what can be said on the subject.

The *Times*, in its leading article, so far back as July, 1849, which I am about to quote, describes fairly and calmly the condition of the Protestant Church in the pay of the State; and contrasts it with that of the Catholic Church which, to preserve its entire independence, and to exercise its jurisdiction untrammelled in spiritual matters, refuses State patronage. The reasoning of the editor is quite clear and conclusive. When he wrote there was no excitement, no panic in the public mind which could lead to misrepresentation or distortion of the truth, or to that darkening of the mental vision which prejudices and passions, highly excited, invariably produce.

The *Times* writes as follows—I somewhat abridge the passages:—

“ Nothing is more notorious and certain than that, for at least sixty years, the chief statesmen of this country would have been only too happy to endow the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The only objection was, and is, to this day, that the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland prefer their present position to that of the Church of England, the Scotch Church, &c. They choose to be absolutely independent, and apparently the Court of Rome sanctions their choice.

“ The secular State secures to itself with relentless grasp an overwhelming preponderance in the councils and conduct of its spiritual ally. It nominates to all the bishoprics, nearly all the dignities, and a large proportion of the parochial benefices. It legislates for the Church and administers its laws, presiding over its courts, and, if

it may be said without offence, overruling their decisions. Her priests may be pious as Hammond, learned as Barrow, wise as Hooker, but if they have once breathed a murmur against the Royal supremacy or Parliamentary Government, they will never see promotion.

“The Irish Roman Catholic Hierarchy see all this, and deliberately, we will say wisely, avoid the like fate for themselves. They know what is meant by an Established Church, and are resolved not to be established. They do not choose that Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell shall nominate their bishops, their archdeacons, their abbots, a moiety of their influential clergy, and the judges in their spiritual courts. They do not choose that Lord Brougham shall decide their differences. They do not choose any part of the inveterate subjection, which is now second nature to the English Church. They prefer to be popular, democratic, and free. They disdain all obstacles between them and their flocks. It is not for us to canvass the propriety or the discretion of a choice which is a matter of spiritual taste, and which has some undoubted recommendations. We may depend upon it, that all the genius and enthusiasm of the Irish Roman Catholic Church will rest content with that choice. Ireland has only to speak the word, and in a very short time it may be in the same position as Scotland and even as England as to ecclesiastical affairs. But it does not choose to be in their position. It prefers its own native and unbought advantages.

“There can be no doubt that if the Church of England is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, it is obliged to endure the livery and diet of an honorable servitude.

“The British Legislature would commit downright suicide if it abated one jot or tittle of all the conditions

invariably required from ecclesiastical establishments by the temporal governments under which they exist."

Can any one, moderately acquainted with public affairs, question the truth or the accuracy of the *Times*' statement in this matter? It simply announces what we still see, and know and feel as with the hand. Now, if my ultra-Protestant friends could only view the condition of their Church as the *Times* calmly views it: as every man who enjoys the use of reason, and has got rid of the prejudices of the nursery, views it, they would be anxious, I imagine, if they retain any principle of religion, to emancipate their own Church from that inveterate subjection to the State, which has become its second nature, and not to enslave ours. It is strange to hear men professing great respect for their church, and swearing it is to be sustained at every risk, whilst they tamely suffer it to be unchurched, and made an instrument for political purposes in the hands of Disraeli, or whoever happens, whether Whig or Tory, to be Prime Minister at the time. If the English Church is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, it is obliged to wear the livery and endure the diet of an honorable servitude. In plain language, it is the slave of the State. Now that is a condition wholly subversive of religious truth, to which Catholic conscience can never submit; the Government secures to itself, with relentless grasp, an overwhelming predominance in the councils of the Church. It reverses its decisions. It sent, for example, Parson Gorham to the Vicarage of Brampton, against the solemn protest of his bishop, who denounced him as denying the efficacy of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, and expressed his fears "that he would spread the poison of heresy amongst his

people." It sent Dr. Hampden to the diocese of Hereford, against the protest of nine bishops, all of whom charged their episcopal brother with holding heretical doctrines. It sent Dr. Whately to the see of Dublin, who rejected all belief in the distinction of persons in the Mystery of the Trinity. In truth the Government rules in the church as absolutely and independently as in the army or navy or the revenue or any other department of the State. If a vacancy occurred to-morrow in the see of Dublin or Cork, we would have the nominee of Disraeli selected, not for his piety, or orthodoxy, of which it may well be supposed that Disraeli knows nothing, but for his political services and those of his family; other qualifications, except that of being an educated gentleman, are never taken into consideration. Who in the diocese of Tuam ever knew anything, or heard anything, of the faith, or piety, or knowledge of Dr. Bernard before his appointment to that see? The Prime Minister knew right well that he was brother to Lord Bandon, and of course had some parliamentary influence; nothing more was required. In fact the Protestant Church, as represented by its bishops and archbishops, and its rectors and curates, have no more to do, no more weight in the selection of its rulers than the Bible-readers, who are hired by the Church Mission Society to insult Catholicity in Ireland. To this state of things the Protestant bishops and clergy tamely and unworthily submit; but we can, in some degree, excuse them, for they know right well, as the organ of British opinion states, that if they once breathe a murmur against Parliamentary Government, they can never obtain promotion. It is evidently a delusion to call this political State organization, a *church*. It is sometimes designated, and indeed, more properly, the Garrison, for manifestly it enjoys no

exercise of authority, no power, no jurisdiction, except what it receives from the hand of its paymaster.

The Catholic Church on the other hand receives neither its jurisdiction, nor its orders, nor its commission to rule in the Church of God from the Government under which it lives. Its powers come from an infinitely higher source, from St. Peter and his legitimate successors, to whom Christ gave a commission to teach all nations, with the promise of unfailing guidance to the end of time. Now this commission the Church cannot forego, nor barter away for any imaginable amount of State endowments. She cannot suffer Disraeli or any other Prime Minister to nominate her bishops, or archdeacons, or other dignitaries, or her judges in her spiritual courts. She does not choose to have her differences settled by lawyers or privy councillors, of whose religion no man knows anything. She prefers that freedom above all things with which Christ has made her free ; and the moment the rulers of the kingdoms of this world attempt to slip the collar about her neck in the shape of a veto, or any other State machinery, with a promise of large endowments, they are at once reminded of the inflexibility of her principles. She may be left to pine in poverty, despoiled of all her goods, and even persecuted for centuries by the sword, but she cannot transfer to secular hands the power which she has received from on high without open apostacy. In fact we nowhere read in the Bible that the Kings and Queens of England or their Prime Ministers, or the Parliaments, or any secular powers have been appointed to rule supreme in the Church established by Christ. It is, however, quite true that they rule in the modern Church of England, that they make and administer its laws.

In fact, the Liturgy, and the Thirty-nine Articles are

simply Acts of Parliament, passed by the vote of the majority, just as Railway Bills, or Ecclesiastical Titles' Acts, which nobody regards, have been carried.

In the debate on the revision of the Book of Common Prayer in the Lords, July 9, 1867, this doctrine was emphatically declared, that the Parliament legislates in ecclesiastical affairs quite independently of the sanction of the Church assembled in convocation: "It might be very convenient," observes Lord Cranworth, "that convocation should be consulted on these subjects. But it is an entire mistake to suppose that any binding efficacy could be added by convocation to any measure that had received the assent of the Crown and the upper and lower House of Parliament." Lord Ebury and Earl Granville were of the same opinion, but Lord Derby was more emphatic on this point, observing "that he did not admit that Parliament was in the slightest degree dependent in legislating on these matters on the previous opinion or consent of convocation." The bishops, too held the same doctrine: he of London declaring "that upon referring to a recent laborious publication containing more than 2,000 pages of Acts relating to the Church, he discovered that all of them but seven, had been adopted on the sole authority of Parliament."

The English Church has been entirely absorbed by the State. It has no action, no life, no government of its own. It can neither appoint its bishops nor sustain their decisions. It is manifestly infected with all manner of heresies without the power to expel any one of them. Colenzo denies the inspiration of the Bible, others deny the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity of persons, the doctrine of original sin, the grace of the sacraments; can the Anglican Church apply any remedy?

"The country," says one of the oldest bishops, he of

Exeter, in his celebrated Pastoral of 1851, p. 86, "is agitated from one extremity to the other by religious differences—all confidence in the rulers of the Church is shaken, individual clergymen and laymen are flying from the communion of such a Church by reason of the paralysis under which it seems to them to be dragging on a worthless and lifeless existence—a widely extended suspicion, that some of our very best, most learned, and most attached brethren will soon follow." How does the Anglican Church propose to deal with them? Does she seek to confute, to enlighten, or condemn them in convocation? No. Feeling that her decisions are never respected, she attempts nothing of the kind. What a mockery is this modern Church! An Act of Parliament has made it, and is now very properly about to unmake it. A religion declared, defined, and enforced by the King, Lords, and Commons, has no hold on the enlightened consciences of men. The dissenters of England—a majority of the nation—have long since rejected it, and three centuries of persecution could not induce the Irish to accept it. It has evidently no support unless from those who receive, who have received, or hope to receive, its enormous endowments—remove these things; give truth fair play, leave men free to follow their honest convictions, and in a little time it will be hard to find even one rational man in the empire, who will not be ready to avow that endowing a Protestant ministry in a Catholic country is a glaring national injustice, an intolerable insult, a degrading despotism too long endured, and without parallel in any other country in Christendom.

If my ultra-Protestant friends of the No Surrender party, on reading the article of the *Times* which I have quoted, cannot see and admire the disinterested virtue and

the love of true religion which has filled the breast of the Catholic Church, and dictated the refusal of State endowments, to be enjoyed solely on the condition of wearing the livery and enduring the servitude of the secular power—if they cannot see all this, it is their great misfortune. Catholics know right well “what it is to be established, and are resolved not to be established.” We don’t want Royal or Parliamentary guidance in matters of faith. Dr. Whately has told us, “that as an authority in matters of faith, the Queen’s Crown will never outweigh the Pontifical Tiara,” and if people want a guide in religion, he says, “they will not long hesitate to choose the great patriarch of the western world, rather than a miserable insular Pope at Lambeth, as their guide.”—See his tract on Papal Aggression, page 27.

On the whole, I imagine that our Protestant friends can scarcely fail to observe that the hierarchy of the ancient faith exhibit in the face of Europe as striking and as honourable a contrast with the parsons of the Established Church as fancy can depict. On the one hand stands a large body of priests, the successors of those who were persecuted and robbed of everything they possessed, still unanimously refusing State endowments, on the condition of sacrificing religious liberty; and on the other hand stand the clergy of the Establishment, whose ministration the nation has ever rejected, marshalling the laity to defend, and on bended knees imploring Her Majesty not to withhold the livery and diet of a degrading servitude, which has become to them a second nature. What a sight! a Church ever faithful under every trial to its traditions, and an establishment without honour, condemned by all mankind, except those who benefit by its injustice and its religious slavery!!

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LVII.

TO R. CLAYTON BROWNE, Esq., D.L., J.P.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE CARLOW PROTESTANT DEFENCE ASSOCIATION.

June 3rd, 1868.

SIR—It will, no doubt, surprise you to learn that I have read the proceedings of your Association at its last day of meeting, as reported in the *Sentinel*, with a certain well-defined feeling of satisfaction, not indeed, because of its display on the occasion, of splendid eloquence, of good taste, of high logical power, of information or truth ; but rather—as the cause was unjust and injurious, on account of the remarkable absence of all those things, which are looked for, at the seance of educated gentlemen.

The meeting was composed of a small section of the gentry of the country and half a dozen parsons ; and their *professed* object was to defend their Church, yet on carefully reading their speeches I was glad to perceive that they had not one word to say in its defence. They evidently felt that there is nothing in its history to appeal to—no great work to point at. It has not suppressed in any degree the ancient religion,—the work for which it was called into existence, for which it was sustained and upheld by the wealth of the country, and by a brutal code of penal laws, for centuries, making it a felony, punishable by imprisonment or exile, for hearing mass, or saying our prayers according to the Catholic rites. Indeed, I believe that the gentlemen at the meeting were considerably influenced, although perhaps unconsciously, by the enlightened opinion of the present day of educated society on the subject of the Irish Church Establishment ; and under this impression

they very properly abstained from uttering a word in its favour. That Church has been described by its best and most disinterested friends as an abuse without parallel all the world over. Lord Brougham denounced it "as the foulest practical abuse that ever existed in any civilised country." The *Times* designates it "the greatest scandal of the age." "It is so considered *now*," said Lord Campbell, addressing the House of Lords, "and I believe it will be so considered by posterity: and it is only because your lordships are so familiar with it that you are not shocked at the picture." "What foreign writer, whether Protestant or Catholic" (asks Lord Macaulay), "ever mentions the Church of Ireland without expressing his amazement that such an establishment could exist among reasonable men." "Don't talk of its being a church," indignantly exclaimed Edmund Burke, "it is a wholesale robbery." "What have we done in Ireland," asks the Right Hon. Charles Buller; "we have plundered; we still plunder the *many* of the provision which was made for their religious wants, in order to create a sinecure church for the *few*. We have deprived the *poor* man of his church in order to gorge the rapacity of the *rich*." "The revenues of the Church," says one of your bishops, Dr. Fitzgerald, in his Charge to his clergy for August, 1866, "instead of being applied to their proper purpose, were made a prey to shameless rapine." Public opinion has set in with irresistible force against this Establishment.

The *Times* writes, September 19, 1866:—

"The Irish Establishment is an institution which, to be condemned, needs only to be seen. It was originally set up in deadly antagonism to Irish sentiment, and it has since been upheld against all but universal dissent of the Irish people."

The *Telegraph* writes, September 21 :—

“Had an enemy of Ireland wished to doom the people to years of untold misery he could not more effectually attain his end, than by planting such a Church within its shores.”

The *Saturday Review* writes, September 15 :—

“Reformation and the Reformed religion in Ireland were purely foreign inventions, thrust down the throats of the Irish people at the point of the sword.”

The *Church Times* writes, March, 1868 :

“On the whole there is no reason whatsoever to suppose, that there is any larger portion of really God-fearing persons now, than there was before the Reformation of religion was taken in hand by a conspiracy of adulterers, murderers and thieves, and such we suppose will be the conclusion at which most impartial and intelligent readers of the Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury will arrive.”

There we have your Church fairly described. There is no second unbiassed opinion on the subject. How then, I ask, can any man of honour, who has not lost all perception of right, seek to uphold so unmitigated a wrong? The gentlemen over whom you presided, seemed to ask themselves who would compromise his character by eulogizing such an institution?

Having abandoned the defence of the Church, what work then was to be done at your last meeting? Will it be believed, money was collected, your treasurer, Mr. Arthur Fitzmaurice, announces the fact, to send deputies over to England to enlighten the masses as to the character and merits of the Establishment. “What they wanted to do” (exclaimed the leading clerical orator of the day, a Rev. Mr. Ellison), “was not to allow the English people to remain in ignorance of the real facts of the case, for the sake of putting their hands into their

pockets to send over deputations to that country." "Were they prepared," he again asked, "to let their Church be destroyed, for the sake of putting their hands into their pocket (he is fond of the phrase) to let the people, with whom humanly speaking lay the issue, know the real state of the case." In the remainder of his speech, he talked a great deal about fighting, about the battle that was to be fought throughout the length and breadth of England, and exhorted them to keep up their courage.

These, Mr. Chairman, were the leading topics of the great speech of the day, and here, sir, the question naturally arises ; Is it deemed necessary in the nineteenth century, with the press of the empire at your command, to send paid deputies to England to vindicate the character of the Irish Establishment ? Could not the representatives of the country, three-fourths of whom are Protestant, do the work openly in the House of Commons ? All your bishops are over in London at present, or have been there lately. Are they not the men above all others to proclaim to the world the purity and holiness of the Irish Church ? Why not ask some of the respectable rectors who have no congregations, or the dignitaries who have no duties to perform, or some of those high literary characters, men of honour and of truth, and known to public fame, to sustain your cause ? Ah, sir, the reason is evident. Such characters, restrained as they are by public opinion, and a sense of propriety, and a love of truth, cannot do the work. They are prohibited the use of unlimited falsehood and slanders of every kind, the only effectual arguments to arouse the blind unreasoning passions of the multitude, upon whom alone the defence of the church has entirely devolved, for it has evidently lost character with all the higher classes of society.

Murphy, of rioting notoriety, the paid deputy of members of Parliament, is the model man for this work. He and his party can do it better than any others. A Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Page Hopps, Dunkinfield, describes him and his career in the *Times* of Thursday last, and the means he employs to effect his purpose. He announced at Staleybridge and Ashton "that every Popish priest is a head centre—the priest secretly sets on his bloodhounds to destroy Her Majesty's loyal people. Put down the priests. I am for war with the knife, war with the revolver, war with the bayonet, against those Popish dogs. I am going to Ashton to lecture in a cotton mill within three hundred yards of the Catholic chapel, and it will not take us long to drive the Popish lambs to Paddy's land. If the people once break out in Lancashire, they will first seize the Catholic priests, then the Sisters of Mercy, and afterwards the lambs, and send them all afloat."

The Murphyites are evidently the men to enlighten the English mind, to bring out before it in bold relief the virtue and humility of the Irish Establishment. If its character could possibly be upheld by a truthful statement of facts, if the evidence given against it by the first men in England, indeed by all the leading statesmen of the empire these last forty years, could be fairly rebutted by counter statements, the gentlemen of the Carlow Protestant Defence Association would have zeal enough to undertake the task, without raising a fund to defray their expenses.

Your Church, Mr. Chairman, has never been able to do any good, although aided at all times by the strength and weight of the secular power. It has not even been a match for Presbyterianism, denouncing the Episcopate, nor Unitarianism, denying the Divinity of the Saviour.

There it stands, the author, and promoter, and advocate, in the early stage of its existence, of penal legislation, and, in after times, the most active, watchful, and vindictive opponent of any relaxation of that barbarous code. Having tried, but in vain, to convert the Catholic people by confiscation, by the infliction of the cruellest penalties, it has been engaged for the last half century kidnapping, through the agency of proselytising societies, the children of the poor, to fill the empty churches of the State ; and although it made no converts, it deceived the people of England by reports of thousands and hundreds of thousands gained from the old religion.

There is nothing under the sun like this alien Church ; jealous, vindictive, always relying on the secular arm, with no power of its own ; tolerant of every error ; intolerant only of the old religion ; boasting of evangelizing Ireland when its followers were falling away ; full of worldly pride ; empty of true religion ; harmonizing with every heresy ; preaching infidelity in its recent episcopal and clerical pamphlets ; broken up into sects, its friends unable to allege any reason for its continuance, save the enormous difficulty of removing an abuse of so long standing, and of such gigantic proportions. How is its want of success to be accounted for ? What has branded it with sterility ? We can well understand how a church may be put down by penal legislation, by the sword, or by the wholesale extermination of the people ; experiments tried in this suffering country against our holy religion, but tried in vain ; but to see a church dying out, never taking root in the public mind, less now than it was one hundred years ago, in the meanwhile upheld and fostered by every power of the State, in every possible

way, is a fact and a problem admitting only of one solution, namely—that its ministers in every rank and degree have been all along warring against the truth of God.

This institution, admitting of no just defence, cannot long survive repeated exposure. Its merits are well known in Ireland. We fairly estimate its character, and feel its oppression ; but when all the people of England come to have correct views on the subject, and are thereby in a position to pass an impartial judgment upon it, the Establishment will go down amid the rejoicing of an emancipated people.

Turn now, Mr. Chairman, to the Catholic Church. She stands before us poor, oppressed, discountenanced, and scorned by the powers of this world for centuries, like to the early Church under the Pagan Emperors ; yet evidently doing a work, not of man, nor within the power of man, but a work of divine grace, carried out unostentatiously by the sacraments and other heavenly influences : by its innate beauty and force of truth, Catholicity wins her converts from every class of society, save from those who are ever ready to profess any creed for a bribe. She gathers them into the ancient fold by hundreds from amongst the intellectual, the learned, the religiously-minded, in a word, from all those who, in prayer, under the guidance of the spirit, are honestly seeking the Kingdom of Heaven. Look around, Mr. Chairman, and see in our suffering Church a body of men who were lately the pride and ornament of the English Universities ; men of the highest order of minds, of deep research, of varied learning. They knew your church ; its merits or deficiencies could not be concealed from their searching gaze. They walked within its sanctuary ; they studied its history ; they

learned its philosophy and theology, in which they were distinguished amongst their fellows ; they partook of its temporalities, its rich benefices, and highest posts of honour, and had the strongest worldly inducements to think favourably of it, and to cling to it. Yet, Mr. Chairman, you know, we all know, they abjured it. Having weighed it in the balance of the sanctuary, and found it wanting, they rejected it for ever, as not affording the sacramental means of salvation appointed by Christ.

Have I, Mr. Chairman, in contrasting the two churches, misrepresented either the one or the other ? Have not the facts referred to occurred under your own eyes ? You, Mr. Chairman, and the Protestant Association, may retard for a little time the triumph of justice over monopolies, of religious equality over sectarian interests, of truth over falsehood ; but the now clearly-pronounced verdict of enlightened statesmen all over the world will, ere long, give the victory to truth, justice, and the undying fidelity of Irish Catholics to the faith of their forefathers.

Where, Mr. Chairman, are the Brunswick Clubs and Protestant Associations that fought in their day against the great Act of Catholic Emancipation. No doubt they were, in their opinion, men of honour, of sense, of patriotism, and prudence. But is there a living man outside of an asylum at this day who does not see that their patriotism was intolerant ascendancy ; their religion, bigotry and selfishness ; their boast of civil and religious liberty, hypocritical, hollow, and insincere—in a word, that their whole political career was hateful before God and man.

Half a century more, and the same judgment will be passed upon the present upholders of what the English

press designates a scandal to modern civilisation, a discredit to great Britain in the eyes of foreign nations, a badge of conquest, a symbol of degradation, an abuse without parallel in history, condemned by the universal conscience of mankind.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

LVIII.

ON SOME STATEMENTS OF THE REV. ADAM
BÊTTESWORTH PERRY.

June 10th, 1868.

SIR—The Rev. Mr. Perry having, without the slightest provocation, most unwisely introduced my name into his letters to the Poor Law Guardians, published in the *Sentinel* of last Saturday, I feel quite justified, and indeed called upon, to take notice of some of his strange observations.

He begins his letter with a most extraordinary flourish of self-vindication, the very last thing which a man of ordinary prudence and capacity would think of doing.

"Gentlemen," he exclaims, "I think I can conscientiously say that I am neither a bigot nor intolerant, nor a firebrand;" and pray Mr. Editor, who has said or insinuated that he was? He continues, "I have never set class against class;" and who has disturbed his peace of mind by preferring such charges against him? Mr. Perry

is, I imagine, contending against non-existing enemies and fancied offences, but likely enough, by this offensive nonsense, to call up a living opponent. If he had studied the human heart more closely, he would have known, that an uncalled-for vindication of character is about the last thing in which men of honour and conscious innocence ever indulge ; and that such encomiums—that a man is not a bigot nor a firebrand, &c., &c.,—generally result in awakening strong suspicions of the very charges from which the eulogist seeks to clear himself. Did a man of undoubted bravery ever rush into print, declaring that he was no coward, no firebrand, never lowered his colours ; whilst the dastard, conscious of his defects, and suspecting that his friends know them, is only too ready, through the Press, or at the cross-roads, to proclaim that he is no braggart, never lost his courage, never deserted his cause ; and for his pains he gets himself generally laughed at.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Perry several times, and he left me under the impression that he was a very courteous, kind-hearted gentleman, anxious according to his lights to do good to all, and I rejoiced that, at length, having lost Mr. Massey and others of the same stamp, we had found a clergyman with whom we could live in peace and harmony ; but I now regret that his letters, which I am about to review, are forcing me to lower my opinion. Writing to the Board of Guardians, he says—"It certainly is then time for me to address you, when I read of a Protestant Guardian standing up at your Board and avowing himself ready to betray the spiritual and religious interests of the poor Protestant children in Carlow Union House, apparently—I do not say really—for the purpose of courting popularity with the Right Rev. Dr. Walshe and Rev. James

Maher . . . persons who know as well as I, that those who tumble for popularity generally end their feats by a heavy fall, and retire with an injured name."

This passage is, in my judgment, as ill-considered, as insulting, and offensive, as any I have read for a long time. What has this Protestant Guardian, Mr. Fitzmaurice, done to justify Mr. Perry's personal censure and foolish prophecy? What grounds are there for telling him through the public press, that he has avowed himself ready to betray the interests of his co-religionists? Nay, more, that he has done so, apparently for the purpose of courting popularity with Dr. Walshe and Father Maher. What extreme folly in every line! Mr. Fitzmaurice is fully able, if he deems it necessary, to vindicate his character from unfounded random charges. He stands deservedly high in the estimation of his Catholic neighbours, and he is one of the last who would violate duty to gain favour with any man; and again, where did Mr. Perry learn, and how did he find out, that a betrayal of trust would raise the renegade in the estimation of our bishop or myself? Ah, Mr. Perry, a little of that intolerance, that deceitful bigotry, and a touch of the firebrand, which you so strongly repudiate even in your opening sentence, have, I fear, confused your intellect, and I have no doubt that you are much more likely than Mr. Fitzmaurice to retire from the contest, after a heavy fall, with an injured name. Tumbling after this fashion, even when the rector of Carlow goes in for it, will not, I beg to say, be tolerated amongst us.

To bring the whole case fairly before the public, we must, Mr. Editor, indulge in a little detail. A vacancy lately occurred in the workhouse, in the school department, whereupon a Catholic teacher, highly qualified, of good fame, and for sometime an assistant in the estab-

lishment, was appointed. On the following board day this appointment was cancelled, and a Protestant girl, unknown in the house, was brought in and placed over the Catholic children. The Guardians, however, having received a letter from the bishop complaining of the act, and considering the matter more dispassionately, reversed their decision, and restored the Catholic teacher.

This appointment, it is, that has filled the mind of Mr. Perry with sad forebodings. He sees in it a thousand dangers ; an insidious attempt to undermine Protestantism ; and he threatens to appeal again and again to the Poor Law Commissioners on the subject.

As the house stood before the last change all the arrangements were perfect in Mr. Perry's opinion, then the master of the house was Protestant, the matron was Protestant, the schoolmistress was Protestant, with a Catholic assistant in a subordinate position, the clerk of the establishment was Protestant, the doctor and porter were Protestants, the children were nearly all Catholics ; the poor, the sick, and disabled constituted in this Catholic county, of course, a large majority of the house, and the schoolmaster who had to instruct their children professed their faith.

"In this, the old arrangement (says Mr. Perry), I see nothing of bigotry, intolerance, or Protestant ascendancy ;" look again, Mr. Perry. He sees no reason why men should complain that our poor, the old and young, the sick and infirm, should be placed in the workhouse, almost entirely under Protestant officials ; but when one single change is made, when a highly qualified Catholic is selected to teach a school of upwards of sixty Catholic girls, and three or four of the State religion, with an assistant of the same faith ; when the change is brought

about, Mr. Perry is quite bewildered, and strange apparitions appear before his eyes.

"In the new arrangement," he exclaims, "I see the bringing in of Roman Catholic intolerance and ascendancy. I see in it an attempt to elaborate a scheme for the perversion of the Protestant children in the Union House; and the guardian, if a Protestant, who will propose such a scheme, will place himself, I should hope unwittingly, as an instrument in the hands of others for the perversion of the Protestant children from the faith of their parents."

What an opinion Mr. Perry must have formed of the intelligence of the board when he presumed to address them after this fashion. To raise an outcry on such grounds as these; to seek to disturb the public by telling them that the appointment of a Catholic teacher over Catholic children was an elaborate scheme for the perversion of Protestants; to get excited on such a subject; to use such language, will be considered by every rational man, whether Catholic or Protestant, in the town, as an act wearing the appearance of intensified bigotry; as an attempt, without any reasonable cause, to set class against class, and thereby play the part of the firebrand.

Mr. Perry undertakes to justify his proceedings in this case by arguments which I am quite sure will convince nobody but himself. Firstly—He states that the Protestant children being so few among the many, "their religious belief is therefore more liable to be overborne by persuasions, threats, and clamours." But does he entirely forget that it is especially the office of the master and mistress of the house, both strong Protestants, to suppress clamours and threats, and to bring the offenders before the board for reproof or expulsion? Have the superior officers of the house all failed in the

discharge of their duty? Can no order be kept in a school unless all who preside over it be of the State religion?

Secondly—Mr. Perry informs us, “that we have recorded that attempts were made to proselytise Protestant children in the house.” We deny it emphatically. Produce the record, Mr. Perry. You see many things which nobody else can see. You tell us, “you see the bringing in of Roman Catholic intolerance and ascendancy in the appointment of a Catholic mistress to teach Catholic children.” And after such statements your testimony, unsupported by other evidence, can have but little weight with the people of Carlow. Produce, therefore, the record of proselytising efforts—who were the agents, and upon whom did they act?—and bring the master and mistress of the establishment to a strict account; yes, and have them dismissed if they have neglected their first great duty, but I have every reason to believe that they have acted fairly, honourably, and impartially, although in stating so, I may, I fear, injure them in your estimation.

Thirdly—Mr. Perry announces—and this is the most frightful of all his bugbears—that the Catholic mistress appointed to teach in the workhouse “was educated in the convent school.” Is this a disqualification in Mr. Perry’s judgment? Will he raise an outcry on that ground, setting class against class? He ought to know what everybody knows, what the report of Her Majesty’s Commissioners on Endowed Schools, the Marquis of Kildare being chairman, states, that the most efficient, most orderly, and most successful schools in the kingdom are those under the direction of the Nuns and Christian Brothers.

Mr. Perry did me the honour to accompany me some

time since to the Presentation Convent. He viewed with astonishment the magnificence and extent of the series of schools for youth of all ages, from the infant up to the full grown pupil, within that sanctified retreat. He heard a singing class whilst one of the children played the harmonium, and expressed his admiration of the manner in which they executed their task. In fact there is not a school in the kingdom where better order, stricter discipline, and greater progress in learning exist; and yet, the fact of being educated there is urged as a disqualification for office in the workhouse, by the liberal Protestant chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Perry. To what extremes does bigotry drive its dupes, and yet so blinds them, as not to know that they are groping their way, under its anti-social influence!

The Protestant clergy, I am well aware, have generally a great objection to the conventual system. They rail at it, they misrepresent it in their ignorance, they assail it by every false rumour which intolerance, bigotry, and a hatred of the truth can suggest. They have called upon the Government again and again to establish an inspection of convents, to send some unscrupulous Pharisees to defame them. Dr. Whately began this work of intolerable insolence, his son, Parson Whately, aided by Parson Blacker, continued it—Murphy, agent of the Protestant Alliance, is even now making every effort which ruffianism can devise, to arouse the passions of the Pagan mobs in England to destroy and burn Christian schools, convents, and chapels.

The parsons can never forgive or forget the great services in the work of education which convent schools have rendered, in the highest as well as in the lowest walks of life. The very virtues of the monastic order are felt by the ministers of the intruded Church as a living, yet

silent reproach to that graceless Establishment, which is now condemned by every thinking man in the empire, save those who have divided amongst themselves, or hope to do so, the property of the house of God and of the poor.

The true idea of conventual life is evidently above the parson's comprehension. It is a mystery to him and to that world for which Christ refused to pray. The close resemblance in the lives of nuns to that of our divine model, going about doing good ; their angel-like visits to the sick and neglected poor ; their forgetfulness and renunciation of the fashions and vanities of this world : their unwearied zeal in prayer and works of charity : their heroism in confronting all manner of diseases in the public hospital : their courage in attending, even on the outskirts of the battle-field, the wounded soldier—a courage which has challenged and received the respect and testimony of the first military commanders of the day. In a word, the whole tenor of their lives, realising whatever is most perfect in the Christian dispensation, have won the admiration of the good and liberal of every creed, and in the late American wars their noble spirit of self-sacrifice in the numerous hospitals, attracted to the true Church myriads of those who hitherto hated Catholicity with all the intensity of heresy. Nay, those nuns have extorted praise from the very enemies of the Christian name ; even the cold and infidel spirit of Voltaire—but he had the inspiration of genius—was warmed into admiration by the simple and unaffected display of the heroic virtues of conventual life.

“Perhaps,” he exclaims, “there is nothing grander on earth than the sacrifice that the weaker sex make of beauty and youth, often of high birth and fortune, to comfort and console in the hospitals the mass of human

misery, the view of which is so humbling to human pride, and revolting to natural delicacy. The people separated from the Church of Rome have but imperfectly imitated a charity so generous."—*Essai sur l'histoire generale*.

Protestantism has no great objection to Methodism. Presbyterianism, Unitarianism, or indeed to any heresy—she is, perhaps, a match for any of them when backed by the State ; but she feels and knows she cannot advance in the face of truth and the religious orders, unless by the sword, or penal laws, which are now in disuse. She, therefore, employs the Murphyites in England ; whilst Mr. Perry at home, boasting of the absence of intolerance and bigotry, opposes the election of a Catholic mistress in the workhouse, of which he is chaplain, simply because she has been educated in a convent. Oh ! the blindness and waywardness of poor human nature !

Finally, Mr. Perry tells us, " that he must respectfully but strongly protest against breaking up in a few minutes an old and honourable compact of more than twelve years' standing." Will he allow me to say it has existed twelve years too long. It never would have been proposed, never accepted, unless by men brought up under the degrading traditions of long standing penal legislation, a code creating on one hand despotism, on the other slavery, and thus demoralising, to a great extent, the whole of society.

There was an old, and what Mr. Perry and all of his class would call an honourable, compact of more than three hundred years' standing, excluding Catholics from all posts of honour and emolument, and sanctioned by the Kings, Lords, and Commons. Yet it was broken up by the progress of liberal opinions, and the enlightenment of the nineteenth century. But it must be recollected that the Protestant clergy, one and all, upheld the

barbarous and demoralizing code, and opposed the restoration of our simple rights, as men and Christians, from the sixteenth century to the year 1829, when in their despite, lay Protestants, shaking off the baneful influence of an alien Church Establishment—carried triumphantly the great Act of Catholic Emancipation.

Against the spirit of the clerical party, which is as bigoted and intolerant now as in the days of old, we have still to contend. But for the honour of Protestantism it must be said that there was one man of integrity, one lover of justice, one advocate of right, but only one wearing the mitre, who stood out alone in bold opposition to the entire phalanx of his episcopal brethren, and contended as bravely as O'Connell to break the chains with which bigotry and tyranny had bound us. I allude, of course, to the Right Rev. Dr. Bathurst, Bishop of Norwich, whose name Catholic gratitude will ever hold in veneration.

He wrote to Ireland in 1826 (his letter now lies open before me) promising to present her petition for liberty in the House of Lords, and adding, "there is no man living who contemplates with more surprise and sorrow the injustice and the want of Christian charity by which so many loyal subjects and conscientious Christians are deprived of their just rights, for no other reason that I can find out, but that of their steady attachment to the religion of their ancestors."

With men brought up and ministering in that Church, which, in three centuries produced only one bishop disposed to redress our grievances and right our wrongs, it is vain to reason. They are just what the laws and institutions and traditions of the country have made them. They deal with us still as a conquered race. They have been taught to despise us; and they tell

the gentry it is more befitting their high position to govern by an army of 40,000 men, whom England pays and feeds and clothes, rather than rule by commonplace justice, and so inveterately has wrong-doing become their second nature that they are scarcely conscious of the injustice they perpetrate. Very many among them have from nature the finest dispositions, but they should be something more than men, and less than angels, were they not in some degree perverted by the teaching of the Irish Establishment, which has fallen at length under the universal anathema of civilised nations.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LIX.

REMARKS ON A SPEECH OF REV. MR.
ELLISON.

August 17th, 1868.

TO THE REV. MR. ELLISON.

REV. SIR—Your speech at the Carlow Protestant Orphan Society, as reported in the *Sentinel*, ought not to be passed over in silence. Justice and truth are so recklessly assailed in those days, that it becomes a duty of charity, to employ whatever talent one possesses, in their vindication.

Your words at that meeting were :—

“In this country particularly, the position of the

Protestant Orphan was especially deplorable. In Ireland there was a large population of Catholics, and every one knew the very essence and mission of the Catholic religion was to absorb within its pale all those waifs and strays upon which it could lay its hands ; so that if we did not take care of them, there would be found those who would take care of their worldly interests, for the purposes of their own soul-destroying system."

It is strange, indeed, that any man could be found in a Catholic town like Carlow, to assert that the chief business of the Catholic Church was to gather up the waifs and strays of humanity, for the purpose of destroying their souls.

Why clergymen, trembling for the existence of their own establishment, should employ language so false and offensive to the religion of Christendom, without the slightest provocation, and that too at a meeting for the relief of the orphan, which naturally suggests thoughts of kindness and benevolence, it is hard to understand, unless on the principle that those whose fall God decrees, he first deprives of reason.

"Quos Deus vult perdere prius dementat."

And who, pray, are the waifs and strays that Rome is in pursuit of? Do, Mr. Ellison, tell us who they are, where they live, and move, and may be seen. Are they the Newmans, the Mannings, the Wilberforces, the Fabers, the Dalgairns, who were very lately the pride and glory of the Protestant universities? or perhaps they are the clergymen who, in proof of the sincerity of their conversion, have given up large benefices and have gone out of your church in great numbers? There is scarcely a family in England of the high and educated classes,

which has not given one or other of its members to Catholicism. Are they, good sir, the waifs and strays of whom you speak, and upon whom old Rome has laid its hands? The return to the See of St. Peter, after a separation of three hundred years, has been going on for a long time. Dr. Whately, late of Dublin, in his Charge to his clergy, 1853, just fifteen years ago, writes thus :—

“Conversions to Romanism of late years, especially in England, have exceeded *very far* anything that can be remembered by the present generation or the preceding.” That is a testimony you will admit, above all suspicion ; and his Grace adds, “The secessions to the Church of Rome have been chiefly among the gentry and clergy,” amongst those who were evidently best qualified to judge, who had leisure for reading, and time for praying to the God of mercy to enlighten their understanding, and to bring them to the knowledge of the true church.

If such men, distinguished by their learning, piety, and disinterestedness, the *elite* of every class, had gone over to your church in great numbers, pray, Mr. Ellison, would you not consider it very bad taste, or rather vulgar insolence, to call such converts the waifs and strays of society. Ah ! what a total disregard of truth, and what a contempt for the understanding of your auditory, you must have had, when you ventured to designate some of the first scholars of the age, in literature, science, and theology, as the outcasts of society ; the waifs, whom nobody claims, but “upon whom the priests of Rome lay their hands for the purpose of their own soul-destroying system.” I imagine, Mr. Ellison, that all the right-minded men who were condemned to listen to this foolish ebullition of pride, ignorance, and arrogance, must have been deeply pained.

If you had one convert, whose conversion was quite above the suspicion of interested motives, a gentleman of character, would you not, Mr. Ellison, be very proud of him? but not having even one, how does your church manage matters? The proselytising societies, to conceal their shame, borrow from Satan, the father of lies, his great power of deception, and publish to the world, with a view principally to hoodwink the people of England, that thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands have in this country abandoned Romanism, and joined the Protestant Church, that Protestantism is progressing rapidly, and that priests and nuns have lost all their influence, &c. The perfect organisation of those societies, which have their agents in every part of the country, for manufacturing, upholding, and circulating lies, is without parallel in the history of the world.

I have now before me statements of this character, in letters and speeches from the pens and lips of clergymen. I noticed them before. I depicted the enormity and malice of their calumnies. I called on them to retract, or to establish the truth of their assertions; but they had neither the virtue nor the courage to attempt the one thing or the other. I have shamed them, it is true, into silence, but I never found one of the class to confess his error, to repent of such iniquity, to withdraw his calumnies. Out of that school, Mr. Ellison, the true Church never receives a waif or a stray. They are retained by the father of lies for his "soul-destroying system."

The anxiety of the Established Church for even one convert of name is proved by another memorable fact. It has been published a thousand times by the press in the interest of the Irish Establishment, that Dr. Doyle,

the celebrated J. K. L., had died a Protestant. That lie, given to the world in 1834, has never been retracted. I lived in the bishop's house during his last long illness, and many years before. I administered to him the last sacraments of the Church; I was a witness, with thousands of others, of his piety, fervour, and living faith; I stood by his bedside, absolving him at the very moment when his pure soul, quitting its mortal frame, appeared in the presence of its Creator and Redeemer; and from that hour to this, men without honour or conscience have never ceased to proclaim, no matter how often contradicted, that the bishop had apostatized from the faith of his Church and the religion of his forefathers.

Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Ellison, to examine dispassionately, the means employed by Catholicism to bring men back to the See of St. Peter, and to contrast these means with the labours of Protestantism, to prevent their return. The subject may be discussed with advantage to you and your friends.

That great numbers have returned to the old religion, in the highest as well as the lowest classes of society, is an admitted fact, and in that great movement what part did the priests of Rome take? Did they send missionaries and tract distributors over to the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford; to the houses of the nobility and gentry; to the handsome residences of the parsons up and down through the country, to gather them in? Did they post up in every town and village in England scriptural placards, denouncing in offensive language the religion of the people as a soul-destroying system? Did they send their agents to collect money for the conversion of the benighted Anglicans, and for the support of a souper brigade? Did they induce the Catholic ladies

and gentlemen of the country to take up the cause of proselytism, and hold meetings for that purpose in the villages and provincial towns? How, in heaven's name, did Rome succeed in gaining converts from every class of society, under the watchful eye and jealous guardianship of a magnificent staff of bishops and archbishops, archdeacons and dignitaries, and curates and parsons innumerable, sustained by the State, favoured by the Parliament and the Crown, and backed up by the most richly endowed universities in the world? How did the poor, impoverished, and discountenanced church make, under these adverse circumstances, such wonderful progress? Examine the subject candidly and conscientiously, and you will find it difficult to deny that conversions to the old religion were manifestly the work of prayer; of the grace of God bestowed on those who pray, and of that beautiful disposition of heart, which is ready to give up all earthly things for the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus. No other agencies, say what you will Mr. Ellison, were employed.

Let us now for a moment review the means which the State Church selects to increase its members. Upon this point there can be no difference of opinion. All admit that she sought to convert by the sword, by English bayonets, by seizing on the lands of Catholics, by wholesale robbery, as Edmund Burke remarked, by depriving men of all their rights, religious, social, and political. The laws declared it a crime, punishable by imprisonment or exile, to worship God according to the ancient Catholic rite, to say Mass, or to be present at it, to minister any of the sacraments. They inflicted penalties for absence from Protestant service on Sundays, they prohibited Catholic education, they robbed the father of his estate to reward the apostacy of his son—to the exclusion of

his faithful children—in a word, Mr. Ellison, Paganism in Nero's time never persecuted Christianity with more malignant fury than did the State Church of this country. The world is now distinctly recognising these facts, and calling, therefore, with a voice which cannot be resisted, for the removal of that universally condemned Institution, wrongly designated as a church. The Irish Establishment has been, from first to last, a most signal failure. Primate Boulter recognised the fact long since. Writing to the Bishop of London, May 5, 1730, he says:—

“The great number of Papists in this kingdom, and the obstinacy with which they adhere to their own religion, *occasions our trying what may be done with their children to bring them over to our church;*” for, he adds, “instead of converting those that are adults we are daily losing many of our meanest people, who go off to Popery.”—Mant's History of the Church of Ireland, vol. 2, p. 515.

Here Mr. Ellison, is the infamous soul destroying system of your church, the kidnapping of children in open violation of the natural and divine right of parents, solemnly approved of and inaugurated 150 years ago by the highest dignitary of your church, and carried on by proselytizing societies and Poor Law Guardians up to the present day.

The charter schools, under the head of the Incorporated Societies, were founded about this time, 1733, and millions of the public money were expended in the vain effort, through such agencies, to Protestantise the children of Ireland. The great result of this expenditure was, according to the testimony of Mr. O'Driscoll, “the production of prostitutes and Orangemen” (see the appendix to this gentleman's work, “Views of Ireland,”)

and the Primate, reviewing the work which he originated in a letter to Sir William Chapman, 1733, a London merchant, observes: "I am sure what our Charter Societies are labouring after, is the most rational push that has been made for establishing the Protestant religion in this country."—Mant's History, p. 518.

With this page of history open before us, describing the Protestant machinery for kidnapping children, of seizing on the waifs and strays of a poor and plundered people; and this process eulogised by your highest church dignitary as the most rational means of establishing Protestantism—with all this before your eyes, must you not have been demented when you ventured to charge Catholicism with the very crime of which your own church has been guilty, and by which it even now lives and moves and seeks to keep up its status in the land? Ah! sir, if you had any of those generous sympathies, any just appreciation of noble and virtuous conduct, any love of fatherland and of its ancient and sacred traditions, any admiration of heroism in long and unmerited sufferings, that heroism which enabled our Catholic ancestors to sacrifice life and all things earthly, rather than violate conscience and renounce religion, you would have broken out in spite of inveterate prejudices in eulogy of the long-tried fidelity of the Catholic priesthood in Ireland, braving every danger, exposing life every hour, offering sacrifice in the mountain cave, instructing the people in woods or their lonely cottages, to sustain the glorious cause of religion, and when at length Catholics were permitted to live and breathe freely in their native land, their first great effort on recovering in part their liberty, although very poor, was to re-establish religion, to cover the country with cathedrals, churches, and chapels, educational and

religious establishments, which challenge the admiration even of their enemies.

If you brought those subjects before those who heard your lecture, instead of ignorant sneers at Romanism, and stimulated them to a noble rivalry with their Catholic countrymen in virtuous action ; if you taught them to love their creed and their church, it need not now be dependent upon Orange violence and No-Popery riots for its support ; it need not be in that miserable plight in which we find it, condemned by the universal conscience of mankind as a gigantic imposture, a wholesale robbery, the opprobrium of English rule, the curse of Ireland. I oppose your church not so much on account of its persecution of our ancestors in past times—for we forgive, and pray for our persecutors ; it made us familiar with the Cross, and carrying it patiently, it has brought innumerable souls to him in Paradise who died on the Cross,—I oppose it because of the injury it does to our countrymen who differ from us in religion by shutting out the light of truth and making them participators in the injustice and oppression of an Institution, whose origin Protestant clergymen describe as “ simply a hypocritical pretence to veil an insurrection of lust and avarice against religion.”—See the *Church Times* of March last.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LX.

PERNICIOUS NONSENSE IN THE
PROTESTANT CHURCH.

TO THE REV. MR. PERRY, RECTOR OF CARLOW.

March 4th, 1869.

REV. SIR—I read your sermon as reported in the *Sentinel* of 20th of February, and it may as well be said at once that it surprised and disappointed me; and, I must add, awakened in my mind, feelings of compassion for those who were obliged to hear it. In reviewing the speeches or letters of our clerical adversaries, I always quote their own words. I allow them to speak for themselves, in order to avoid all danger of misrepresentation. There is, moreover, a great advantage in this course, for it often happens that their own language exhibits their folly and fanaticism more clearly than the most unsparing commentary of the reviewer on the subject. The report of your sermon opens in the following ominous words:—

“In all things around us, political and religious, we hear in these days distant mutterings and present warnings. . . . Dark clouds are rolling onwards to us, and threatening forms appear impelling them, whilst the atmosphere is surcharged with tempest. . . . What is going to happen us? and what are we going to do? are questions in the mouth of almost every Churchman, if not of every Protestant. . . Romanism is rampant, and is courted openly in the highest castle in Ireland: and Protestantism is everywhere at discount with ourselves. In fact, to be a Protestant, and to be recommended by a religious Protestant, is sufficient to exclude from place, honour, or emolument, where a

Romanist can be preferred. . . But it is Ultramontane Romanism that is caressed, and Church Christianity that is put out of doors. The disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish branch of the United Church are sacrifices demanded by the Romish party of the empire, especially of Ireland, by the loud-tongued Dissenters of England, and by the real or place-hunting Radicals of the United Kingdom. . . But let the State exist without an established religion, and the State will then exist as merely an infidel power, as a head of the mystic beast of the Revelation, whose deadly wound was healed. . . But I do not despair of the vitality of the Church in Ireland. . . I feel a great deal more for the branch in England ; but I feel most of all for the State itself. The act of disuniting Church and State in Ireland will almost assuredly be the precursor of a disastrous struggle between a combination of Irish Protestants and Romanists on one side, to obtain a repeal of the Legislative Union, and the British Government on the other side, to maintain that Union. The middle class of Irish Protestants, feeling that their just claims have been sacrificed for party purposes, and believing that henceforward they will have little to gain and much to lose by union with England, will no longer uphold an Imperial Parliament. . . All I desire to show you is, that in the event of the disestablishment, we may be on the eve of very troublous times. . . God's ordinances, we all know, have been much neglected among us. His services, however well attended on Sundays, have been almost everywhere throughout Ireland very little heeded during the remainder of the week. The household god has been set up above the God of our Bible and our salvation ; and it may be for this that God will sweep away those temples in which gods of gold and of

pleasure are sacrificed to and revered above Himself in His national house of Prayer."

What in the name of common sense induced you to utter from the pulpit, and publish through the press, fanatical ranting of this kind? What legitimate object could you have in view in exciting the fears of the Protestants of Carlow, by telling them, in mystic language, of distant mutterings and present warnings in all things around us; of dark clouds rolling onwards, and threatening forms impelling them to us? What does all this mean? Coming down from the clouds, you tell us that you have awful apprehensions as to the safety of the Church and State. If the Church be disestablished, "the State (you tell us) will then exist merely as an infidel power, as the head of the mystic beast of Revelation." You have fears for the Irish Church; but then you add—"I fear a great deal more for the branch in England, but I feel most of all for the State itself." And why, Mr. Perry? Who is going to overthrow it? The disendowment and disestablishment of the Church will, you emphatically assert, most assuredly be the precursor of a disastrous struggle for the Repeal of the Union, and you declare that the middle class of Irish Protestants, feeling that their just claims have been sacrificed for party purposes, and believing that they will have much to lose by union with England, will no longer uphold an Imperial Parliament, and then you solemnly add—"All I desire to show you is, that, in the event of disestablishment, we may be on the eve of very troublesome times." What more foolish announcement could you make? Did you wish to prepare, before hand, the Protestants of Carlow to rebel whenever the Parliament performed a simple act of justice, demanded by the empire, to Catholic Ireland?

When that act is performed, you declare that the State exists merely "as an infidel power, as the head of the mystic beast of the Revelation." And taking this view of it, does it not become the duty of every zealous Protestant to rise in arms against it, and crush the head of the beast? Do you wonder, Mr. Perry, that on my reading such papers I express surprise, and feel compassion for those who were obliged to listen to you?

And in your ariel voyage beyond the clouds, and within hearing of the distant mutterings you saw—what nobody else can see—you saw Romanism rampant, and rioting in high places, and Ultramontaniam and the Romish party caressed by all, so that, in fact, to be a Protestant, or recommended by a pious Protestant, is, you exclaim, sufficient to exclude him from place, honour, and power, when a Romanist can be preferred.

Indeed, Mr. Perry, it required a great amount of bad courage to make such statements in the presence of a congregation, and in the face of the contrary facts. Can you now imagine that there was one man of ordinary intelligence in the Church who believed one word of it? I should like to know how the respectable church-going people, the county magistrates, and members of Parliament, felt when obliged to listen to the sad story of rampant Romanism, prostrate Protestantism, and church Christianity turned out of doors, and other foolish ebullitions of blind prejudice and pride.

But, perhaps, Mr. Perry, you thought that all this extreme fanaticism was merely a specimen of fine writing and poetic fancy. Criticism, reverend sir, will not deal with it so mildly. It is evidently the working of a mind incapable of sober, well-regulated thought; of one who, having no ballast, and wishing to become sublime, rushes, like boys in their first essays, into the dark rolling clouds,

and there go ballooning about, looking down on the terrestrial globe and warning men of the fearful calamities hanging over it.

Again, Mr. Perry, we did expect, that when speaking and writing of Catholics, you would not forget your good manners. You know that our religion is properly designated the Catholic religion, and known all over the world as such. And yet you write it down Romanism, rampant Romanism, and ultramontane Romanism. And again you speak of the Romish party of the empire, and the loud-tongued Dissenters of England. You, no doubt, think, like others of your class, that there is great argument in vulgar nicknames; and, having nothing better, you always use it without reserve. How sharply and justly you would reprove Catholic priests if they designated your religion "Londonism," because the Queen, the head of your Church, resides in London. Have they ever, to your knowledge, stooped to such insulting, low vulgarity? Oh, Mr. Perry, unmeaning petulance of this kind must be suppressed by the application of rigid criticism.

You draw a sad picture of the state of religion in your Church. "God's ordinances," you tell us, "have been much neglected amongst you. The household god has been set up above the God of your Bible, and it may be for this that God will sweep away those temples (your own Church) in which gods of gold and pleasure are sacrificed to, and revered above Himself in His house of prayer."

And pray, Mr. Perry, what agency has brought it into this condition? Has it been the work of rampant Romanism? Who has put Church Christianity out of doors? The obvious answer arises to the lips of every sane man, that preachers and proselytisers of the Perry

school, and kidnapping Papists for the Bird's Nest, in Dublin and Spiddal, have made your Church the most hateful thing in existence. The *Times*, the other day, February 8, representing fairly the enlightened opinion of England, as to the character of your establishment, observes, that "the most industrious antiquarian in ecclesiastical annals could not bring to light so huge and offensive an enormity as an establishment maintained out of the labour of a whole population, for the supposed benefit of one-eighth, and in violent and *provoking* antagonism to the seven-eighths." Do you imagine, Mr. Perry, that Christianity could remain in such an establishment? Edmund Burke, who knew your Church as well as any man living, and who possessed more ecclesiastical knowledge than all your bishops, describes it fully in one short pregnant sentence: "Don't talk of its being a Church; it is a wholesale robbery." This was his language, in a grave conversation with no less a personage than Lord Brougham, who afterwards reported it in the House of Lords, adding, "that it is an anomaly of so gross a kind that it outrages every principle of common sense; and everyone endowed with common reason must feel that it is a gross outrage to common sense, as it is also to justice."—See *Hansard*, vol. 44, page 932.

Read the history of your Church, Mr. Perry, and you will easily understand why it has thrust Christianity out of doors. Towards the close of your sermon we read those remarkable words:—"When we see troubles gathering over our country, and a heavy cloud (oh, Mr. Perry, you are too fond of the clouds!) about to rest on her religious establishment, we should seek and look out for what God means that we should learn."

And what, Mr. Perry, is this heavy cloud which has frightened you and your brother parsons out of your

wits? It is nothing more or less than a resolution on the part of the governing power to administer justice impartially to a Catholic nation; not by compelling your Church to disgorge its ill-gotten wealth, but by checking for the future that wholesale robbery in which it revelled with impunity for centuries. And what, you ask, are you to learn in these perilous times? You are to learn to do to others as you would that others would do unto you. You are not to appropriate the public property left for the benefit of five millions of people, to a small but rich section of the community to which you yourself belong. You might learn also, that your Church, sustained by great wealth and all the powers of the State, but having no basis of truth to rest upon, has been a signal failure and condemned by the universal conscience of mankind.

Give me leave, Mr. Perry, to congratulate you on your adopting the system of publishing your sermons, it will neutralize and render harmless the folly and extreme bigotry which underlie every page of your pastoral utterances. Had you, with good taste and gentlemanly manners, abstained from calling the religion of Christendom for eighteen centuries, rampant Romanism, &c., it is most probable that I would have taken no notice of your pulpit eloquence. Keep to the clouds, Mr. Perry—the dark rolling clouds, listening to the different mutterings and awful warning near at hand, and no Catholic will mind you.

Hoping to see, ere long, your next sermon, which I am pretty sure may be turned to good account,

I have the honour to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

LXI.

THE REPEAL MOVEMENT ORGANIZED IN
THE PROTESTANT CHURCH.*March 17th, 1869.*

SIR—We are threatened, it appears, with a formidable Repeal agitation. The metropolitan Tory press is quite disposed to lend its sanction to and even to precipitate the movement. As soon as it became evident that Mr. Gladstone's Government had fairly resolved, in conformity with the expressed wish of the empire, to send a message of peace and justice to Ireland—to grant civil and religious equality to all—to put down ascendancy and unjust monopolies which have hitherto sustained it, distracting and demoralising our country—when this became evident, the wise men of the church and the ascendancy faction, having taken counsel together, declared that the most effectual means to defeat the contemplated measures of justice to Ireland is a powerful Protestant Repeal organization. Better far, it is said, to efface the Act of Union from the statute book than to suffer England, by the introduction of just and equitable laws, to rescue an oppressed and despised people from Tory misrule. But who, Mr. Editor, has the merit of originating this project? It cannot be claimed by the *Evening Mail* or *Irish Times*, or any of the Dublin Tory journals. It rests entirely, if I mistake not, with the Rev. Adam Perry, the Protestant chaplain of the Carlow Workhouse. He has been in the field long before all others, and his oracular utterances upon this grand national topic are certainly entitled to some attention. He has announced, both from the pulpit and through the

press, that "The act of disuniting the Church and State in Ireland will most assuredly be the precursor of a disastrous struggle between a combination of Irish Protestants and Romanists on one side, to obtain the repeal of the Legislative Union ; and the British Government on the other side, to maintain the Union. The middle class of Irish Protestants, feeling that their just claims have been sacrificed for party purposes, and believing that henceforward they will have little to gain and much to lose by union with England, will no longer uphold the Imperial Parliament."

This, Mr. Editor, is the key-note of the Repeal dodge which Mr. Perry was the first to strike. Let the Imperial Parliament now look to itself. The word has gone forth. Irish Protestantism will no longer sustain it ! The necessity of opposing the ministerial plan of disendowment is put forward in very strong language. If the Church be disestablished, "the State will then" (Mr. Perry tells his congregation) "exist as merely an infidel power, as the head of the mystic beast of the Revelation, whose deadly wound was healed." In this case it would be hard to question the right of Protestants to rise *en masse* to escape the infliction of an infidel power, and to crush the head of the beast. In truth Mr. Perry seems greatly alarmed and anxious to excite the fears of a listening Protestant congregation, and being fond of the sublime, he addresses them in the following mystic language, involving some great secret meaning which is not easily perceived :—

"In all things around us, political and religious, we hear in these days distant mutterings and present warnings dark clouds are rolling onwards towards us, and threatening forms appear impelling them, whilst the atmosphere is surcharged with tempest. . . . What,

(he exclaims) is going to happen us, and what are we going to do?"

You perceive, Mr. Editor, that I have given the *ipsissima verba* of Mr. Perry. There is a double advantage in this course. The danger of the slightest misrepresentation is avoided, and the language of clerical alarmists exhibits their outrageous folly and fanaticism more clearly than the most unsparing commentary of an adverse critic. Who could venture to represent Mr. Perry as gazing on the dark rolling clouds and scrutinising the threatening forms impelling them onwards, or listening with awe to the distant mutterings in all things around us, unless he wrote the passage himself. In another fancy sketch he tells his congregation that the Protestants of this country are ignored by the ruling power and thrown aside; his words are—"In fact to be a Protestant, and to be recommended by a religious Protestant, is sufficient to exclude him from place, honour, or emolument where a Romanist can be preferred," and afterwards he adds, addressing his congregation, "All I desire to show you is, that, in the event of disestablishment, we may be on the eve of troublesome times." The threat conveyed in these words, if they have any meaning, is simply this, that if the present Government carry out its policy of establishing religious equality amongst all Her Majesty's Irish subjects, we may consider ourselves on the eve of a Protestant insurrection to protect the prescriptive right of ascendancy with all its attendant evils. But how are we to characterize the doctrine delivered from the pulpit, that the profession of Protestantism excludes from office in this country, when we recollect that Mr. Perry is chaplain of the workhouse, and knowing full well since the opening of that establishment that every official situation, with one or two exceptions, has been filled by Protestants

up to the present hour? All the masters of the house have been Protestants—all the mistresses Protestants—all the clerks of the union Protestants—all the physicians Protestants—all the school mistresses Protestants. One of the last has been sent away for immorality, but her place has been filled by another Protestant. The head nurse is a Protestant. In truth, Protestant ascendancy in the alms house, is as well sustained under Mr. Perry's eyes as in any part of the empire. The population of Carlow county is about 68,000, of whom 60,000 are Catholics, the remainder, very few of whom are poor, are Protestants, and yet out of the 60,000 who might aspire to those humble situations, not one has ever filled any of the offices named above. The same system of exclusion is carried out in the jail, in the infirmaries, in petty sessions court, . . . in this county. With these facts before his eyes, it is hard to understand how a clergyman could venture to tell an excitable congregation that to be a Protestant was sufficient to exclude him from office or place of emolument. Mr. Perry has distinguished himself not only as a Repeal organizer, but also in the proselytising line, a subject to which, as soon as I have time, I shall call attention. The case is too important to be introduced at the end of a long letter.

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LXII.

ON THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

TO THE REV. MR. DRAPES, RECTOR OF TULLOW.

March 31st, 1869.

REV. SIR.—My attention has been called to your letter, published lately in the *Sentinel*, in which you express great alarm at the progress which the Catholic religion is making amongst us. Your letter has the merit of being very short ; hence I can give the substance, nay, its very words, in a few sentences. You say “ That a map of Great Britain has been recently published by the Scotch Reformation Society, a mere glance at which is enough to alarm every right-minded Protestant, studded over as the whole map is, with marks of *Chapels*, and *Stations*, and *Convents*, and *Monasteries*, and *Colleges*, and *Schools*.”

That sight is evidently too much for an orthodox parson. It is quite overpowering. I can easily understand your feeling. You cannot see, unmoved, the ancient Church springing up amongst us with vigour and vitality, full of health and beauty as of old—a Church which Protestantism by penal laws, by the sword, had, it vainly imagined, trampled out of life over and over.

You are aware, I suppose, Mr. Drapes, that there are schools of infidelity in England, and seminaries where the Divinity of our Saviour is denied, and that multitudes, as the Census has it, “ are as ignorant of Christianity as when St. Augustine first landed on their shores.” You know all this, and you remain silent. Nothing indeed alarms you but the advance of the old Church, which has maintained all the doctrines of Christianity those

eighteen centuries and more, under the heavenly-directed pilotage of the successors of the blessed St. Peter.

"From the Scottish Reformation Society (you continue) it appears, that in 1833 there was not a single Monastery or Convent in Great Britain, and now there are no less than 291. The immense increase in Chapels has been 646, Colleges 13, and Schools 492." And then, yielding to your fears, you exclaim in deep distress—"I think there is no greater source of danger to the Protestant religion of the present day than Protestants either wilfully or stupidly ignoring the progress which Popery is making amongst us."

You are, Mr. Drapes, give me leave to say, grievously mistaken. Infinitely greater is the danger to your Church of publishing the truth. If the light of truth were fully let in on your Establishment, on its origin, on the monstrous injustice of appropriating the property of the nation to the sole benefit of a small section of the people, and they the wealthiest in the land, leaving the impoverished masses unprovided for; if the acts of the Beresfords, the Hamiltons, the Maxwells, and other mitred chieftains who seized upon the lands of the Church, and enriched their relations with the plunder of the poor, to such an extent as to make men like Edmund Burke exclaim, "Don't talk to me of its being a church, it is a wholesale robbery;" if these facts were known to all, as they are understood by men of intelligence, who love justice and hate iniquity, your Establishment, reverend sir, would not survive another generation. There is no safety for your Church but in wilfully ignoring and suppressing the truth. What is the cause of your alarm at the present moment? Evidently nothing else than the spread of knowledge on those subjects, especially in England.

You were quite at your ease when no one dared to speak the truth, when your Church was fenced in by a code of laws more cruel than Paganism ever enacted in the early persecutions against Christianity—"laws," which one of your bishops, Dr. Fitzgerald (see his Charge for August, 1866), very lately described as "framed apparently for the express purpose of crushing down the Roman Catholic population into a state of hopeless poverty, ignorance, discontent;" laws which declared it a crime punishable by imprisonment or exile, to say Mass or to hear it, to preach or to administer any of the sacraments. As long as that Pagan policy prevailed, and no man daring to speak or publish the truth, Protestantism was then in no danger; but when the light of truth has been let in from every quarter, and a distinguished member of the House of Commons, the President of the Board of Trade, has told the country, Protestants and Catholics, that the light of the Reformation, sustained by privilege and fanned by the hot breath of faction, has been not so much a helpful light as the scorching fire which has burned up almost everything good and noble in the country, and industry and charity and peace and loyalty have perished in its flames; when truth is thus nobly, fearlessly, and eloquently announced from the floor of the House of Commons, and rapturously cheered by the representatives of England, Ireland, and Scotland, and cannot be ignored or suppressed by the stupidity or ignorance of any class of persons, then, indeed, your Church is in danger, and you, reverend sir, are so overcome by your fears, and knowing not what to say or what to do, you write to the *Sentinel* that foolish, silly, sickly letter to which I am now giving some publicity.

Now, instead of complaining of your clerical brethren,

whom you accuse of remaining either stupidly or wilfully ignorant of passing events, would it not be far better, more rational, more Christian-like, more becoming the scholar and the gentleman, to quietly ask and calmly to discuss the question which naturally suggests itself, in these circumstances, to every honest mind. What has caused this spread of Popery in those days? Why have so many, in every rank of life, especially among the highly educated, abandoned Protestantism and come over to the Church of our forefathers?

Dr. Whately, in his Charge to the clergy in 1853, just now sixteen years, writes:—"Conversion to Romanism of late years, especially in England, has exceeded *very far* anything that can be remembered by the present generation or the preceding." That is testimony above suspicion, and since that date Catholicity has continued to advance rapidly. And his Grace adds:—"The secessions to the Church of Rome have been chiefly amongst the gentry and the clergy." That is, amongst those whose education has raised them above the vile prejudices and rancorous traditions of the Elizabethan and subsequent eras, and who had leisure for reading, and the time and the will for praying to the God of Mercy to enlighten their understanding and bring them to the knowledge of the true Church.

Now, to discuss this important question calmly and with a view to arrive at sound conclusions, it is necessary to take a view of the status and condition of the Protestant and Catholic Churches as they have stood before us in this country for the last two or three centuries.

The Protestant Church has been, all that time, sustained by wealth, by authority, and regal power; hedged in by laws which made the practice of the ancient religion a felony—sustained by a richly salaried

Episcopacy, having a full staff of deans, archdeacons, rectors and curates, with, in many places, no work to do; it has been lauded and defended by an able and zealous press, by novelists, historians, and tract distributors, and aided by innumerable societies and organizations for proselytising purposes. It possessed, and still possesses, the richest universities in the kingdom, together with a long list of schools of royal foundation. This church, then, having every element of success, which the world and its wealth and power could bestow, but wanting the indispensable condition of a mission from above, comes out, at the end of three centuries, amid a population of 5,764,543, numbering as its followers, according to the Census of 1861, 678,661.

This, Mr. Drapes, is a startling fact, challenging your attention. Your co-religionists seek to ignore it, but you cannot. Honest men seeking the truth will ask what has branded your Church, with all its advantages and immense resources, with palpable sterility? How is this great fact to be accounted for unless on the principle that your church has all along been contending against the truth of God? I have considered the case from every point of view. I have turned it over in my mind, and I can find no other solution of the difficulty. I can well understand how a Church might be put down by penal legislation, by the sword, by confiscation, by the wholesale extermination of the people, an experiment tried in Ireland against us; but to see a Church dying out, dwindling away, never taking hold of the public mind, less now than it was one hundred years ago, meanwhile, upheld and fostered by the State in every possible manner, is a fact which, in my mind, admits of no solution but the one already suggested.

Turn now, Mr. Drapes, to the Catholic Church, not resting on the powers of this world, but on the promise of Him who said, "Behold I am with you all days to the end of time." It stands before us poor, oppressed, discountenanced and scorned by the great ones of the ages—like unto the Christian Church under the Pagan Emperors, yet evidently doing a great work—not of man, or within the power of man, but a work of divine grace, carried out unostentatiously by the sacraments of God's Church and other heavenly influences. It has not, like the State Establishment, been branded with sterility. You, Mr. Drapes, are my witness; on this point you recognise and are alarmed at the progress we are making. Catholicism, you are aware, by its innate beauty and force of truth, captivates the understanding, and wins its converts from every class of society, save those who are ready, on payment, to hold to any creed. The true converts are gathered into the ancient fold by hundreds from amongst the intellectual, the learned, the religiously minded—in a word, from all those who are sincerely seeking the kingdom of Heaven. Look around, Mr. Drapes, and see in the ancient Church a body of men who were lately the pride and ornament of the Protestant universities, men of the first order of mind, who had the best opportunities of knowing your church thoroughly, who have been nursed in its lap, and instructed in all its traditions; who have studied its philosophy, read with care its theologians, walked within its sanctuary, who were second to none in the various departments of science and literature; who, in fine, were bound to your sect by a thousand ties, enjoying its dignities, and having wealth and position in its high places. Now, those men in great numbers, after carefully searching the Scripture and the early records of

Christianity, and after long waiting in prayer for the guidance of the Divine Spirit, have, one after another in the appointed time, borne their impartial testimony against your church, not in railing words or angry declamation, or platform speeches, but by quietly surrendering honours and riches, and separating themselves for ever from its communion, as having no basis of truth on which to rest. They weighed it in the balance of the sanctuary, and finding it wanting they rejected it. If ever men thoroughly understood your Church, or had a deep interest in pronouncing in its favour, it is surely those who have thus borne their silent and overwhelming testimony against it, by noiselessly quitting its pale for ever.

If these converts had left you, through the desire of the honours or the gold of a rich Establishment, or the shelter of a laxer system of morals, where vows were no longer binding ; or if they had been seduced by royal power, or intimidated by despotism, their testimony would be of little weight. But taking it fairly, as it is, the testimony of men whose sincerity and truth are proved by great sacrifices, it cannot be safely disregarded by those who are in search of the truth.

On what rational principle, except the one suggested, can the defection from your Church of so many amongst the highest of the nobility and gentry, and of the most learned, pious, and disinterested amongst the clergy be accounted for ? What is there in Catholicism, unless its divine truth, to attract such men ? Catholicism, so despised, so hated, looked down upon by fashionable society, out of favour with the parliament, and decried by the press ; what is there in it, for which men are prepared to suffer all manner of reproach ? What power has it to captivate the enlightened intelligence of the day, if it be not the surpassing beauty of eternal

truth lodged in its bosom and clothed with light, as with a garment. "*Amicta lumine, sicut vestimento.*"

Such conversions, Mr. Drapes, are clearly the work of Divine grace, bringing souls that are to be saved out of heresy into the house of the living God. By what other agency, let anybody ask himself, could such converts be reached or moved? What could have induced them to cast as the prejudices of their whole lives, and embrace the very doctrines which from infancy they were taught to consider as "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits?" What could have worked under our eyes so wonderful a change? What! but that power which St. Paul describes as "mighty under God unto the pulling down of fortifications, destroying counsels, and every height that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ."

The Church of the Reformation has never been able to effect any good in this country. It has not been a match for Presbyterianism, nor Unitarianism—the one denouncing the Episcopacy, the other denying the Divinity of our Saviour—nor for any other heresy. But, to comprehend fully its utter imbecility you must mark its progress and the issue of its antagonism with the venerable and suffering Church of our fathers. That Church whose light you sought to extinguish by proscribing education, whose limbs you loaded with heavy manacles, whose endowments you seized upon with, as Grattan said, "all the hands of all the Harpies;" whose temples you appropriated, ruined, and desecrated; whose monasteries and seats of learning you ruthlessly suppressed; whose clergy you outlawed and hunted to death; whose priestly functions you impeded by a thousand penal statutes, and in the penalties

and prosecutions lay all your strength. This Church, I say, resting on the promise that the gates of hell shall never prevail against her, came out of the fire of such an ordeal, at the end of centuries, with increasing numbers, as vigorous, as healthful, as hopeful as the persecuted Church of ancient days issuing from the Catacombs. Hail, holy Church of our fathers, purified as by fire, how like art thou to thy Divine Founder ! The Church, ever persecuted, reviled, despoiled, suffering in every member, bleeding at every pore, yet surviving, and in the end ever triumphant.

See its antagonist of earthly origin, set up by the State, resting upon earthly powers, jealous, vindictive, intolerant of the truth, boasting of liberty, yet ever urging Parliament to resist the full emancipation of the people ; boasting of evangelizing Ireland whilst its followers are falling away ; full of worldly pride ; full of gluttony ; empty of true religion ; the house divided against itself ; adopting every heresy ; approving of divorce ; admitting polygamy ; despising the grace of regeneration, after having discarded all the other sacraments of the New Law ; broken up into sects ; decrepid, intolerant, consumptive, and dying out ; its friends unable to allege any reason for its continuance, save the enormous difficulty of removing an abuse at once, of so long standing, and of such gigantic proportions.

Such, Mr. Drapes, is your Church, standing side by side with the Church of Old Ireland, such, it appears, without exaggeration or any false colouring before all men, save those who have been enriched by its favours, or prejudiced by its erroneous teaching.

These truths, which can hardly be obscured by sophistry or evaded by subtlety, have forced hundreds of your clerical brethren to leave your establishment for ever.

You may not, Mr. Drapes, have the grace and strength to make the necessary sacrifice of peace and wealth to follow their disinterested example ; but, by calmly considering those facts, and neither ignorantly nor wilfully ignoring them, you will at least be enabled to respect the Church which alone can make such conquests, and against which the powers of this world can never ultimately prevail.

You wonder very much how it has come to pass that your Church establishment has fallen into such utter disrepute, so that its removal is called for by the enlightened conscience of the age, and you are quite at a loss to know what has brought upon it the scathing censures of mankind.

Go to your library, Mr. Drapes, and take down the ninth volume of Burke's works, and a passage or two at page 272 will throw great light on the subject. "We ought to recollect," said Edmund Burke, "the poison which, under the name of antidotes against Popery and such like mountebank titles, has been circulated from our pulpits and our presses, from the heads of the Church of England, and the heads of the Dissenters." Murphy at Birmingham, and Flynn in other parts of England, are now engaged in this Satanic mission, and Catholic chapels have been lately wrecked. "These publications," continues Burke, "have tended to drive all religion from our minds, and to fill them with nothing but a violent hatred of the religion of other people, and of course with a hatred of their persons, and so by a very natural progression, they have led men to the destruction of their goods and houses, and to attempts upon their lives."

Verbum sat.

I have the honor to be, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

LXIII.

REPLY TO THE REV. MR. DRAPES.

April 22nd, 1869.

REV. SIR,—I read your letter, published in the last *Carlow Post*, in reply to mine of the 3rd of April, and as your essay is conceived in a spirit which cannot be characterized in respectful terms, you will allow me to use a significant monosyllable derived from the Turkish language, but well understood in this country. I mean the word “bosh.” Your letter, reverend sir, is, from first to last, “bosh,” and when it is not pure bosh, it is something worse, it is false, offensive, insolent, and hypocritical. I shall now, with this short preface, permit you to speak for yourself, as I always do, with those of your order ; and if the words from your own mouth do not sustain this indictment, I shall throw up the case.

You open your communication by pretending not to know what my letter was about, and in this affected ignorance you fill a column of a newspaper, with matter which has as little reference to the subject to be discussed, as any page or two, which you might select by chance from the trashy and sensational novels of the day. This is what may be, I imagine, fairly designated hypocritical bosh.

Let us now, to aid the weak intellect, state again in a few words the subject of our correspondence.

Not long since in a letter to the *Carlow Sentinel*, you openly and broadly declared, evidently under feelings greatly excited, that Popery was making extraordinary progress in England, Scotland, and Wales. Everybody, reverend sir, not blinded by prejudice, admits the fact ; and you support your testimony by a reference to parliamentary and other documents, “a mere glance at which,” you

observe, "is enough to alarm any right-minded Protestant." Indeed I imagine from the tenor and style of your letter, that the glance was quite overpowering, and in some degree affected the intellectual vision ; and in your misery you exclaim, " that there is no greater source of danger to the Protestant religion, at the present day, than Protestants either wilfully or stupidly ignoring the truth."

On reading this passage, and feeling compassion for you, I gave you a bit of good advice ; I told you that instead of bitterly complaining of your clerical brethren, whom you accuse of remaining stupidly or wilfully ignorant of what is occurring around us, it would be far better, more rational, more becoming a scholar and a gentleman, quietly to inquire and calmly to discuss the question which suggests itself to every honest mind at this time, namely, what has caused the spread of Popery in these days ? Why have so many in every rank of life, especially amongst the independent and highly educated, abandoned Protestantism and come over to the church of our forefathers ?

This, sir, was an important subject to which I invited your attention, and one which might be discussed with advantage to you and others ; you could not have mistaken it ; and I observed that to discuss it with the honest view of arriving at sound conclusions, it would be necessary to review impartially the status and circumstances of the Protestant Establishment and of the Catholic Church, as they have stood before us in this country for the last two or three centuries ; and then to assist you in the inquiry, I brought the case of the churches fairly before you in one or two paragraphs, which I shall quote again.

The Protestant Church, I observed, has been all that time sustained by wealth, by power, by regal authority

hedged in by laws which made the practice of the ancient religion a felony—sustained by a richly salaried Episcopacy, having a full staff of deans, archdeacons, rectors and curates, with, in many places, no work to do; it has been lauded and defended by an able and zealous press, by novelists, historians, and tract distributors, and aided by innumerable societies and organizations for proselytising purposes. It possessed and still possesses, the richest universities in the kingdom, together with a long list of schools of royal foundation. This Church, then, having every element of success which the world and its wealth and power could bestow, but wanting the indispensable condition of a mission from above, comes out, at the end of three centuries, amid a population of 5,764,543, numbering as its followers, according to the Census of 1861, 678,661.

This, Mr. Drapes, is a startling fact, challenging your attention. Honest men seeking the truth will ask what has branded your Church, with all its advantages and immense resources, with palpable sterility? How is this great fact to be accounted for unless on the principle that your Church has all along been contending against the truth of God? I can well understand how a Church might be put down by penal legislation, by the sword, by confiscation, by the wholesale extermination of the people, but to see a Church dying out, dwindling away, never taking hold of the public mind, less now than it was one hundred years ago, meanwhile upheld and fostered by the State in every possible manner, is a fact which in my mind admits of no solution but the one already suggested.

Turn now, Mr. Drapes, to the Catholic Church, not resting on the powers of this world, but on the promise of Him who said, "Behold I am with you all days to

the end of time." It stands before us poor, oppressed, discountenanced, and scorned by the great ones of the ages—like unto the Christian Church under the Pagan Emperors, yet evidently doing a great work—not of man, or within the power of man, but a work of divine grace, carried out unostentatiously by the sacraments of God's Church and other heavenly influences. It has not, like the State Establishment, been branded with sterility. You, Mr. Drapes, are my witness; on this point you recognise and are alarmed at the progress we are making. Catholicism, you are aware, by its innate beauty and force of truth, captivates the understanding and wins its converts from every class of society, save those who are ready, on payment, to hold to any creed. The true converts are gathered into the ancient fold by hundreds from amongst the intellectual, the learned, the religiously-minded—in a word, from all those who are sincerely seeking the kingdom of Heaven. Look around, Mr. Drapes, and see in the ancient Church a body of men who were lately the pride and ornament of the Protestant universities; men of the first order of mind, who had the best opportunities of knowing your Church thoroughly, who have been nursed in its lap, and instructed in all its traditions; who have studied its philosophy, read with care its theologians, walked within its sanctuary, who were second to none in the various departments of science and literature; who, in fine, were bound to your sect by a thousand ties, enjoying its dignities, and having wealth and position in its high places. Now, these men in great numbers, after carefully searching the Scripture and the early records of Christianity, and after long waiting in prayer for the guidance of the Divine Spirit, have, one after another, in the appointed time, borne their impartial

testimony against your Church, not in railing words or angry declamation, but by quietly surrendering honours and riches and separating themselves for ever from its communion, as having no basis of truth on which to rest. They weighed it in the balance of the sanctuary, and finding it wanting, they rejected it. If ever men thoroughly understood your Church, or had a deep interest in pronouncing in its favour, it is surely those who have thus borne their silent and overwhelming testimony against it, by noiselessly quitting its pale for ever.

In reply to this case, so fully and fairly stated, you pretended, in the first instance, not to comprehend it ; and then, by a discreditable manœuvre, which men of truth and candour never employ, you write as your answer a long paragraph on the penal laws, full of misrepresentations ; another on the antiquity of the Church, of which you evidently know nothing ; then a few words on what you generally call the open, unfettered Bible, to which you say Protestants always appeal, and from which Catholics shrink—how very untrue—then a comment on the invitation to Cardinal Cullen and the Catholic Lord Chancellor by his Excellency to meet at dinner a Prince of the Royal blood ; next, a few words on the massacres in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day ; and I wonder very much you forgot to sketch the battle of the Boyne, and the glorious victories of the tithe system at Newtownbarry, Castlepollard, and Rathcormac ; and afterwards you favour us with a discussion on the Immaculate Conception, and you finish off by a passage on the infallibility of the Church, which may be quoted in full as a precious specimen of unmitigated bosh. “The *infallible* Church,” you write, “has gone on improving ; she has put on her spectacles, and since the 8th of December, 1854, she is wiser by one-thirteenth

than she was in 1564, and wiser in 1864 by twelve new articles than she was in 1546, or at any previous time, and this is the Church that claims antiquity."

Now, reverend sir, to submit this combination of heterogeneous topics to the public as a reply to the question, "What has caused the spread of Catholicity in those days? Why have so many, especially amongst the highly educated, the clergy and nobility of England, returned to the Church of our forefathers?" To offer such a reply, I say, will undoubtedly be pronounced by a jury of any intelligent men as unmeaning, offensive bosh. You take special care not to utter a word about the numerous conversions, or the motives which led to such conversions, simply because you felt you could not say one word which would not be condemnatory of your Church.

Your allusion to Cardinal Cullen displays your real character a little more than you imagine. You write—"What a time for Mr. Maher to make mention of those penal laws! when a Cardinal of his Church and a Rôman Catholic Lord Chancellor are paraded in the newspapers as having been invited by his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant to meet at dinner a Prince of the Royal blood of England; and when the ground is strewn with crimson carpeting for his Eminence descending from his carriage."

If you had even a moderate share of discretion you never would have written anything so mean, so low, so envious. It is not hard to see the sentiment or feeling which underlies your observations, they may be thus interpreted: "How sadly changed are the times!" How have the cherished prejudices of Protestants been outraged, in being compelled to see a Roman Catholic Bishop and a Roman Catholic Chancellor, whom we always excluded from office, and delighted to insult, now received into society by the first in the land, even by

those of Royal blood ! and oh ! to see with Protestant eyes the ground strewn, as you write in your affliction, with crimson carpeting for his Eminence when descending from his carriage, is more than Protestant flesh and blood can stand. Make up your mind, Mr. Drapes, patiently to bear it ; a couple of centuries of cruel persecution of Roman Catholics ought to be enough to satisfy the most furious bigotry, the wildest religious fanaticism, and the most unlimited ascendancy aspirations. The celebrated Dr. Johnson, who is a good authority upon such subjects, tells us (see his life by Boswell) " There is no instance, even in the low persecutions, of such severity as that which the Protestants of Ireland have exercised against the Catholics. Did we sell them as we have conquered them, it would have been above board ; to punish them by confiscation and other penalties as rebels is monstrous injustice." This ought to be considered quite enough.

Your sketch of the penal laws is, I am compelled to say, from first to last, untrue and offensive. Is it true to say that your bishops repudiate those laws ? Every man in Ireland capable of reading knows that the Protestant Hierarchy, with scarcely an exception, resisted Catholic Emancipation to the last. Is it true to say that the penal laws, as you assert, " did not originate with Protestants but with Roman Catholics." No amount of mendacity from the lips or the pen of a parson ever surprises me. According to you, Mr. Drapes, the Catholics have originated laws which declared their own religion damnable and idolatrous, laws to prevent the growth of Popery in the days of Queen Anne, and later on to amend and explain the No-Popery code, by the infliction of more intolerable persecution. Is there, I beg to ask, a particle of truth in any of your assertions ?

Is it true that the Penal Laws long since have been swept from the statute book of England ?

Pray, Mr. Drapes, what has the Parliament been doing these last two sessions ? Is it not seeking to repeal in despite of the Protestant Hierarchy the most atrocious penal law that ever was enacted ; a law which fastened on the neck of a prostrate Catholic nation, contrary to all its religious convictions, an alien, a detested and a Protestant Establishment, an injustice so enormous, that the like of it nowhere else exists. "The most industrious book-worm in ecclesiastical annals," says the *Times* February 8th, 1869, "could not bring to light so huge and oppressive enormity as an Establishment maintained out of the labour of a whole population for the supposed benefit of one-eighth, and in violent and provoking antagonism to the other seven-eighths." Is not this unparalleled injustice, which all the world condemns, sustained by laws on the statute book still unrepealed ? laws which England was, thank God, under the influence of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century, prepared to repeal. What does Christendom say of this penal establishment ? It is an abuse of language to call it a Church. It is an established nuisance, an established tax, destructive of all peace and property. Lord Macaulay is as good authority on this subject as you, Mr. Drapes, or anybody else could desire. He says "What traveller comes amongst us, who is not moved to wonder and derision by the Church of Ireland. What foreign writer on British affairs, whether Protestant or Catholic, ever mentions the Church of Ireland without expressing his amazement that such an Establishment could exist among reasonable men." See *Hansard*. Even clergymen of enlarged minds speak of it in the strongest terms of denunciation. The Rev. Dr. Temple, of Rugby, one of the most influential leaders of public opinion

in England, observed at a public meeting at Clitheroe, last September, "that he was a reader of history and he hardly knew any writer on the Liberal side for the last forty years who had not spoken of the Irish Church as an opprobrium to England, who had not remarked what a blot and disgrace it was that such a Church should still be maintained," and he added "that he did feel ashamed that he should be a member and a minister of a Church to which that gross anomaly (the Irish Establishment) was attached."

If you, Mr. Drapes, participated in that delicacy of feeling which characterizes the remarks of your brother clergyman; if you loved the truth, and had the courage to speak it as he has spoken in the passage above quoted, your Catholic countrymen could respect you much more than they can do at present.

What induced you, Mr. Drapes, to speak of the four first Councils of the Catholic Church of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus, and Chalcedon. You were evidently under the temptation to display a scrap of learning no matter how much out of place; but are you not aware that it was the careful study of the subjects defined in these Councils, and of the writings of the fathers of that period, that brought so many of the most learned clergymen of Oxford and Cambridge to the Catholic Church. Consult Dr. Newman, Ward, Dalgairnes, and Northcote on this subject. The idea of religious controversy with you, Mr. Drapes, is not to be entertained for a moment. Your letters and speeches, now lying before me, afford the most abundant evidence of your readiness to say on any given subject, whatever prejudice and ignorance dictate. Your speech at the Court-house, Baltinglass, as reported in the *Express*, furnishes a precious specimen of that peculiar talent.—Yours, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P. P.

LXIV.

ON STATE ENDOWMENTS.

Aug. 14th, 1869.

SIR—One of the ablest and most distinguished lawyers who took part in the great Will case at Carlow the other day, of Browne *v.* Esmonde, in a short conversation which I had the pleasure of holding with him, expressed an opinion that the Catholic clergy would have acted more prudently and wisely by accepting houses and glebes which Tory legislators were disposed to give them. He could not understand the grounds on which the Catholic Church refuses State endowments. After a few words in reply, he said, in a most polite and good-humoured manner, that he was not going to have a religious controversy with Father Maher in the streets of Carlow. This little incident, however trifling, suggested to me the utility of briefly examining the subject. Large classes of Protestants seem in some degree unable to comprehend that deep sense of duty which prompts the Catholic hierarchy to reject unanimously State favours, whilst others vociferously claim them, professing their determination to hold them at all risks. The subject is eminently deserving of attention. The *Times*, in its leading article, so far back as July, 1849, describes fairly and calmly the condition of the Protestant Church in the pay of the State, and contrasts it with that of the Catholic Church, which, to preserve its independence, and to exercise its jurisdiction untrammelled in spiritual matters, refuses State patronage. The reasoning of the editor is quite clear and conclusive. When he wrote there was no excitement, no panic in the public mind

which could lead to misrepresentation or distortion of the truth, or to that darkening of the mental vision which prejudices and passions highly excited invariably produce. The *Times* writes as follows. I somewhat abridge the passages :—

“ Nothing is more notorious and certain than that for at least sixty years the chief statesmen of this country would have only been too happy to endow the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. The only objection was, and is, to this day, that the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Ireland prefer their present position to that of the Church of England, the Scotch Church, &c. They choose to be absolutely independent, and apparently the court of Rome sanctions their choice. The secular state secures to itself with relentless grasp an overwhelming preponderance in the councils and conduct of its spiritual ally. It nominates to all the bishoprics, nearly all the dignities, and a large proportion of the parochial benefices. It legislates for the Church and administers its laws, presiding over its courts, and, if it may be said without offence, overruling their decisions. Her priests may be pious as Hammond, learned as Barrow, wise as Hooker, but if they have once breathed a murmur against the royal supremacy or parliamentary government, they will never see promotion. The Irish Roman Catholic Hierarchy see all this, and deliberately, we will not say wisely, avoid the like fate for themselves. They know what is meant by an Established Church, and are resolved not to be established. They do not choose that Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell shall nominate their bishops, their archdeacons, their abbots, a moiety of their influential clergy, and the judges in their spiritual courts. They do not choose that Lord Brougham shall decide their differences. They do not

choose any part of the inveterate subjection, which is now second nature to the English Church. They prefer to be popular, democratic, and free. They disdain all obstacles between them and their flocks. It is not for us to canvass the propriety or the discretion of a choice which is a matter of spiritual taste, and which has some undoubted recommendations. We may depend upon it that all the genius and enthusiasm of the Irish Roman Catholic Church will rest content with that choice. Ireland has only to speak the word and in a very short time it may be in the same position as Scotland and even as England as to ecclesiastical affairs, *but it does not choose to be in that position. It prefers its own native and unbought advantages.*" There can be no doubt that if the Church of England is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, it is obliged to endure the livery and diet of an honourable servitude." "The British Legislature," continues the *Times*, "would commit downright suicide if it abated one jot or tittle of all the conditions invariably required from ecclesiastical establishments by the temporal governments under which they exist."

Can anyone, moderately acquainted with public affairs, question the truth or the accuracy of the *Times'* statement in this matter? It simply announces what we all see, and know and feel as with the hand. Now, if Protestant gentlemen could only view the condition of their own Church as the *Times* calmly views it, as every man who enjoys the use of reason, and has got rid of the prejudices of the nursery views it, they would be anxious, I imagine, if they retain any principle of religion, to emancipate their own Church from that inveterate subjection to the State which has become its second nature, and not to enslave ours. It is strange to hear men professing

great respect for the Church, and swearing it is to be maintained at every risk, whilst they tamely suffer it to be unchurched, and made an instrument for political purposes in the hands of Disraeli, or whoever happens, whether Whig or Tory, to be Prime Minister at the time. If the English Church is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fares sumptuously every day, it is obliged to wear the livery and endure the diet of an honourable servitude. In plain language it is the slave of the State. Now, that is a condition wholly subversive of religious truth, to which Catholic conscience can never submit; the Government secures to itself, with relentless grasp, an overwhelming predominance in the councils of the Church. It reverses its decisions. It sent, for example, Parson Gorham to the vicarage of Brampton-Speke, against the solemn protest of his bishop, who denounced him as denying the efficacy of the holy sacrament of baptism, and expressed his fears "that he would spread the poison of heresy amongst his people." It sent Dr. Hampden to the diocese of Hereford, against the protest of nine bishops, all of whom charged their episcopal brother with holding heretical doctrines. It sent Dr. Whately to the see of Dublin, who rejected all belief in the distinction of persons in the mystery of the Trinity. In truth, the Government rules in the Church as absolutely and independently as in the army or navy, or the revenue, or any other department of the State. If a vacancy occurred in any of the sees of Ireland when the Tories were in power, we should have the nominee of Disraeli selected, not for his piety or orthodoxy, of which it may well be supposed that Disraeli knows nothing, but for his political services and those of his family; other qualifications, except that of being an educated gentleman, are never taken into consideration.

Who in the diocese of Tuam ever knew anything, or heard anything of the faith, or piety, or knowledge of Dr. Bernard before his appointment to that see? The Prime Minister knew right well that he was brother to Lord Bandon, and of course had some parliamentary influence; nothing more was required. In fact, the Protestant Church, as represented by its bishops and archbishops, and its rectors and curates, has no more to do in the selection of its rulers than the Bible-readers, who are hired by the Church Mission Society to insult Catholicity in Ireland. To this state of things the Protestant bishops and clergy tamely and unworthily submit; but we can, in some degree, excuse them, for they know right well, as the organ of British opinion states, that if they once breathe a murmur against parliamentary government they can never obtain promotion. It is evidently a delusion to call this political State organization a *Church*. It is sometimes designated, and, indeed, more properly, the Garrison, for manifestly it enjoys no exercise of authority, no power, no jurisdiction, except what it receives from the hand of its paymaster.

The Catholic Church on the other hand receives neither its jurisdiction, nor its orders, nor its commission to rule in the church of God from the Government under which it lives. Its powers come from an infinitely higher source, from St. Peter and his legitimate successors, to whom Christ gave a commission to teach all nations, with the promise of unfailing guidance to the end of time. Now this commission the church cannot forego nor barter away for any imaginable amount of State endowments. She cannot suffer Disraeli or any other Prime Minister to nominate bishops or archdeacons or dignitaries or her judges in spiritual courts. She does not choose to have her differences settled by

lawyers or privy councillors, of whose religion no man knows anything. She prefers that freedom above all things with which Christ has made her free, and the moment the rulers of the kingdoms of this world attempt to slip the collar about her neck, in the shape of a veto, or any other State machinery, with a promise of large endowments, they are at once reminded of the inflexibility of her principles. The church may indeed be left to pine in poverty, despoiled of all her goods, and even persecuted for centuries by the sword, but she cannot transfer to secular hands the power which she has received from on high without open apostacy. In fact, we nowhere read in the Bible that the kings and queens of England, or their Prime Ministers or Parliaments, or any secular powers, have been appointed to rule supreme in the church established by Christ. It is, however, quite true that they rule in the modern Church of England, that they make and administer its laws.

In fact the liturgy, the thirty-nine articles are simply acts of Parliament, passed by the vote of the majority, just as railway bills, or Ecclesiastical Titles' acts, which nobody regards, have been carried.

In the debate on the revision of the Book of Common Prayer in the Lords, July 9, 1867, this doctrine was emphatically declared, that the Parliament legislates in ecclesiastical affairs quite independently of the sanction of the Church assembled in convocation. "It is an entire mistake," observed Lord Cranworth, "to suppose that any binding efficacy could be added by convocation to any measure that had received the assent of the crown and the upper and lower house of Parliament," but Lord Derby was more emphatic on this point, observing "that he did not admit that Parliament was in the slightest degree dependent in legislating on these

matters on the previous opinion or consent of convocation." The bishops, too, held the same doctrine: he of London declaring "that upon referring to a recent laborious publication containing more than 2,000 pages of acts relating to the church, he discovered that all of them but seven had been adopted upon the sole authority of the Parliament."

The English Church has been entirely absorbed by the State. It has no action, no life, no government of its own. It can neither appoint its bishops nor sustain their decisions. It is manifestly infected with all manner of heresies without the power to expel any one of them. Colenzo denies the inspiration of the Bible, others deny the Divinity of Christ, the Trinity of persons, the doctrine of original sin, the grace of the Sacraments; can the Anglican Church apply any remedy?

No; feeling that her decisions are never respected, she attempts nothing of the kind. What a mockery is this modern church! An act of Parliament has made it, and now very wisely unmakes it. A religion declared, defined, and enforced by the King, Lords and Commons has no hold on the enlightened consciences of men. The Dissenters of England—a majority of the nation—have long since rejected it, and three centuries of persecution could not induce the Irish to accept it. It has evidently no support unless from those who receive, who have received or hope to receive its enormous endowments—remove these things, give truth fair play, leave men free to follow their honest convictions, and in a little time it will be hard to find even one rational man in the empire, who will not readily avow that endowing a Protestant ministry in a Catholic country was a glaring National injustice, an intolerable insult, a degrading

despotism too long endured, and without parallel in any country in Christendom.

If Protestants of the No Surrender party, on reading the article of the *Times* which I have quoted, cannot see and admire the disinterested virtue and the love of true religion which has filled the breast of the Catholic Church, and dictated the refusal of State endowments, to be enjoyed solely on the condition of wearing the livery, and enduring the servitude of the secular power, if they cannot see all this it is their own misfortune. Catholics know right well "what it is to be established, and are resolved not to be established." We don't want royal or parliamentary guidance in matters of faith. Dr. Whately has told us "that, as an authority in matters of faith, the Queen's Crown will never outweigh the Pontifical Tiara," and if people want a guide in religion, he says, "they will not hesitate to choose the great patriarch of the western world, rather than a miserable insular Pope at Lambeth, as their guide"—see his Tract on Papal Aggression, page 27.

On the whole, I imagine that Protestants can scarcely fail to observe that the hierarchy of the ancient faith exhibits in the face of Europe as striking and as honourable a contrast with the parsons of the Established Church as fancy can depict. On the one hand stands a large body of priests, the successors of those who were persecuted and robbed of everything they possessed, still unanimously refusing State endowments, on the condition of sacrificing religious liberty, and on the other hand stand the clergy of the establishment, whose ministration the nation has ever rejected, marshalling the laity to defend, and on bended knees imploring Her Majesty not to withhold the livery and diet of a degrading servitude, which has become to them a second

nature. What a sight! a church ever faithful under every trial to its traditions, and an establishment without honour, condemned by all mankind, except those who benefit by its injustice and its religious slavery!!

Yours truly,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

LXV.

THE REV. MR. PERRY ON PROSELYTISM.

August 3rd, 1870.

REV. SIR—The poor Law Guardians of the Carlow Union have, unhappily, acting on your instruction, placed themselves, by their vote on Thursday last, before the public, in a position from which men of truth and honour would instinctively recoil.

You recommended them to elect a little Protestant girl, comparatively a stranger in town, as Head Mistress over a school in the Workhouse of between sixty and seventy Catholic children, and three Protestants.

The Catholic candidate, Miss Brien, whom they rejected solely because she was a Catholic, having been educated in one of the first schools in Ireland (the Presentation Convent, Carlow,) presented testimonials of character and competency, which would do credit to any teacher in the kingdom. Mr. Coyle, the Inspector of the National Board, with which Miss Brien was in connection for upwards of eight years, having consequently great experience in the teaching department, testified in her favour, in the highest terms of praise. But if she was as superior to the rival candidate as Moore, our sweetest

poet, was to Moore the almanac writer, and yet a Catholic, she would have no chance from the intelligence and liberality of the Carlow Poor Law Guardians, under your guidance. You, reverend sir, told them emphatically how necessary it is for the religious education of the three Protestants, that the Head Mistress should be a Protestant. The assistant teacher might be a Romanist, as you call us ; but the Mistress—the Head Mistress—must be Protestant. Protestant Ascendancy then, with all its harrassing reminiscences, must be upheld even in the Workhouse ; otherwise the destitute poor girls, in after times, forgetting that they were of a lower grade, serfs in their native land, might assume the airs of perfect equality with their Protestant neighbours and fellow servants, to the great detriment of Protestantism.

Whilst insisting on this arrangement, did you not, reverend sir, know and feel that it was unfair and unjust to the Catholic majority ? There were several ways open to you whereby to protect your Protestant child, either by sending her to your Orphanage, or to any of the Protestant schools in town, whilst receiving board and lodging in the Workhouse. The dear, destitute Protestant child would accept this change as a great improvement of her condition. Why not, therefore, adopt it, and avoid giving offence to us all Catholics ?

This much I must say in your favour : I believe that your mind being so tainted with prejudices, and the sad tradition of past times, that you and the Board are not able to recognise the injustice or offensiveness of your proceedings. The case comes before you in this way. You reason thus : Catholics, you say, have been, in this country, time out of mind, and at all times, the victims of oppression, deprived of all the rights of freemen, and robbed of all property. Ignorance was enforced by law.

Education was prohibited, lest the people, acquiring knowledge, and seeing the depths of misery to which the laws, civil and ecclesiastical, reduced them, might struggle for Emancipation, and elicit in their favour the sympathy of civilized nations. Your Church, too, has taught you, and taught all England, in one of its standard works, the Book of Homily, to pray to Almighty God "to deliver you from sin, the Pope, the Devil, and all the kingdom of Antichrist," and it continued this blasphemous prayer on Christianity until it made infidels of the populace ; drove half the nation into dissent ; lest, as a Protestant clergyman has said, the Rev. John Acaster, "they would live and die like heathens ;" and it drove the sincere, the thoughtful, the educated, and religiously-minded, back to the creed of our ancestors. Can you deny the fact ? Can you justify it ? And after adopting that course for centuries, are you now to undo the great Protestant work, and to treat Catholics as if they had equal rights with yourselves ? Are you called on to elect one of them as mistress in the Workhouse in which you rule and govern as you please ? Forbid it Knox, who was styled the ruffian of the Reformation. Forbid it Harry the Eighth and saintly Queen Bess.

You, reverend sir, and the board which you direct, can no more see the glaring injustice, the insolence of your note, than the purblind can discern distant objects. Your evil traditions have brought you to that sad condition. Nay, more, you think Catholics very unreasonable, very arrogant, very ungrateful, after all the concessions made them, to seek now a perfect equality in all things, as if they were not an outcast race.

The parsons of the last generation levied their income on the poverty of Catholics. The poor man's little farm was annually invaded by the proctor, and the provision

which the farmer raised in the sweat of his brow for the support of his family, was carried away to swell the income of a non-resident parson; and if the peasant resisted the demand, the police were called in, as at Newtownbarry, Castlepollard, and Rathcormac, to teach him submission.

The parsons of that generation, Mr. Perry, could not at all see the injustice, the iniquity of that system of legalized plunder. They were accustomed to it, they benefitted by it, and they went to judgment without repentance to answer for it. Everybody now, even the most narrow-minded, sees its injustice. The intelligent saw it at all times. Edmund Burke, the first scholar of his age, discussing the subject with Lord Brougham, said—"Don't talk to me of its being a church: it is a wholesale robbery." This is almost the unanimous opinion of the present day, otherwise your church would not have been disestablished and disendowed by the English Parliament amid the rejoicing of every civilized man in the world, save those who were enriched by the plunder, or hoped to be so.

Another generation, Mr. Perry, must pass away before those of your school can fully recognise the unfairness and injustice of the system which you attempt to uphold—namely, placing the destitute children of the work-house under Protestant tuition and Protestant officialism.

Was it not a hazardous thing on your part, Mr. Perry, to charge Catholics with the offence of proselytism. Acts of folly of this kind, when combined with insolence, ought to be sharply reprovèd.

Proselytism, as carried on now-a-days in this country, and patronized by your Church, is a most infamous traffic, a scandalous sacrilege, an outrage on rational nature. There is neither truth, nor sincerity, nor love of

religion in the movement. It is base hypocrisy from beginning to end, to screen the incapacity, the unfruitfulness of your church, and to avert the blow which at last has overtaken it.

The parsons of your own day, you are aware, have expended hundreds of thousands, nay millions of money, collected in England, to subvert the faith of this Catholic nation. They carried on their unholy warfare, by printing and publishing false reports of the number of converts; by insulting and libellous placards; by handbills and advertisements, written and circulated, not, indeed, to win converts, but to tease, irritate, and offend Catholics.

Take the following as a sample of the Protestant handbill and placard controversy:—

“1.—Roman Catholics, are you aware of the astonishing resemblance between Romanism and Paganism?

2.—Is the Pope Antichrist?

3.—Has not the Church of Rome borrowed the celibacy of her religious orders from Paganism?

4.—Romanism is Paganism baptized!”

What, Mr. Perry, do you think of controversy in this style, upon which the parsons have expended immense sums of money? Was it not got up evidently to please the coarse, vulgar-minded bigot, and to wound, at the same time, the religious sensibility of a faithful people?

Are those aggressions on religious liberty and domestic peace to be for ever endured? Has not the faith of Ireland been sufficiently tested? It has been already tried by penal laws, by the sword, by the gibbet, by the plunder of all our property. Will the time ever arrive when the heads of your Church shall say to those missionaries of discord—hold, enough! Cease to torture

and insult a people who have given the highest and noblest proof of the sincerity of their attachment to the religion of their forefathers. Let them live henceforward in peace, and let Protestants strive to work out their own salvation in Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Methodism, Unitarianism—anything at all they please.

Anglican proselytism, we all know, never succeeds unless amongst those oppressed by great poverty, when some are found to yield to the temptation of bartering their faith for a mess of pottage; hence, I suppose, your anxiety about the workhouse children. Your Church, with all its wealth, learning, and dignities, honoured by the court, patronized by fashionable society, has never made converts. It has everything which the world can give in a higher degree, but it has no converts, simply because it has no more commission from above to teach than the Protestant Attorney, or the Apothecary or Auctioneer, or those lay gentlemen who visit Carlow every week to preach the Gospel to Protestants.

The vote for placing the Catholic children in the workhouse under a Protestant mistress has, I rejoice to say, been opposed by several respectable Protestant members of the Board, by Mr. Clayton Browne, by Mr. Horace Rochfort, Mr. W. Fitzmaurice—the two latter being absent, wrote to me to say they could not sanction the ascendancy principle. With these gentlemen sustaining the cause of even-handed justice, we need not trouble ourselves with the sharp logic of Mr. Ben. Edge, Major Vigors, *et hoc genus omne*.

If there be one class of my countrymen whom I pity more than another, they are the men kept in ignorance by those selfish and unsettled teachers, who, not satisfied themselves with erring, are, in the language of the Apostle, constantly driving others into error.

You are, Mr. Perry, a great alarmist, and the public press is bound to neutralise your influence. Not long since you favoured the public with an abstract of your sermon in the following ominous words :

“ In all things around us, political and religious, we hear in these days distant mutterings and present warnings. Should we not give ear to them and lay them to heart ? Dark clouds are rolling onwards to us, and threatening forms appear impelling them, while the atmosphere is surcharged with tempest ; but faith points on those clouds the bow of the everlasting covenant, and hope looks on through the storm-rifts to a bright future of a day of refreshment and sunshine.”

What in the name of common sense induced you to utter from the pulpit and publish through the press fanatical ranting of this kind ? What legitimate object could you have in thus foolishly attempting to excite the fears of the Protestants of Carlow ? And you afterwards add :

“ What is going to happen us ? and what are we going to do ? are questions in the mouth of almost every churchman, if not of every Protestant.”

Yes, it is quite true, that you are one and all completely bewildered. You know not what to do, or whither to turn. It will be always so, until you hear the Voice of Truth in the Church built upon the Rock—the Church ever persecuted by this world, but never conquered—the Church against which the gates of hell shall never prevail. It is, indeed, a pitiable sight to see the laity, good and benevolent men, under the control of the parsons, running to and fro, from town to town, every week, to fix on something or another as the best way of worshipping God, and to raise funds to sustain it, and this in the nineteenth century. Is it any wonder

that a Board of Guardians, under such circumstances, could not see the unfairness or injustice of inflicting on a large Catholic school of poor girls a Protestant mistress?

There are many important subjects which might well engage your attention. You are, no doubt, aware that a large body of your brother parsons disbelieve and repudiate the doctrines of their own Church. Would it not be well to seek their conversion, and leave the poor to the guidance of Catholicity?

I have before me the pamphlet of a Protestant clergyman, the Rev. Cecil Wray, M.A., Liverpool, in which I read the following startling announcement:—

“I do most solemnly and emphatically aver before God that the people are robbed of their just rights as members of Church of England. In our schools the doctrine of the Catechism is denied or explained away. At the visitation of the sick the consolations of the Church are refused; the dying penitent is *never* moved to private confession of his sins in the case specified; *nor* is the absolution of the Church *ever* pronounced as enjoined in the Visitation Office. Nay, more: I assert, from my own knowledge of the fact, that not only is the whole doctrine of remission of sins, through the instrumentality of an Apostolical ministry, repudiated, but the blessed sacrament is, in numberless instances, denied to the departing Christians *as being a mere form*. . . . Are these such stewards of the mysteries of God as the people can with reason be satisfied with?”

Now, if men be satisfied with this Church, and choose to risk their salvation in it, be it so; but why ask others, especially the poor, to join it?

Yours, &c.,

JAMES MAHER, P.P.

CONTENTS.

MEMOIR.

	PAGE.
SECTION I. Early years of James Maher—Troubled period of 1798— His father's charity—Mrs. Maher and the prisoner from Prospect—The School at Ballitore—Carlow College—Letter from London in 1817—The Mission-house in Rome—Father Maher's Ordination	i
II. Father Maher appointed to a Curacy in Carlow—He rescues Dr. Doyle from imminent danger—The Biblicals in Carlow—Father Maher's Controversy with the Lady Preachers—His reply to the false statement of Rev. R. Fishbourne	ix
III. Father Maher appointed P. P. of Leighlinbridge—He promotes temperance—How Proselytism was de- feated in Leighlin—Billy H. and the Parson—An Orangeman punished—Protest of the Protestant Bishops of Ireland against Emancipation—Meeting in Leighlinbridge	xxi
IV. Father Maher is translated to Paulstown—The White- feet—Circular of Dr. Doyle against these deluded men—Efforts of Father Maher to reclaim them—He combats Drunkenness and Factions—Some amusing incidents—Characteristic Letter to his brother ..	xxxii
V. Illness of Dr. Doyle—Father Maher returns to Carlow —Some interesting facts—Father Maher administers the last Sacraments to the dying Bishop—Rev. R. Fishbourne's calumnies—Dr. Doyle's Statue— Father Maher's Speech in June 1835—Why priests took part in politics—Letter on depopulation in 1836—Father Maher's zeal in attending the sick— He is attacked by the <i>London Times</i> —His Letter in self-defence	xxxix

	PAGE.
SECTION VI. Father Maher is appointed P.P. of Carlow-Graiguc— His zealous labours in the sacred ministry—His vacation in Rome—Two instructive Letters from the Holy City.	lxvi
VII. The famine years in Carlow—Father Maher's la- bours for the poor—Extracts from his letters at this period—He shares the privations of his flock. Some examples of his disinterestedness—His love of the little children—His dealings with his friends— His wonderful activity of mind—Return of Mr. Owen Lewis for Carlow Borough—Father Maher resides in Carlow College—His daily life—His last illness and death—Resumé of his character.	lxxvii

LETTERS.

LETTER I. On the Condition of the Irish Poor, April, 8th, 1847— To His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Whately, Arch- bishop of Dublin	I
II. The Sufferings of the Poor, February 8th, 1848—To His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, Governor of Ireland	14
III. Observations on the Address delivered by the President of Queen's College, Galway, at the close of the Session 1849-50	34
IV. On the Anti-Catholic movement in England	88
V. On the part taken by the English Protestant Hierarchy in promoting the Anti-Papal movement	96
VI. On the Catholic University	105
VII. On the Attacks made in Parliament against our Con- ventual Establishments	111
VIII. On Proselytism	137
IX. On the same Subject	138
X. On the same Subject	147
XI. Reply to the Letter of the Rev. W. B. against Catholics and their Religion	153
XII. Strictures on Dr. Whately's attack on Convents, 14th May, 1853	168
XIII. On Dr. Whately's Denial of the Holy Trinity, August 7th, 1853—To His Excellency Lord St. Germans, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c., &c.	181
XIV. On the Visit of the Itinerant Preachers to Carlow	195

	PAGE.
LETTER XV. Presbyterianism and the Divinity of Christ	201
XVI. The Bible-Readers in Carlow—To R. Clayton Browne, Esq.	209
XVII. Rev. Mr. Massey and Proselytism—To Mrs. Colonel Inglis, Carlingwark House, Castle Douglas, Scotland, Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Irish Reformation Society, under the Presidency of the Venerable Earl of Roden	218
XVIII. On the same Subject	223
XIX. On the same Subject	232
XX. On the same Subject	241
XXI. Bible Societies in Ireland—Letter to the Rev. J. P. Garrett	253
XXII. To Mr. Barnett, on his Calumnies against the Catholics	268
XXIII. The Carlow Bible-Readers	274
XXIV. On the same Subject	277
XXV. To the Rev. Wm. J. Purdon, on the late Meeting of the Carlow Bible Society	282
XXVI. The Evils of the Poor-Law System	289
XXVII. To Sir Robert Peel, on the state of the Country ..	294
XXVIII. To the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, on the Irish Poor	303
XXIX. On the Poor-Laws	309
XXX. To the Rev. Charles Crosthwait on his Defence of the Protestant Church in Ireland	314
XXXI. Review of the Letters of Dr. Crosthwait, Vicar-General of Kildare, on the same Subject, 1863	323
XXXII. The Working within of the Priests' Protection Society	338
XXXIII. The Degradation of Protestantism in its Church Patronage	347
XXXIV. Reply to the Rev. H. Johnson, Curate of Carlow ..	355
XXXV. On the Inspection of Convents—To the Rev. Mr. Whately	360
XXXVI. The Rev. Dawson Massey's Letter on Papal Persecution	368
XXXVII. Reply to the Rev. Dawson Massey	372
XXXVIII. Remarks on the Charge of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin	376
XXXIX. On the Society for Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics—To His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Trench	384
XL. A Review of Mr. Massey's Letter published in the <i>Daily Express</i>	393
XLI. On Proselytism in the West of Ireland	399
XLII. The alleged "Conversions" in Connemara ..	414

	PAGE.
LETTER XLIII. On Proselytising Schools	419
XLIV. Anglican attempts at Proselytism in Ireland ..	424
XLV. To His Grace Dr. Trench, on the enormous evils of Proselytism	430
XLVI. On some Statements of Archdeacon Goold ..	442
XLVII. The Rev. James P. Garrett on Ritualism ..	449
XLVIII. To the Rev. Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne, on Confession	457
XLIX. Remarks on a Letter of the Rev. Mr. Drapes— To the Editor of the <i>Carlow Post</i>	467
L. Address to his Protestant neighbours of Carlow- Graigue	472
LI. Letter to the Hon. and Venerable Archdeacon Stopford	480
LII. On the evils of Proselytism—To Miss Whately ..	489
LIII. To Lord Bandon, on the Established Church ..	499
LIV. To the Rev. Edward Wm. Whately, A.M., Chan- cellor of St. Patrick's and Rector of St. Werburgh's, Dublin, on some Opinions of Dr. Whately	509
LV. On the April Protestant Meetings—To the Editors of the Liberal Press	513
LVI. Why do Catholics refuse a State Endowment? ..	519
LVII. To R. Clayton Browne, Esq., D.L., J.P., Chair- man of the Carlow Protestant Defence Asso- ciation	528
LVIII. On some Statements of the Rev. Adam Bettes- worth Perry	536
LIX. Remarks on a Speech of Rev. Mr. Ellison—To the Rev. Mr. Ellison	546
LX. Pernicious Nonsense in the Protestant Church— To the Rev. Mr. Perry, Rector of Carlow ..	555
LXI. The Repeal Movement Organized in the Protestant Church	562
LXII. On the Church Establishment—To the Rev. Mr. Drapes, Rector of Tullow	566
LXIII. Reply to the Rev. Mr. Drapes	576
LXIV. On State Endowments	585
LXV. The Rev. Mr. Perry on Proselytism	593





BX 4705 .M264 A4 1877 SMC

Maher. James
Letters of James Maher on
religious subjects
AKE-2577 (sk)

